Herbert Kraft Free Library
Red Bluff, California

5138 K

910
C

Cook
My attainment of the Pole.

OLI SE 7 '71
STO JAN 9 '84
MAI JAN 9 '84
STO FEB 14 '84

WITHDRAWN

Press Edition

MY ATTAINMENT OF THE POLE

Being the Record of the Expedition that First Reached the Boreal Center, 1907-1909. With the Final Summary of the Polar Controversy

By

DR. FREDERICK A. COOK

THIRD PRINTING, 60TH THOUSAND

5138

910
C.

NEW YORK AND LONDON
MITCHELL KENNERLEY
MCMXIII

6912

By Special arrangements this edition is marketed by The Polar Publishing Co., 601 Steinway Hall, Chicago

To the Pathfinders

To the Indian who invented pemmican and snowshoes;
To the Eskimo who gave the art of sled traveling;
To this twin family of wild folk who have no flag
Goes the first credit.
To the forgotten trail makers whose book of experience
has been a guide;
To the fallen victors whose bleached bones mark steps
in the ascent of the ladder of latitudes;
To these, the pathfinders—past, present and future—
inscribe the first page.
In the ultimate success there is glory enough
To go to the graves of the dead and to the heads
of the living.

THE PRESENT STATUS OF THE POLAR CONTROVERSY

DR. COOK IS VINDICATED. HIS DISCOVERY OF THE NORTH POLE IS ENDORSED BY THE EXPLORERS OF ALL THE WORLD.

In placing Dr. Cook on the Chautauqua platform as a lecturer, we have been compelled to study the statements issued for and against the rival polar claims with special reference to the facts bearing upon the present status of the Polar Controversy.

Though the question has been argued during four years, we find that it is almost the unanimous opinion of arctic explorers today, that Dr. Cook reached the North Pole on April 21, 1909.

With officer Peary's first announcement he chose to force a press campaign to deny Dr. Cook's success and to proclaim himself as the sole Polar Victor. Peary aimed to be retired as a Rear-Admiral on a pension of $6,000 per year. This ambition was granted; but the American Congress rejected his claim for priority by eliminating from the pension bill the words "Discovery of the Pole." The European geographical societies, forced under diplomatic pressure to honor Peary, have also refused him the title of "Discoverer." By a final verdict of the American government and of the highest European authorities, Peary is therefore denied the assumption of being the discoverer of the Pole, though his claim as a re-discoverer is allowed. The evasive inscriptions on the Peary medals prove this statement.

Following the acute excitement of the first announcement, it seemed to be desirable to bring the question to a focus by submitting to some authoritative body for decision. Such an institution, however, did not exist. Previously, explorers had been rated by the slow process of historic digestion and assimilation of the facts offered, but it was thought that an academic examination would meet the demands. Officer Peary first submitted his case to a commission appointed by the National Geographical Society of Washington, D. C. This jury promptly said that in their "opinion" Peary reached the Pole on April 6, 1909; but a year later in congress the same men unwillingly admitted that in the Peary proofs there was no positive proof.

Dr. Cook's data was sent to a commission appointed by the University of Copenhagen. The Danes reported that the material presented was incomplete and did not constitute positive proof. This verdict, however, did not carry the interpretation that the Pole had not been reached. The Danes have never said, as they have been quoted by the press, that Dr. Cook did not reach the Pole; quite to the contrary, the University of Copenhagen conferred the degree of Ph. D. and the Royal Danish Geographical Society gave a gold medal, both in recognition of the merits of the Polar effort.

This early examination was based mostly upon the nautical calculations for position, and both verdicts when analyzed gave the version that in such observations there was no positive proof. The Washington jury ventured an opinion. The Danes refused to give an opinion, but showed their belief in Dr. Cook's success by conferring honorary degrees.

It is the unfair interpretation of the respective verdicts by the newspapers ich has precipitated the turbulent air of distrust which previously rested over e entire Polar achievement. All this, however, has now been cleared by the al word of fifty of the foremost Polar explorers and scientific experts.

In so far as they were able to judge from all the data presented in the al books of both claimants the following experts have given it as their opinion at Dr. Cook reached the Pole, and that officer Peary's similar report coming er is supplementary proof of the first victory:

General A. W. Greely, U. S. A., commander of the Lady Franklin Bay pedition, who spent four years in the region under discussion.

Rear Admiral W. S. Schley, U. S. N., commander of the Greely Relief pedition.

Capt. Otto Sverdrup, discoverer of the land over which Dr. Cook's route s forced.

Capt. J. E. Bernier, commanding the Canadian Arctic Expeditions.

Prof. G. Frederick Wright, author of the "Ice Age of North America."

Capt. E. B. Baldwin, commanding the Baldwin-Ziegler Expedition.

Prof. W. H. Brewer for 16 years president of the Arctic Club of America.

Prof. Julius Payer of the Weyprecht-Payer Expedition.

Prof. L. L. Dyche, member of various Peary and Cook Expeditions.

Mr. Maurice Connell, Greely Expedition, and U. S. Weather Bureau.

Capt. O. C. Hamlet, U. S. A. Arctic Revenue Service.

Capt. E. A. Haven, Baldwin-Ziegler Expedition.

Mr. Andrew J. Stone, Explorer of North Coast of America.

Mr. Dillon Wallace, Labrador Explorer.

Mr. Edwin Swift Balch, author of "The North Pole and Bradley Land."

Captains Johan Menander, B. S. Osbon and Thomas F. Hall.

Messrs. Henry Biederbeck, Frederick B. Wright, F. F. Taylor, Ralph H. irns, Theodore Lerner, M. Van Ryssellberghe, J. Knowles Hare, Chas. E. liet, Homer Rogers, R. C. Bates, E. C. Rost, L. C. Bement, Clarence Wyc- f, Alfred Church, Archibald Dickinson, Robert Stein, J. S. Warmbath, Geo. Butland, Ralph Shainwald, Henry Johnson, S. J. Entrikin, Clark Brown, F. Armbruster, John R. Bradley, Harry Whitney and Rudolph Franke.

Drs. T. F. Dedrick, Middleton Smith, J. G. Knowlton, H. J. Egbert, W. H. tell, A. H. Cordier and Henry Schwartz.

Judge Jules Leclercq, and Prof. Georges Lecointe, Secretary of the Inter- ional Bureau of Polar Research.

Thus endorsed by practically all Polar Explorers, Dr. Cook's attainment he Pole and his earlier work of discovery and exploration is farther established the following honorary pledges of recognition. (These are now in the posses- n of Dr. Cook, the press reports to the contrary being untrue).

By the King of Belgium, decorated as Knight of the Order of Leopold.

By the University of Copenhagen in conferring the degree of Ph. D.

By the Royal Danish Geographical Society, presentation of a gold medal

By the Arctic Club of America, presentation of a gold medal.

By the Royal Geographical Society of Belgium, presentation of a gold medal.

By the Municipality of the City of Brussels, presentation of a gold medal.

By the Municipality of the City of New York, with the ceremony of pre- ting the keys and offering the freedom of the city.

Without denying officer Peary's success, we note that his case rests upon opinion of three of his official associates in Washington. Three men acting a society financially interested—three men who have never seen a piece of ar ice — have given it as their "opinion" that Mr. Peary (a year later than Cook) reached the Pole. By many this was accepted as a final verdict of erts for Peary. But are such men dependable experts?

Dr. Cook now offers in substantiation of his work the support and the final verdict of fifty of the foremost explorers and scientific experts. Each in his own way has during the past four years examined the polar problem and pronounced in favor of Dr. Cook.

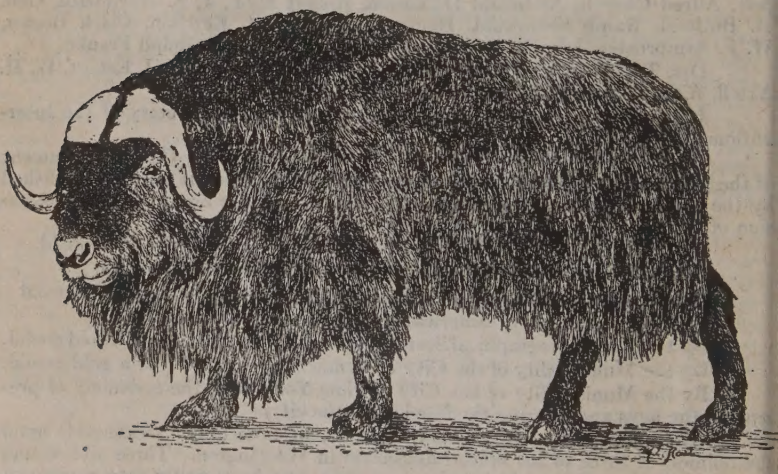
He is therefore vindicated of the propaganda of insinuation and distrust which his enemies forced, and his success in reaching the Pole is conceded and endorsed by his own peers.

In his book, "My Attainment of the Pole," Dr. Cook offers with thrilling vividness a most remarkable series of adventures in the enraptured wilderness at the top of the globe. And in his lectures he takes his audience step by step over the haunts of northernmost man and beyond to the sparkling sea of death at the pole. Above all he leaves in the hearts of his listeners the thrills of a fresh vigor and a new inspiration, which opens the way for other worlds to conquer. By his books and by his lectures, Dr. Cook seeks justice at the bar of public opinion, and three million people have applauded his effort on the platform. One hundred thousand people will read his book during the coming year. We are inclined to agree with Capt. E. B. Baldwin and other Arctic explorers who say —"Putting aside the academic and idle argument of pin-point accuracy, the North Pole has been honestly reached by Dr. Cook, three hundred and fifty days before any one else claimed to have been there."

May 22, 1913.

THE CHAUTAUQUA MANAGERS' ASSOCIATION,
ORCHESTRA BUILDING, CHICAGO.

Chas. W. Ferguson, Pres. A. L. Flude, Sec'y.



PREFACE

This narrative has been prepared as a general outine of my conquest of the North Pole. In it the scienific data, the observations, every phase of the pioneer vork with its drain of human energy has been presented n its proper relation to a strange cycle of events. The camera has been used whenever possible to illustrate he progress of the expedition as well as the wonders nd mysteries of the Arctic wilds. Herein, with due fter-thought and the better perspective afforded by ime, the rough field notes, the disconnected daily tabulations and the records of instrumental observations, very fact, every optical and mental impression, has been re-examined and re-arranged to make a concise ecord of successive stages of progress to the boreal enter. If I have thus worked out an understandable anorama of our environment, then the mission of this ook has served its purpose.

Much has been said about absolute geographic roof of an explorer's work. History demonstrates that he book which gives the final authoritative narrative is he test of an explorer's claims. By it every traveler as been measured. From the time of the discovery of America to the piercing of darkest Africa and the open-

ing of Thibet, men who have sought the truth of the claims of discovery have sought, not abstract figures, but the continuity of the narrative in the pages of the traveler's final book. In such a narrative, after due digestion and assimilation, there is to be found either the proof or the disproof of the claims of a discoverer.

In such narratives as the one herewith presented, subsequent travelers and other experts, with no other interests to serve except those of fair play, have critically examined the material. With the lapse of time accordingly, when partisanship feelings have been merged in calm and conscientious judgment, history has always finally pronounced a fair and equitable verdict.

In a similar way my claim of being first to reach the North Pole will rest upon the data presented between the covers of this book.

In working out the destiny of this Expedition, and this book which records its doings, I have to acknowledge my gratitude for the assistance of many people. First among those to whom I am deeply indebted is John R. Bradley. By his liberal hand this Expedition was given life, and by his loyal support and helpfulness I was enabled to get to my base of operations at Annoatok. By his liberal donations of food we were enabled to live comfortably during the first year. To John R. Bradley, therefore, belong the first fruits of the Polar conquest.

A tribute of praise must be placed on record for Rudolph Francke. After the yacht returned, he was my sole civilized helper and companion. The faithful manner in which he performed the difficult duties assigned to him, and his unruffled cheerfulness during the

rying weeks of the long night, reflect a large measure f credit.

The band of little people of the Farthest North urnished without pay the vital force and the primitive ngenuity without which the quest of the Pole would be hopeless task. These boreal pigmies with golden kins, with muscles of steel, and hearts as finely human s those of the highest order of man, performed a task hat cannot be too highly commended. The two boys, Ah-we-lah and E-tuk-i-shook, deserve a place on the tab-et of fame. They followed me with a perseverance vhich demonstrates one of the finest qualities of savage fe. They shared with me the long run of hardship; hey endured without complaint the unsatisfied hunger, he unquenched thirst, and the maddening isolation, with o thought of reward except that which comes from an nselfish desire to follow one whom they chose to regard s a friend. If a noble deed was ever accomplished, hese boys did it, and history should record their heroic ffort with indelible ink.

At the request of Mrs. Cook, the Canadian Gov-rnment sent its ship, the "Arctic," under Captain Ber-ier, with supplementary supplies for me, to Etah. These were left under the charge of Mr. Harry Whit-ey. The return to civilization was made in comfort, y the splendid manner in which this difficult problem vas carried out. To each and all in this combination I m deeply indebted.

With sweet memories of the warm hospitality of Danes in Greenland, I here subscribe my never-to-be-orgotten appreciation. I am also indebted to the Royal Greenland Trading Company and to the United

S. S. Company for many favors; and, above all, am I grateful to the Danes as a nation, for the whole-souled demonstrations of friendship and appreciation at Copenhagen.

In the making of this book, I was relieved of much routine editorial work by Mr. T. Everett Harry, associate editor of Hampton's Magazine, who rearranged much of my material, and by whose handling of certain purely adventure matter a book of better literary workmanship has been made.

I am closing the pages of this book with a good deal of regret, for, in the effort to make the price of this volume so low that it can go into every home, the need for brevity has dictated the number of pages. My last word to all—to friends and enemies—is, if you must pass judgment, study the problem carefully. You are as capable of forming a correct judgment as the self-appointed experts. One of Peary's captains has said "that he knew, but never would admit, that Peary did not reach the Pole." Rear Admiral Chester has said the same about me, but he "admits" it in big, flaming type. With due respect to these men, in justice to the cause, I am bound to say that these, and others of their kind, who necessarily have a blinding bias, are not better able to judge than the average American citizen.

If you have read this book, then read Mr. Peary's "North Pole." Put the two books side by side. When making comparisons, remember that my attainment of the Pole was one year earlier than Mr. Peary's claim; that my narrative was written and printed months before that of Mr. Peary; that the Peary narrative is such that Rear Admiral Schley has said—"After reading

he published accounts daily and critically of both laimants, I was forced to the conclusion from their triking similarity that each of you was the eye-witness f the other's success. Without collusion, it would ave been impossible to have written accounts so imilar."

This opinion, coming as it does from one of the ighest Arctic and Naval authorities, is endorsed by ractically all Arctic explorers. Captain E. B. Baldin goes even further, and proves my claim from the ages of Peary's own book. Governor Brown of Georgia, after a critical examination of the two reports, ays, "If it is true, as Peary would like us to believe, hat Cook has given us a gold brick, then Peary has ffered a paste diamond."

Since my account was written and printed first, he striking analogy apparent in the Peary pages either roves my position at the Pole or it convicts Peary of sing my data to fill out and impart verisimilitude to is own story of a second victory.

Much against my will I find myself compelled to ncover the dark pages of the selfish unfairness of rival terests. In doing so my aim is not to throw doubt and istrust on Mr. Peary's success, but to show his incentive nd his methods in attempting to leave the sting of disredit upon me. I would prefer to close my eye to a ng series of wrong doings as I have done in the assing years, but the Polar controversy cannot be nderstood unless we get the perspective of the man ho has forced it. Heretofore I have allowed others expend their argumentative ammunition. The questons which I have raised are minor points. On the

main question of Polar attainment there is not now room for doubt. The Pole has been honestly reached—the American Eagle has spread its wings of glory over the world's top. Whether there is room for one or two or more under those wings, I am content to let the future decide.

FREDERICK A. COOK.

The Waldorf-Astoria,
New York, June 15, 1911.

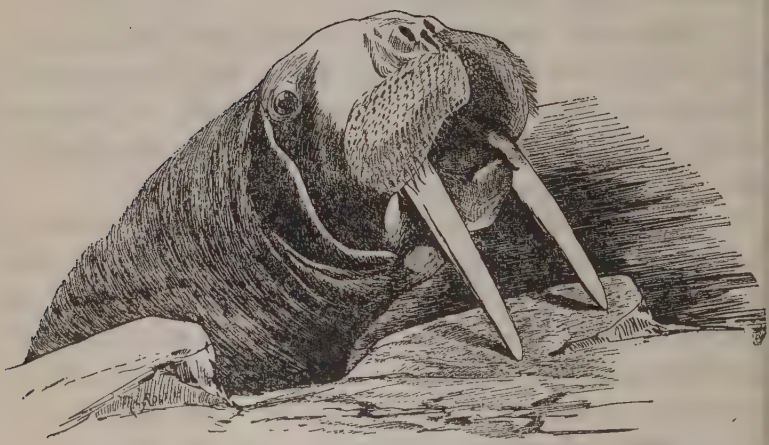


TABLE OF CONTENTS

PAGE

I THE POLAR FIGHT 1

II INTO THE BOREAL WILDS . . 23

The Yacht Bradley Leaves Gloucester—Invades the Magic Waters of the Arctic Seas—Recollections of Boyhood Ambitions—Beyond the Arctic Circle—The Weaving of the Polar Spell

III THE DRIVING SPUR OF THE POLAR QUEST 42

On the Frigid Pathway of Three Centuries of Heroic Martyrs—Meeting the Strange People of the Farthest North—The Life of the Stone Age—On the Chase With the Eskimos—Manee and Spartan Eskimo Courage

IV TO THE LIMITS OF NAVIGATION . 62

Exciting Hunts for Game With the Eskimos—Arrival at Etah—Speedy Trip to Annoatok, the Windy Place, Where Supplies are Found in Abundance—Everything Auspicious for Dash to the Pole—Determination to Essay the Effort—Bradley Informed—Debark for the Pole—The Yacht Returns

V PREPARATIONS FOR THE POLAR DASH 73

An Entire Tribe Breathlessly and Feverishly at Work—Mapping Out the Polar Campaign

VI THE CURTAIN OF NIGHT DROPS . 81

Tribe of Two Hundred and Fifty Natives Busily Begin Preparations for the Polar Dash—Exciting Hunts for the Unicorn and Other Game From Annoatok to Cape York—Every Animal Caught Bearing Upon the Success of the Venture—The Gray-Green Gloom of Twilight in Which the Eskimo Women Communicate With the Souls of the Dead

VII FIRST WEEK OF THE LONG NIGHT 99

Hunting in the Arctic Twilight—Pursuing Bear, Caribou and Smaller Game in Semi-Gloom

PAGE

VIII THE MOONLIGHT QUEST OF THE WALRUS 114

Desperate and Dangerous Hunting, in Order to Secure Adequate Supplies for the Polar Dash—A Thrilling and Adventurous Race Is Made Over Frozen Seas and Icy Mountains to the Walrus Grounds—Terrific Explosion of the Ice on Which the Party Hunts—Success in Securing Over Seven Sled-Loads of Blubber Makes the Pole Seem Nearer —An Arctic Tragedy

IX MIDNIGHT AND MID-WINTER . 130

The Equipment and Its Problems—New Art in the Making of Sledges Combining Lightness—Progress of the Preparations—Christmas With Its Glad Tidings and Auguries for Success in Quest of the Pole

X EN ROUTE FOR THE POLE . . 149

The Campaign Opens—Last Weeks of the Polar Night—Advance Parties Sent Out—Awaiting the Dawn

XI EXPLORING A NEW PASS OVER ACPOHON 162

From the Atlantic Waters at Flagler Bay to the Pacific Waters at Bay Fiord—The Mecca of the Musk Ox—Battles With the Bovine Monsters of the Arctic—Sunrise and the Glory of Sunset

XII IN GAME TRAILS TO LAND'S END . 176

Sverdrup's New Wonderland—Feasting on Game En Route to Svartevoeg—First Shadow Observations—Fights With Wolves and Bears—The Joys of Zero's Lowest—Threshold of the Unknown

XIII THE TRANS-BOREAL DASH BEGINS 194

By Forced Efforts and the Use of Axes Speed is Made Over the Land-Adhering Pack Ice of Polar Sea—The Most Difficult Travel of the Proposed Journey Successfully Accomplished—Regretful Parting With the Eskimos

XIV OVER THE POLAR SEA TO THE BIG LEAD 208

With Two Eskimo Companions, the Race Poleward Continues Over Rough and Difficult Ice—The Last Land Fades

PAGE

Behind—Mirages Leap Into Being and Weave a Mystic Spell—A Swirling Scene of Moving Ice and Fantastic Effects—Standing on a Hill of Ice, a Black, Writhing, Snaky Cut Appears in the Ice Beyond—The Big Lead—A Night of Anxiety—Five Hundred Miles Already Covered—Four Hundred to the Pole

XV CROSSING MOVING SEAS OF ICE . 221

Crossing the Lead—The Thin Ice Heaves Like a Sheet of Rubber—Creeping Forward Cautiously, the Two Dangerous Miles are Covered—Bounding Progress Made Over Improving Ice—The First Hurricane—Dogs Buried and Frozen Into Masses in Drifts of Snow—The Ice Parts Through the Igloo—Waking to Find One's Self Falling Into the Cold Sea

XVI LAND DISCOVERED 232

Fighting Progress Through Cutting Cold and Terrific Storms—Life Becomes a Monotonous Routine of Hardship—The Pole Inspires With Its Resistless Lure—New Land Discovered Beyond the Eighty-Fourth Parallel—More Than Two Hundred Miles From Svartevoeg—The First Six Hundred Miles Covered

XVII BEYOND THE RANGE OF LIFE . 248

With a New Spring to Weary Legs Bradley Land is Left Behind—Feeling the Aching Vastness of the World Before Man Was Made—Curious Grimaces of the Midnight Sun—Sufferings Increase—By Persistent and Laborious Progress Another Hundred Miles is Covered

XVIII OVER POLAR SEAS OF MYSTERY . 260

The Maddening Tortures of a World Where Ice Water Seems Hot, and Cold Knives Burn One's Hands—Anguished Progress on the Last Stretch of Two Hundred Miles Over Anchored Land Ice—Days of Suffering and Gloom—The Time of Despair—"It Is Well to Die," Says Ah-We-Lah; "Beyond is Impossible"

XIX TO THE POLE—LAST HUNDRED MILES 269

Over Plains of Gold and Seas of Palpitating Color the Dog Teams, With Noses Down, Tails Erect, Dash Spiritedly Like Chariot Horses—Chanting Love Songs the Eskimos Follow With Swinging Step—Tired Eyes Open to New

PAGE

VIII THE MOONLIGHT QUEST OF THE WALRUS 114

Desperate and Dangerous Hunting, in Order to Secure Adequate Supplies for the Polar Dash—A Thrilling and Adventurous Race Is Made Over Frozen Seas and Icy Mountains to the Walrus Grounds—Terrific Explosion of the Ice on Which the Party Hunts—Success in Securing Over Seven Sled-Loads of Blubber Makes the Pole Seem Nearer—An Arctic Tragedy

IX MIDNIGHT AND MID-WINTER . 130

The Equipment and Its Problems—New Art in the Making of Sledges Combining Lightness—Progress of the Preparations—Christmas With Its Glad Tidings and Auguries for Success in Quest of the Pole

X EN ROUTE FOR THE POLE . . 149

The Campaign Opens—Last Weeks of the Polar Night—Advance Parties Sent Out—Awaiting the Dawn

XI EXPLORING A NEW PASS OVER ACPOHON 162

From the Atlantic Waters at Flagler Bay to the Pacific Waters at Bay Fiord—The Mecca of the Musk Ox—Battles With the Bovine Monsters of the Arctic—Sunrise and the Glory of Sunset

XII IN GAME TRAILS TO LAND'S END . 176

Sverdrup's New Wonderland—Feasting on Game En Route to Svartevoeg—First Shadow Observations—Fights With Wolves and Bears—The Joys of Zero's Lowest—Threshold of the Unknown

XIII THE TRANS-BOREAL DASH BEGINS 194

By Forced Efforts and the Use of Axes Speed is Made Over the Land-Adhering Pack Ice of Polar Sea—The Most Difficult Travel of the Proposed Journey Successfully Accomplished—Regretful Parting With the Eskimos

XIV OVER THE POLAR SEA TO THE BIG LEAD 208

With Two Eskimo Companions, the Race Poleward Continues Over Rough and Difficult Ice—The Last Land Fades

PAGE

Behind—Mirages Leap Into Being and Weave a Mystic Spell—A Swirling Scene of Moving Ice and Fantastic Effects—Standing on a Hill of Ice, a Black, Writhing, Snaky Cut Appears in the Ice Beyond—The Big Lead—A Night of Anxiety—Five Hundred Miles Already Covered—Four Hundred to the Pole

XV CROSSING MOVING SEAS OF ICE . 221

Crossing the Lead—The Thin Ice Heaves Like a Sheet of Rubber—Creeping Forward Cautiously, the Two Dangerous Miles are Covered—Bounding Progress Made Over Improving Ice—The First Hurricane—Dogs Buried and Frozen Into Masses in Drifts of Snow—The Ice Parts Through the Igloo—Waking to Find One's Self Falling Into the Cold Sea

XVI LAND DISCOVERED 232

Fighting Progress Through Cutting Cold and Terrific Storms—Life Becomes a Monotonous Routine of Hardship—The Pole Inspires With Its Resistless Lure—New Land Discovered Beyond the Eighty-Fourth Parallel—More Than Two Hundred Miles From Svartevoeg—The First Six Hundred Miles Covered

XVII BEYOND THE RANGE OF LIFE . 248

With a New Spring to Weary Legs Bradley Land is Left Behind—Feeling the Aching Vastness of the World Before Man Was Made—Curious Grimaces of the Midnight Sun—Sufferings Increase—By Persistent and Laborious Progress Another Hundred Miles is Covered

XVIII OVER POLAR SEAS OF MYSTERY . 260

The Maddening Tortures of a World Where Ice Water Seems Hot, and Cold Knives Burn One's Hands—Anguished Progress on the Last Stretch of Two Hundred Miles Over Anchored Land Ice—Days of Suffering and Gloom—The Time of Despair—"It Is Well to Die," Says Ah-We-Lah; "Beyond is Impossible"

XIX TO THE POLE—LAST HUNDRED MILES 269

Over Plains of Gold and Seas of Palpitating Color the Dog Teams, With Noses Down, Tails Erect, Dash Spiritedly Like Chariot Horses—Chanting Love Songs the Eskimos Follow With Swinging Step—Tired Eyes Open to New

PAGE

Glory—Step by Step, With Thumping Hearts the Earth's Apex Is Neared—At Last! The Goal Is Reached! The Stars and Stripes are Flung to the Frigid Breezes of the North Pole!

XX AT THE NORTH POLE . . . 286

Observations at the Pole—Meteorological and Astronomical Phenomena—Singular Stability and Uniformity of the Thermometer and Barometer—A Spot Where One's Shadow Is the Same Length Each Hour of the Twenty-Four—Eight Polar Altitudes of the Sun

XXI THE RETURN—A BATTLE FOR LIFE 314

Turned Backs to the Pole and to the Sun—The Dogs, Seemingly Glad and Seemingly Sensible That Their Noses Were Pointed Homeward, Barked Shrilly—Suffering From Intense Depression—The Dangers of Moving Ice, of Storms and Slow Starvation—The Thought of Five Hundred and Twenty Miles to Land Causes Despair

XXII BACK TO LIFE AND BACK TO LAND 326

The Return—Deluded by Drift and Fog—Carried Astray Over an Unseen Deep—Travel for Twenty Days in a World of Mists, With the Terror of Death—Awakened From Sleep by a Heavenly Song—The First Bird—Following the Winged Harbinger—We Reach Land—A Bleak, Barren Island Possessing the Charm of Paradise—After Days Verging on Starvation, We Enjoy a Feast of Uncooked Game

XXIII OVERLAND TO JONES SOUND . . 341

Hours of Icy Torture—A Frigid Summer Storm in the Berg-Driven Arctic Sea—A Perilous Dash Through Twisting Lanes of Opening Water in a Canvas Canoe—The Drive of Hunger

XXIV UNDER THE WHIP OF FAMINE . 355

By Boat and Sledge, Over the Drifting Ice and Stormy Seas of Jones Sound—From Rock to Rock in Quest of Food—Making New Weapons

XXV BEAR FIGHTS AND WALRUS BATTLES 365

Dangerous Adventures in a Canvas Boat—On the Verge of

PAGE

STARVATION, A MASSIVE BRUTE, WEIGHING THREE THOUSAND POUNDS, IS CAPTURED AFTER A FIFTEEN-HOUR STRUGGLE—ROBBED OF PRECIOUS FOOD BY HUNGRY BEARS

XXVI BULL FIGHTS WITH THE MUSK OX 378

AN ANCIENT CAVE EXPLORED FOR SHELTER—DEATH BY STARVATION AVERTED BY HAND-TO-HAND ENCOUNTERS WITH WILD ANIMALS

XXVII A NEW ART OF CHASE . . . 393

THREE WEEKS BEFORE THE SUNSET OF 1908—REVELLING IN AN EDEN OF GAME—PECULIARITIES OF ANIMALS OF THE ARCTIC—HOW NATURE DICTATES ANIMAL COLOR—THE QUEST OF SMALL LIFE

XXVIII A HUNDRED NIGHTS IN AN UNDERGROUND DEN 406

LIVING LIKE MEN OF THE STONE AGE—THE DESOLATION OF THE LONG NIGHT—LIFE ABOUT CAPE SPARBO—PREPARING EQUIPMENT FOR THE RETURN TO GREENLAND—SUNRISE, FEBRUARY 11, 1909

XXIX HOMEWARD WITH A HALF SLEDGE AND HALF-FILLED STOMACHS . 425

THREE HUNDRED MILES THROUGH STORM AND SNOW AND UPLIFTED MOUNTAINS OF ICE TROUBLES—DISCOVER TWO ISLANDS—ANNOATOK IS REACHED—MEETING HARRY WHITNEY—NEWS OF PEARY'S SEIZURE OF SUPPLIES

XXX ANNOATOK TO UPERNAVIK . . 447

ELEVEN HUNDRED MILES SOUTHWARD OVER SEA AND LAND—AT ETAH—OVERLAND TO THE WALRUS GROUNDS—ESKIMO COMEDIES AND TRAGEDIES—A RECORD RUN OVER MELVILLE BAY—FIRST NEWS FROM PASSING SHIPS—THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN—SOUTHWARD BY STEAMER GODTHAAB

XXXI FROM GREENLAND TO COPENHAGEN 463

FOREWARNING OF THE POLAR CONTROVERSY—BANQUET AT EGGEDESMINDE—ON BOARD THE HANS EGEDE—CABLEGRAMS SENT FROM LERWICK—THE OVATION AT COPENHAGEN—BEWILDERED AMIDST THE GENERAL ENTHUSIASM—PEARY'S FIRST MESSAGES—EMBARK ON OSCAR II FOR NEW YORK

PAGE

XXXII COPENHAGEN TO THE UNITED STATES 476

Across the Atlantic—Reception in New York—Bewildering Cyclone of Events—Inside News of the Peary Attack—How the Web of Shame Was Woven

XXXIII THE KEY TO THE CONTROVERSY 507

Peary and His Past—His Dealing With Rival Explorers—The Death of Astrup—The Theft of the "Great Iron Stone," the Natives' Sole Source of Iron

XXXIV THE MT. McKINLEY BRIBERY . . 521

The Bribed, Faked and Forged News Items—The Pro-Peary Money Powers Encourage Perjury—Mt. McKinley Honestly Climbed—How, for Peary, a Similar Peak Was Faked

XXXV THE DUNKLE-LOOSE FORGERY . 535

Its Pro-Peary Making

XXXVI HOW A GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY PROSTITUTED ITS NAME . . . 541

The Washington Verdict—The Copenhagen Verdict

Retrospect 557

The Present Status of the Polar Controversy (Preceding Preface) . (a)
Dr. Cook Vindicated—His Discovery of the North Pole Endorsed by the Explorers of all the World.

The Peary-Parker-Brown Humbug Up To Date (To Finish Page) . . 534
Parker contradicts former Statement—Says he climbed Mt. McKinley by Northeast Ridge.—The Ridge used by Dr. Cook.

Verdict of the Geographic Historian (By Edwin Swift Balch) . . 595
Dr. Cook's Record is Accurate—It is Certified—It is Corroborated—He is the Discoverer of the North Pole.

A Request for a National Investigation (By Dr. Frederick A. Cook) . 600
Nation should decide—Congress Should Investigate Rival Claims—Letter to the President.

Can the Government Escape the Responsibility (By Fred High, Editor of the Platform) 605
Cook Should Have a Fair Deal—An Unbiased Comparison—Letters to and from Prominent Men.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
Frederick A. Cook	*Frontispiece*
Rudolph Francke in Arctic Costume	12
Midnight—"A Panorama of Black Lacquer and Silver"	13
On the Chase for Bear—The Box-House at Annoatok and its Winter Environment	76
Man's Prey of the Arctic Sea—Walrus Asleep . .	77
The Helpers—Northernmost Man and His Wife . .	108
A Mecca of Musk Ox Along Eureka Sound—A Native Helper—Ah-We-Lah's Prospective Wife . .	109
The Capture of a Bear—Rounding Up a Herd of Musk Oxen	140
Svartevoeg—Camping 500 Miles from the Pole . .	141
"The Igloo Built, We Prepare for Our Daily Camp" .	172
Camping to Eat and Take Observations—On Again .	173
Dashing Forward En Route to the Pole . . .	204
Departure of Supporting Party—A Breathing Spell—Poleward	205
Bradley Land Discovered—Submerged Island of Polar Sea—Going Beyond the Bounds of Life . .	236
Swift Progress over Smooth Ice—Building an Igloo—A Lifeless World of Cold and Ice . . .	237
"Too Weary to Build Igloos, We Used the Silk Tent" "Across Seas of Crystal Glory to the Boreal Centre"	268
Mending Near the Pole	269
First Camp at the Pole, April 21, 1908	300

FACING PAGE

At the Pole—"We Were the Only Pulsating Creatures in a Dead World of Ice" 301

"With Eager Eyes We Searched the Dusky Plains of Crystal, But There Was No Land, No life, To Relieve the Purple Run of Death" . . . 332

Record Left in Brass Tube at North Pole . . . 333

Observation Determining the Pole—Photograph from Original Note 364

Back to Land and Back to Life—Awakened by a Winged Harbinger 365

E-Tuk-I-Shook Waiting for a Seal at a Blow Hole . 396

Toward Cape Sparbo in Canvas Boat—Walrus—(Prize of 15-hour Battle) 4,000 Lbs. of Meat and Fat . 397

Punctured Canvas Boat In Which We Paddled 1,000 Miles—Famine Days, When Only Stray Birds Prevented Starvation—Den In Which We Spent 100 Double Nights 428

Bull Fights with the Musk Ox About Cape Sparbo . 429

Saved from Starvation—The Result of One of Our Last Cartridges 460

"Miles and Miles of Desolation"—Homeward Bound 461

Governor Kraul In His Study—Arrival at Upernavik 492

Polar Tragedy—A Deserted Child of the Sultan of the North and Its Mother 493

My Attainment of the Pole

I.

THE POLAR FIGHT

On April 21, 1908, I reached a spot on the silver-shining desert of boreal ice whereat a wild wave of joy filled my heart. I can remember the scene distinctly—it will remain one of those comparatively few mental pictures which are photographed with a terribly vivid distinctness of detail, because of their emotional effect, during everyone's existence, and which reassert themselves in the brain like lightning flashes in stresses of intense emotion, in dreams, in the delirium of sickness, and possibly in the hour of death.

I can see the sun lying low above the horizon, which glittered here and there in shafts of light like the tip of a long, circular, silver blade. The globe of fire, veiled occasionally by purplish, silver-shot mists, was tinged with a faint, burning lilac. Through opening cracks in the constantly moving field of ice, cold strata of air rose, deflecting the sun's rays in every direction, and changing the vision of distant ice irregularities with a deceptive perspective, as an oar blade seen in the depth of still water.

Huge phantom-shapes took form about me; they were nebulous, their color purplish. About the horizon

moved what my imagination pictured as the ghosts of dead armies—strange, gigantic, wraith-like shapes whose heads rose above the horizon as the heads of a giant army appearing over the summits of a far-away mountain. They moved forward, retreated, diminished in size, and titanically reappeared again. Above them, in the purple mists and darker clouds, shifted scintillantly waving flashes of light, orange and crimson, the ghosts of their earthly battle banners, wind-tossed, golden and bloodstained.

I stood gazing with wonder, half-appalled, forgetting that these were mirages produced by cold air and deflected light rays, and feeling only as though I were beholding some vague revelation of victorious hosts, beings of that other world which in olden times, it is said, were conjured at Endor. It seemed fitting that they should march and remarch about me; that the low beating of the wind should suddenly swell into throbbing martial music. For that moment I was intoxicated. I stood alone, apart from my two Eskimo companions, a shifting waste of purple ice on every side, alone in a dead world—a world of angry winds, eternal cold, and desolate for hundreds of miles in every direction as the planet before man was made.

I felt in my heart the thrill which any man must feel when an almost impossible but dearly desired work is attained—the thrill of accomplishment with which a poet must regard his greatest masterpiece, which a sculptor must feel when he puts the finishing touch to inanimate matter wherein he has expressed consummately a living thought, which a conqueror must feel when he has mastered a formidable alien army. Stand-

ing on this spot, I felt that I, a human being, with all of humanity's frailties, had conquered cold, evaded famine, endured an inhuman battling with a rigorous, infuriated Nature in a soul-racking, body-sapping journey such as no man perhaps had ever made. I had proved myself to myself, with no thought at the time of any worldy applause. Only the ghosts about me, which my dazzled imagination evoked, celebrated the glorious thing with me—a thing in which no human being could have shared. Over and over again I repeated to myself that I had reached the North Pole, and the thought thrilled through my nerves and veins like the shivering sound of silver bells.

That was my hour of victory. It was the climacteric hour of my life. The vision and the thrill, despite all that has passed since then, remain, and will remain with me as long as life lasts, as the vision and the thrill of an honest, actual accomplishment.

That I stood at the time on the very pivotal pin-point of the earth I do not and never did claim; I may have, I may not. In that moving world of ice, of constantly rising mists, with a low-lying sun whose rays are always deflected, such an ascertainment of actual position, even with instruments in the best workable condition, is, as all scientists will agree, impossible. That I reached the North Pole approximately, and ascertained my location as accurately, as painstakingly, as the terrestrial and celestial conditions and the best instruments would allow; that I thrilled with victory, and made my claim on as honest, as careful, as scientific a basis of observations and calculations as any human being could, I do emphatically assert. That any man,

in reaching this region, could do more than I did to ascertain definitely the mathematical Pole, and that any more voluminous display of figures could substantiate a claim of greater accuracy, I do deny. I believe still what I told the world when I returned, that I am the first white man to reach that spot known as the North Pole as far as it is, or ever will be, humanly possible to ascertain the location of that spot.

Few men in all history, I am inclined to believe, have ever been made the subject of such vicious attacks, of such malevolent assailing of character, of such a series of perjured and forged charges, of such a widespread and relentless press persecution, as I; and few men, I feel sure, have ever been made to suffer so bitterly and so inexpressibly as I because of the assertion of my achievement. So persistent, so egregious, so overwhelming were the attacks made upon me that for a time my spirit was broken, and in the bitterness of my soul I even felt desirous of disappearing to some remote corner of the earth, to be forgotten. I knew that envy was the incentive to all the unkind abuses heaped upon me, and I knew also that in due time, when the public agitation subsided and a better perspective followed, the justice of my claim would force itself to the inevitable light of truth.

With this confidence in the future, I withdrew from the envious, money-waged strife to the calm and restfulness of my own family circle. The campaign of infamy raged and spent its force. The press lined up with this dishonest movement by printing bribed, faked and forged news items, deliberately manufactured by my enemies to feed a newspaper hunger for sensation.

In going away for a rest it did not seem prudent to take the press into my confidence, a course which resulted in the mean slurs that I had abandoned my cause. This again was used by my enemies to blacken my character. In reality, I had tried to keep the ungracious Polar controversy within the bounds of decent, gentlemanly conduct; but indecency had become the keynote, and against this, mild methods served no good purpose. I preferred, therefore, to go away and allow the atmosphere to clear of the stench stirred up by rival interest; but while I was away, my enemies were watched, and I am here now to uncover the darkest campaign of bribery and conspiracy ever forged in a strife for honor.

Now that my disappointment, my bitterness has passed, that my hurt has partly healed, I have determined to tell the whole truth about myself, about the charges made against me, and about those by whom the charges were made. Herein, FOR THE FIRST TIME, I will tell how and why I believed I reached the North Pole, and give fully the record upon which this claim is based. Only upon such a complete account of day-by-day traveling and such observations, can any claim rest.

Despite the hullabaloo of voluminous so-called proofs offered by a rival, I am certain that the unprejudiced reader will herein find as complete a story, and as valuable figures as those ever offered by anyone for any such achievement in exploration as mine. Herein, for the first time, shall I answer *in toto* all charges made against me, and this because the entire truth concerning these same charges I have not suc-

ceeded in giving the world through other channels. Because of the power of those who arrayed themselves against me, I found the columns of the press closed to much that I wished to say; articles which I wrote for publication underwent editorial excision, and absolutely necessary explanations, which in themselves attacked my assailants, were eliminated.

Only by reading my own story, as fully set down herein, can anyone judge of the relative value of my claim and that of my rival claimant; only by so doing can anyone get at the truth of the plot made to discredit me; only by doing so can one learn the reason for all of my actions, for my failure to meet charges at the time they were made, for my disappearing at a time when such action was unfairly made to confirm the worst charges of my detractors. That I have been too charitable with those who attempted to steal the justly deserved honors of my achievement, I am now convinced; when desirable, I shall now, having felt the smarting sting of the world's whip, and in order to justify myself, use the knife. I shall tell the truth even though it hurts. I have not been spared, and I shall spare no one in telling the unadorned and unpleasant story of a man who has been bitterly wronged, whose character has been assailed by bought and perjured affidavits, whose life before he returned from the famine-land of ice and cold—the world of his conquest—was endangered, designedly or not, by a dishonest appropriation of food supplies by one who afterwards endeavored to steal from him his honor, which is more dear than life.

To be doubted, and to have one's honesty assailed,

has been the experience of many explorers throughout history. The discoverer of our own continent, Christopher Columbus, was thrown into prison, and another, Amerigo Vespucci, was given the honor, his name to this day marking the land which was reached only through the intrepidity and single-hearted, single-sustained confidence of a man whose vision his own people doubted. Even in my own time have explorers been assailed, among them Stanley, whose name for a time was shrouded with suspicion, and others who since have joined the ranks of my assailants. Unfortunately, in such cases the matter of proof and the reliability of any claim, basicly, must rest entirely upon the intangible evidence of a man's own word; there can be no such thing as a palpable and indubitable proof. And in the case when a man's good faith is aspersed and his character assailed, the world's decision must rest either upon his own word or that of his detractors.

Returning from the North, exhausted both in body and brain by a savage and excruciating struggle against famine and cold, yet thrilling with the glorious conviction of a personal attainment, I was tossed to the zenith of worldly honor on a wave of enthusiasm, a world-madness, which startled and bewildered me. In that swift, sudden, lightning-flash ascension to glory, which I had not expected, and in which I was as a bit of helpless drift in the thundering tossing of an ocean storm, I was decorated with unasked-for honors, the laudations of the press of the world rang in my ears, the most notable of living men hailed me as one great among them. I found myself the unwilling and uncomfortable guest of princes, and I was led forward to receive the gracious hand of a King.

Returning to my own country, still marveling that such honors should be given because I had accomplished what seemed, and still seems, a merely personal achievement, and of little importance to anyone save to him who throbs with the gratification of a personal success, I was greeted with mad cheers and hooting whistles, with bursting guns and blaring bands. I was led through streets filled with applauding men and singing children and arched with triumphal flowers. In a dizzy whirl about the country—which now seems like a delirious dream—I experienced what I am told was an ovation unparalleled of its kind.

Coincident with my return to civilization, and while the world was ringing with congratulations, there came stinging through the cold air from the North, by wireless electric flashes, word from Mr. Peary that he had reached the North Pole and that, in asserting such a claim myself, I was a liar. I did not then doubt the good faith of Peary's claim; having reached the boreal center myself, under extremely favorable weather conditions, I felt that he, with everything in his favor, could do as much a year later, as he claimed. I replied with all candor what I felt, that there was glory enough for two. But I did, of course, feel the sting of my rival's unwarranted and virulent attacks. In the stress of any great crisis, the average human mind is apt to be carried away by unwise impulses.

Following Mr. Peary's return, I found myself the object of a campaign to discredit me in which, I believe, as an explorer, I stand the most shamefully abused man in the history of exploration. Deliberately planned, inspired at first, and at first directed, by Mr. Peary from

the wireless stations of Labrador, this campaign was consistently and persistently worked out by a powerful and affluent organization, with unlimited money at its command, which has had as its allies dishonest pseudo-scientists, financially and otherwise interested in the success of Mr. Peary's expedition. With a chain of powerful newspapers, a financial backer of Peary led a campaign to destroy confidence in me. I found myself in due time, before I realized the importance of underhand attacks, in a quandary which baffled and bewildered me. Without any organization behind me, without any wires to pull, without, at the time, any appreciable amount of money for defence, I felt what anyone who is not superhuman would have felt, a sickening sense of helplessness, a disgust at the human duplicity which permitted such things, a sense of the futility of the very thing I had done and its little worth compared to the web of shame my enemies were endeavoring to weave about me.

One of the remarkable things about modern journalism is that, by persistent repetition, it can create as a fact in the public mind a thing which is purely immaterial or untrue. Taking the cue from Peary, there was at the beginning a widespread and unprecedented call for "proofs," which in some vague way were to consist of unreduced reckonings. Mr. Peary had his own—he had buried part of mine. I did not at the time instantly produce these vague and obscure proofs, knowing, as all scientists know, that figures must inevitably be inadequate and that any convincing proof that can exist is to be found only in the narrative account of such a quest. I did not appreciate that in the public mind, because of

the newspapers' criticisms, there was growing a demand for this vague something. For this reason, I did not consider an explanation of the absurdity of this exaggerated position necessary.

Nor did I appreciate the relative effect of the National Geographic Society's "acceptance" of Mr. Peary's so-called "proofs" while mine were not forthcoming. I did not know at the time, what has since been brought out in the testimony given before the Naval Committee in Washington, that the National Geographic Society's verdict was based upon an indifferent examination of worthless observations and a few seconds' casual observation of Mr. Peary's instruments by several members of the Society in the Pennsylvania Railroad Station at Washington. With many lecture engagements, I considered that I was right in doing what every other explorer, including Mr. Peary himself, had done before me; that is, to fulfill my lecture and immediate literary opportunities while there was a great public interest aroused, and to offer a narrative of greater length, with field observations and extensive scientific data, later.

Following the exaggerated call for proofs, there began a series of persistently planned attacks. So petty and insignificant did many of them seem to me that I gave them little thought. My speed limits were questioned, this charge being dropped when it was found that Mr. Peary's had exceeded mine. The use by the newspaper running my narrative story of photographs of Arctic scenes—which never change in character—that had been taken by me on previous trips, was held up as visible evidence that I was a faker! Errors which

rept into my newspaper account because of hasty prep-
ration, and which were not corrected because there
as no time to read proofs, were eagerly seized upon,
nd long, abstruse and impressive mathematical dis-
rtations were made on these to prove how unscrupu-
us and unreliable I was.

The photograph of the flag at the Pole was put
rth by one of Mr. Peary's friends to prove on *prima*
cie evidence that I had faked. Inasmuch as the origi-
al negative was vague because of the non-actinic light
the North, the newspaper photographers retouched
e print and painted on it a shadow as being cast from
e flag and snow igloos. This shadow was seized upon
idly, and after long and learned calculations, was
ted as showing that the picture was taken some five
ndred miles from the Pole.

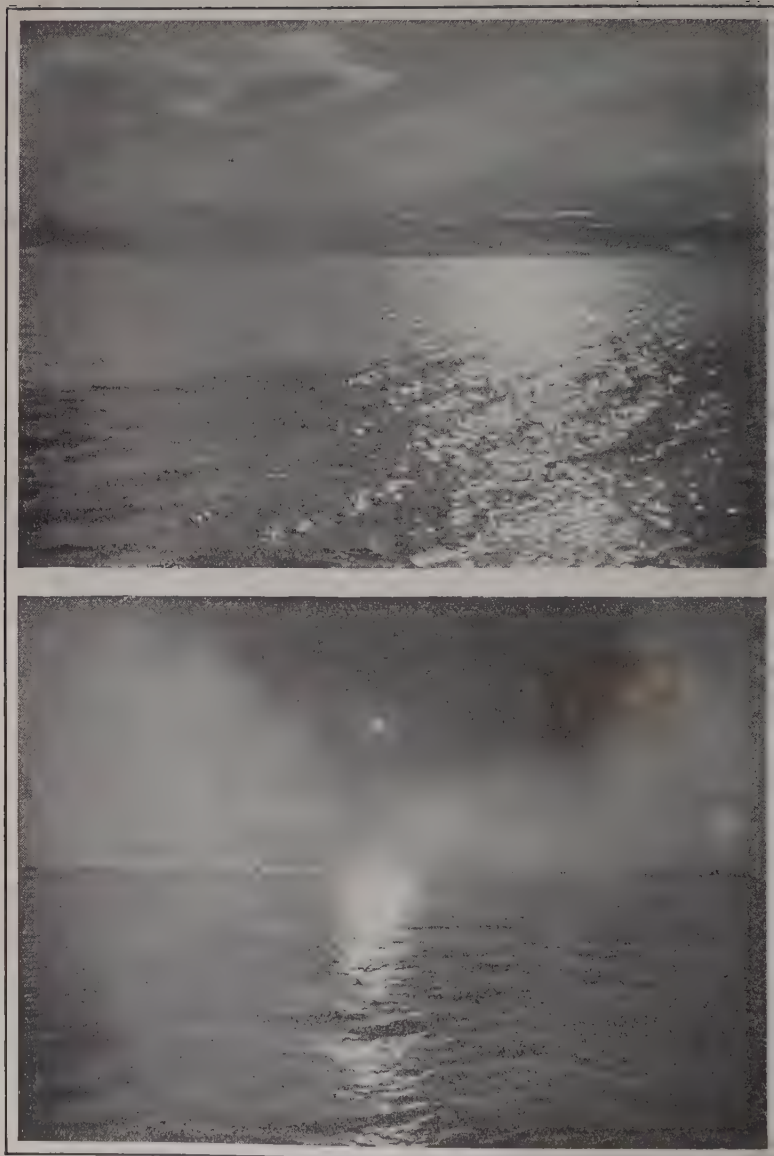
A formidable appearing statement, signed by vari-
us members of his expedition, and copyrighted by the
ique of honor-blind boosters, was issued by Mr.
eary. In this he gave statements of my two Eskimo
mpanions to the effect that I had not gotten out of
ght of land for more than one or two "sleeps" on my
ip. I knew that I had encouraged the delusion of my
skimos that the mirages and low-lying clouds which
ppeared almost daily were signs of land. In their ig-
rance and their eagerness to be near land, they be-
eved this, and by this innocent deception I prevented
e panic which seizes every Arctic savage when he finds
mself upon the circumpolar sea out of sight of land. I
ve since learned that Mr. Peary's Eskimos became
nic-stricken near the Big Lead on his last journey
d that it was only by the life-threatening announce-

ment to them of his determination to leave them alone on the ice (to get back to land as best they might or starve to death) that he compelled them to accompany him.

In any case, I did not consider as important any testimony of the Eskimos which Mr. Peary might cite knowing as well as he did that one can get any sort of desired reply from these natives by certain adroit questioning, and knowing also that the alleged route on his map which he said they drew was valueless, inasmuch as an Eskimo out of sight of land and in an unfamiliar region has no sense of location. I felt the whole statement to be what it was, a trumped-up document in which my helpers, perhaps unwittingly, had been adroitly led to affirm what Mr. Peary by jesuitical and equivocal questioning planned to have them say, and that it was therefore unworthy of a reply.

I had left my instruments and part of the unreduced reckonings with Mr. Harry Whitney, a fact which Mr. Whitney himself confirmed in published press interviews when he first arrived—in the heat of the controversy and after I left Copenhagen—in Sidney. When interviews came from Mr. Peary insinuating that I had left no instruments in the North, this becoming a definite charge which was taken up with great hue and cry, I bitterly felt this to be a deliberate untruth on Mr. Peary's part. I have since learned that one of Mr. Peary's officers cross-questioned my Eskimos, and that by showing them Mr. Peary's own instruments he discovered just what instruments I had had with me on my trip, and that by describing the method of using these instruments to E-tuk-i-shook and

RUDOLPH FRANCKE IN ARCTIC COSTUME



MIDNIGHT "A PANORAMA OF BLACK LACQUER AND SILVER."

Ah-we-lah, Bartlett learned from them that I did take observations. This information he conveyed to Mr. Peary before his expedition left Etah for America, and this knowledge Mr. Peary and his party, deliberately and with malicious intent, concealed on their return. At the time I had no means of refuting this insinuation; it was simply my word or Mr. Peary's.

I had no extraordinary proofs to offer, but, such as they were, I now know, by comparison with the published reports of Mr. Peary himself, they were as good as any offered by anyone. I was perhaps unfortunate in not having, as Mr. Peary had, a confederate body of financially interested friends to back me up, as was the National Geographic Society.

Not satisfied with unjustly attacking my claim, Mr. Peary's associates proceeded to assail my past career, and I was next confronted by an affidavit made by my guide, Barrill, to the effect that I had not scaled Mt. McKinley, an affidavit which, as I later secured evidence, had been bought. A widely heralded "investigation" was announced by a body of "explorers" of which Peary was president. One of Colonel Mann's muck-rakers was secretary, while its moving spirit was Mr. Peary's press agent, Herbert L. Bridgman. In a desperate effort to help Peary, a cowardly side issue was forced through Professor Herschell Parker, who had been with me on the Mt. McKinley trip but who had turned back after becoming panic-stricken in the crossing of mountain torrents. Mr. Parker expressed doubt of my achievements because he differed with me as to the value of the particular instrument to ascertain altitude which I, with many other mountain climbers, used. I

had offered all possible proofs as to having climbed the mountain, as full and adequate proofs as any mountaineer could, or ever has offered.

I resented the meddlesomeness of this pro-Peary group of kitchen explorers, not one of whom knew the first principles of mountaineering. From such an investigation, started to help Peary in his black-hand effort to force the dagger, with the money power easing men's conscience—as was evident at the time everywhere—no fair result could be expected. And as to the widely printed Barrill affidavit—this carried on its face the story of pro-Peary bribery and conspiracy. I have since learned that for it $1,500 and other considerations were paid. Here was a self-confessed liar. I did not think that a sane public therefore could take this underhanded pro-Peary charge as to the climb of Mt. McKinley seriously. Indeed, I paid little attention to it, but by using the cutting power of the press my enemies succeeded in inflicting a wound in my side.

I was thus plunged into the bewildering chaos which friends and enemies created, and swept for three months through a cyclone of events which I believe no human being could have stood. Before returning, I felt weakened mentally and physically by the rigors of the North, where for a year I barely withstood starvation. I was now whirled about the country, daily delivering lectures, greeting thousands of people, buffeted by mobs of well-meaning beings, and compelled to attend dinners and receptions numbering two hundred in sixty days. The air hissed about me with the odious charges which came from every direction. I was alone, helpless, without a single wise counsellor, under the charge

of the enemies' press, mud-charged guns fired from every point of the compass. Unlimited funds were being consumed in the infamous mill of bribery.

I had not the money nor the nature to fight in this kind of battle—so I withdrew. At once, howls of execration gleefully rose from the ranks of my enemies; my departure was heralded gloriously as a confession of imposture. Advantage was taken of my absence and new, perjured, forged charges were made to blacken my name. Far from my home and unable to defend myself, Dunkle and Loose swore falsely to having manufactured figures and observations under my direction. When I learned of this, much as it hurt me, I knew that the report which I had sent to Copenhagen would, if it did anything, disprove by the very figures in it the malicious lying document published in the New York *Times*. This, combined with the verdict rendered by the University of Copenhagen—a neutral verdict which carried no implication of the non-attainment of the Pole, but which was interpreted as a rejection—helped to stamp me in the minds of many people as the most monumental impostor the world has ever seen.

I fully realized that under the circumstances the only verdict of an unprejudiced body on any such proofs to such a claim must be favorable or neutral. The members of the University of Copenhagen who examined my papers were neither personal friends nor members of a body financially interested in my quest. Their verdict was honest. Mr. Peary's Washington verdict was dishonest, for two members of the jury admitted a year later in Congress, under pressure, that in the Peary data there was no absolute proof.

By the time I determined to return to my native country and state my case, I had been placed, I am certain, in a position of undeserved discredit unparalleled in history. No epithet was too vile to couple with my name. I was declared a brazen cheat who had concocted the most colossal lie of ages whereby to hoax an entire world for gain. I was made the subject of cheap jokes. My name in antagonistic newspapers had become a synonym for cheap faking. I was compelled to see myself held up gleefully as an impostor, a liar, a fraud, an unscrupulous scoundrel, one who had tried to steal honors from another, and who, to escape exposure, had fled to obscurity.

All the scientific work which scientists themselves had accepted as valuable, all the necessary hardships and the inevitable agonies of my last Arctic journey were forgotten; I was coupled with the most notorious characters in history in a press which panders to the lowest of human emotions and delights in men's shame. When I realized how egregious, how frightful, how undeserved was all this, my soul writhed; when I saw clearly, with the perspective which only time can give, how I, stepping aside, in errors of confused judgment which were purely human, had seemingly contributed to my unhappy plight, I felt the sting of ignominy greater than that which has broken stronger men's hearts.

For the glory which the world gives to such an accomplishment as the discovery of the North Pole, I care very little, but when the very result of such a victory is used as a whip to inflict cuts that mark my future destiny, I have a right to call a halt. I have claimed no national honors, want no medals or money. My feet

stepped over the Polar wastes with a will fired only by a personal ambition to succeed in a task where all the higher human powers were put to the test of fitness. That victory was honestly won. All that the achievement ever meant to me—the lure of it before I achieved it, the only satisfaction that remains since—is that it is a personal accomplishment of brain and muscle over hitherto unconquered forces, a thought in which I have pride. From the tremendous ovations that greeted me when I returned to civilization I got not a single thrill. I did thrill with the handclasp of confident, kindly people. I still thrill with the handclasp of my countrymen.

Insofar as the earthly glory and applause are concerned, I should be only too glad to share them, with all material accruements, to any honest, manly rivals—those of the past and those of the future. But against the unjust charges which have been made against me, against the aspersions on my personal integrity, against the ignominy with which my name has been besmirched, I will fight until the public gets a normal perspective.

I have never hoaxed a mythical achievement. Everything I have ever claimed was won by hard labor, by tremendous physical fortitude and endurance, and by such personal sacrifice as only I, and my immediate family, will ever know.

For this reason, I returned to my country in the latter part of 1910, as I always intended to do, after a year's rest. By this time I knew that my enemies would have said all that was possible about me; the excitement of the controversy would have quieted, and I should have the advantage of the last word.

In the heat of the controversy, only just re-

turned in a weakened condition from the North, and mentally bewildered by the unexpected maelstrom of events, I should not have been able, with justice to myself, to have met all the charges, criminal and silly, which were made against me. Even what I did say was misquoted and distorted by a sensational press which found it profitable to add fuel to the controversy. Sometimes I feel that no man ever born has been so variedly, so persistently lied about, misrepresented, made the butt of such countless untruths as myself. When I consider the lies, great and small, which for more than a year, throughout the entire world, have been printed about me, I am filled almost with hopelessness. And sometimes, when I think how I have been unjustly dubbed as the most colossal liar of history, I am filled with a sort of sardonic humor.

Returning to my country, determined to state my case freely and frankly, and making the honest admission that any claim to the definite, actual attainment of the North Pole—the mathematical pin-point on which the earth spins—must rest upon assumptions, because of the impossibility of accuracy in observations, I found that this admission, which every explorer would have to make, which Mr. Peary was unwillingly forced to make at the Congressional investigation, was construed throughout the country and widely heralded as a "confession," that garbled extracts were lifted from the context of my magazine story and their meaning distorted. In hundreds of newspapers I was represented as confessing to a fraudulent claim or as making a plea of insanity. A full answer to the charges made against me, necessary in order to justly cover my case, because

f the controversial nature of certain statements which nvolved Mr. Peary, was prohibited by the contract I ound it necessary to sign in order to get any statement f a comparatively ungarbled sort before a public which ad read Mr. Peary's own account of his journey.

I found the columns of the press of my coun- ry closed to the publication of statements which in- olved my enemies, because of the unfounded prejudice reated against me during my absence and because of he power of Mr. Peary's friends. It is almost impos- ible in any condition for anyone to secure a refutation or an unfounded attack in the American papers. With he entire press of the country printing misstatements, I was almost helpless. The justice, kindliness and gen- rous spirit of fair dealing of the American people, owever, was extended to me—I found the American eople glad—nay, eager—to listen.

It is this spirit which has encouraged me, after the hameful campaign of opprobrium which well-nigh roke my spirit, to tell the entire and unalterable truth bout myself and an achievement in which I still be- ieve—in fairness to myself, in order to clear myself, n order that the truth about the discovery of the North Pole may be known by my people and in order that istory may record its verdict upon a full, free and rank exposition. I do not address myself to any lique of geographers or scientists, but to the great ublic of the world, and herein, for the first time, shall give fully whatever proofs there may be of my con- uest. Upon these records must conviction rest.

Did I actually reach the North Pole? When I eturned to civilization and reported that the boreal

center had been attained, I believed that I had reached the spot toward which valiant men had strained for more than three hundred years. I still believe that I reached the boreal center as far as it is possible for any human being to ascertain it. If I was mistaken in approximately placing my feet upon the pin-point about which this controversy has raged, I maintain that it is the inevitable mistake any man must make. To touch that spot would be an accident. That any other man has more accurately determined the Pole I do deny. That Mr. Peary reached the North Pole—or its environs—with as fair accuracy as was possible, I have never denied. That Mr. Peary was better fitted to reach the Pole, and better equipped to locate this mythical spot, I do not admit. In fact, I believe that inasmuch as the purely scientific ascertainment is a comparatively simple matter, I stood a better chance of more scientifically and more accurately marking the actual spot than Mr. Peary. I reached my goal when the sun was twelve degrees above the horizon, and was therefore better able to mark a mathematical position than Mr. Peary could have with the sun at less than seven degrees. Mr. Peary's case rests upon three observations of sun altitude so low that, as proof of position, they are worthless.

Besides taking observations, which, as I shall explain in due course in my narrative, cannot be adequate I also ascertained what I believed to be my approximate position at the boreal center and en route by measuring the shadows each hour of the long day. Inasmuch as one's shadow decreases or increases in length as the sun rises toward the meridian or descends, at the boreal

center, where the sun circles the entire horizon at practically the same height during the entire day, one's shadow in this region of mystery is of the same length. In this observation, which is so simple that a child may understand it, is a sure and certain means of approximately ascertaining the North Pole. I took advantage of this method, which does not seem to have occurred to any other Arctic traveler, and this helped to bring conviction.

I shall in this volume present with detail the story of my Arctic journey—I shall tell how it was possible for me to reach my goal, why I believe I attained that goal; and upon this record must the decision of my people rest. I shall herein tell the story of an unfair and unworthy plot to ruin the reputation of an innocent man because of an achievement the full and prior credit of which was desired by a brutally selfish, brutally unscrupulous rival. I shall tell of a tragedy compared with which the North Pole and any glory accruing to its discoverer pales into insignificance—the tragedy of a spirit that was almost broken, of a man whose honor and pride was cut with knives in unclean hands.

When you have read all this, then, and only then, in fairness to yourself and in fairness to me, do I ask you to form your opinion. Only by reading this can you learn the full truth about me, about my claim and about the plot to discredit me, of the charges made against me, and the reason for all of my own actions. So persistent, so world-wide has been the press campaign made by my enemies, and so egregious have the charges seemed against me, so multitudinous have the lies, fake stories, fake interviews, fake confessions been,

so blatant have rung the hideous cries of liar, impostor, cheat and fraud, that the task to right myself, explain myself, and bring the truth into clean relief has seemed colossal.

To return to my country and face the people in view of all that was being said, with my enemies exultant, with antagonistic press men awaiting me as some beast to be devoured, required a determined gritting of the teeth and a reserve temperament to prevent an undignified battle.

For against such things nature dictates the tactics of the tiger. I faced my people, I found them fair and kindly. I accused my enemies of their lies, and they have remained silent. Titanic as is this effort of forcing fair play where biased abuse has reigned so long, I am confident of success. I am confident of the honesty and justice of my people; of their ability spiritually to sense, psychically to appreciate the earmarks of a clean, true effort—a worthy ambition and a real attainment.

INTO THE BOREAL WILDS

THE YACHT BRADLEY LEAVES GLOUCESTER—INVADES THE MAGIC OF THE WATERS OF THE ARCTIC SEAS—RECOLLECTION OF BOYHOOD AMBITIONS—BEYOND THE ARCTIC CIRCLE—THE WEAVING OF THE POLAR SPELL

II

Over the Arctic Circle

On July 3, 1907, between seven and eight o'clock n the evening, the yacht, which had been renamed the *John R. Bradley,* quietly withdrew from the pier at Gloucester, Massachusetts, and, turning her prow ceanward, slowly, quietly started on her historic jourey to the Arctic seas.

In the tawny glow of sunset, which was fading in he western sky, she looked, with her new sails unfurled, er entire body newly painted a spotless white, like ome huge silver bird alighting upon the sunshot waters f the bay. On board, all was quiet. I stood alone, azing back upon the picturesque fishing village with tender throb at my heart, for it was the last village of ny country which I might see for years, or perhaps ever.

Along the water's edge straggled tiny ramshackle oat houses, dun-colored sheds where fish are dried, and he humble miniature homes of the fisherfolk, in the

windows of which lights soon after appeared. On th bay about us, fishing boats were lazily bobbing up an down; in some, old bearded fishermen with broad hat smoking clay and corncob pipes, were drying thei seines. Other boats went by, laden with wriggling silver-scaled fish; along the shore I could still see tor of fish being unloaded from scores of boats. Through th rosy twilight, voices came over the water, murmurou sounds from the shore, cries from the sea mixed wit the quaint oaths of fisherfolk at work. Ashore, the boy of the village were testing their firecrackers for the mor row; sputtering explosions cracked through the air Occasionally a faint fire rocket scaled the sky. But n whistles tooted after our departure. No visiting crowd of curiosity-seekers ashore were frenziedly waving u good-bye.

An Arctic expedition had been born without th usual clamor. Prepared in one month, and financed b a sportsman whose only mission was to hunt gam animals in the North, no press campaign heralded ou project, no government aid had been asked, nor ha large contributions been sought from private individ uals to purchase luxuries for a Pullman jaunt of a larg party Poleward. For, although I secretly cherished th ambition, there was no definite plan to essay the Nort Pole.

At the Holland House in New York, a compac was made between John R. Bradley and myself t launch an Arctic expedition. Because of my experi ence, Mr. Bradley delegated to me the outfitting of th expedition, and had turned over to me money enoug to pay the costs of the hunting trip. A Glouceste

shing schooner had been purchased by me and was efitted, covered and strengthened for ice navigation. To save fuel space and to gain the advantage of a teamer, I had a Lozier gasoline motor installed. There ad been put on board everything of possible use and omfort in the boreal wild. As it is always possible hat a summer cruising ship is likely to be lost or de- yed a year, common prudence dictated a preparation or the worst emergencies.

So far as the needs of my own personal expedition ere concerned, I had with me on the yacht plenty of ard hickory wood for the making of sledges, instru- ents, clothing and other apparatus gathered with uch economy during my former years of exploration, nd about one thousand pounds of pemmican. These upplies, necessary to offset the danger of shipwreck nd detention by ice, were also all that would be re- uired for a Polar trip. When, later, I finally decided n a Polar campaign, extra ship supplies, contributed om the boat, were stored at Annoatok. There, also, y supply of pemmican was amplified by the stores of alrus meat and fat prepared during the long winter y myself, Rudolph Francke and the Eskimos.

As the yacht slowly soared toward the ocean, and ght descended over the fishing village with its home ghts glimmering cheerfully as the stars one by one ecked the firmament with dots of fire, I felt that at st I had embarked upon my destiny. Whether I ould be able to follow my heart's desire I did not ow; I did not dare hazard a guess. But I was leav- g my country, now on the eve of celebrating its free- om, behind me; I had elected to live in a world of ice

and cold, of hunger and death, which lay before me—thousands of miles to the North.

Day by day passed monotonously; we only occasionally saw writhing curves of land to the west of us; about us was the illimitable sea. That I had started on a journey which might result in my starting for the Pole, that my final chance had come, vaguely thrilled me. Yet the full purport of my hope seemed beyond me. On the journey to Sydney my mind was full. I thought of the early days of my childhood, of the strange ambition which grew upon me, of my struggles, and the chance which favored me in the present expedition.

In the early days of my childhood, of which I now had only indistinct glimmerings, I remembered a restless surge in my little bosom, a yearning for something that was vague and undefined. This was, I suppose, that nebulous desire which sometimes manifests itself in early youth and later is asserted in strivings toward some splendid, sometimes spectacular aim. My boyhood was not happy. As a tiny child I was discontented, and from the earliest days of consciousness I felt the burden of two things which accompanied me through later life—an innate and abnormal desire for exploration, then the manifestation of my yearning, and the constant struggle to make ends meet, that sting of poverty, which, while it tantalizes one with its horrid grind, sometimes drives men by reason of the strength developed in overcoming its concomitant obstacles to some extraordinary accomplishment.

As a very small boy, I remember being fascinated by the lure of a forbidden swimming pool. One day when but little over five, I, impelled to test the depth

plunged to the center, where the water was above my head, and nearly lost my life. I shall never forget that struggle, and though I nearly gave out, in that short time I learned to swim. It seems to me now I have been swimming and struggling ever since.

Abject poverty and hard work marked my school days. When quite a boy, after the death of my father, I came to New York. I sold fruit at one of the markets. I saved my money. I enjoyed no luxuries. These days vividly occur in my mind. Later I engaged in a dairy business in Brooklyn, and on the meager profits undertook to study medicine.

At that time the ambition which beset me was undirected; it was only later that I found, almost by accident, what became its focusing point. I graduated from the University of New York in 1890. I felt (as what young man does not?) that I possessed unusual qualifications and exceptional ability. An office was fitted up, and my anxiety over the disappearing pennies was eased by the conviction that I had but to hang out my shingle and the place would be thronged with patients. Six months passed. There had been about three patients.

I recall sitting alone one gloomy winter day. Opening a paper, I read that Peary was preparing his 1891 expedition to the Arctic. I cannot explain my sensations. It was as if a door to a prison cell had opened. I felt the first indomitable, commanding call of the Northland. To invade the Unknown, to assail the fastness of the white, frozen North—all that was latent in me, the impetus of that ambition born in childhood, perhaps before birth, and which had been stifled and starved, surged up tumultuously within me.

I volunteered, and accompanied Peary, on this, the expedition of 1891-92, as surgeon. Whatever merit my work possessed has been cited by others.

Unless one has been in the Arctic, I suppose it is impossible to understand its fascination—a fascination which makes men risk their lives and endure inconceivable hardships for, as I view it now, no profitable personal purpose of any kind. The spell was upon me then. It was upon me as I recalled those early days on the *Bradley* going Northward. With a feeling of sadness I realize that the glamor is all gone now.

On the Peary and all my subsequent expeditions I served without pay.

On my return from that trip I managed to make ends meet by meager earnings from medicine. I was nearly always desperately hard pressed for money. I tried to organize several coöperative expeditions to the Arctic. These failed. I then tried to arouse interest in Antarctic exploration, but without success. Then came the opportunity to join the Belgian Antarctic Expedition, again without pay.

On my return I dreamed of a plan to attain the South Pole, and for a long time worked on a contrivance for that end—an automobile arranged to travel over ice. Financial failure again confronted me. Disappointment only added to my ambition; it scourged me to a determination, a conviction that—I want you to remember this, to bear in mind the mental conviction which buoyed me—I must and should succeed. It is always this innate conviction which encourages men to exceptional feats, to tremendous failures or splendid, single-handed success.

A summer in the Arctic followed my Antarctic trip, and I returned to invade the Alaskan wilds. I succeeded in scaling Mt. McKinley. After my Alaskan expeditions, the routine of my Brooklyn office work seemed like the confinement of prison. I fretted and chafed at the thought. Let me have a chance, and I would succeed. This thought always filled my mind. I convinced myself that in some way the attainment of one of the Poles—the effort on which I had spent sixteen years—would become possible.

I had no money. My work in exploration had netted me nothing, and all my professional income was soon spent. Unless you have felt the goading, devilish grind of poverty hindering you, dogging you, you cannot know the mental fury into which I was lashed.

I waited, and fortune favored me in that I met Mr. John R. Bradley. We planned the Arctic expedition on which I was now embarked. Mr. Bradley's interest in the trip was that of a great sportsman, eager to seek big game in the Arctic. My immediate purpose was to return again to the frozen North. The least the journey would give me was an opportunity to complete the study of the Eskimos which I had started in 1891.

Mr. Bradley and I had talked; of course, of the Pole; but it was not an important incentive to the journey. Back in my brain, barely above the subconscious realm, was the feeling that this, however, might offer opportunity in the preparation for a final future determination. I, therefore, without any conscious purpose, and with my last penny, paid out of my purse

for extra supplies for a personal expedition should I leave the ship.*

Aboard the *Bradley,* going northward, my plans were not at all definite. Even had I known before leaving New York that I should try for the Pole, I should not have sought any geographical license from some vague and unknown authority. Though much has since been made by critics of our quiet departure, I always felt the quest of the Pole a personal ambition†, a crazy hunger I had to satisfy.

Fair weather followed us to Sydney, Cape Breton.

---

*Accused of being the most colossal liar of history, I sometimes feel that more lies have been told about me than about anyone ever born. I have been guilty of many mistakes. Most men really true to themselves admit that. My claim to the North Pole may always be questioned. Yet, when I regard the lies great and small attached to me, I am filled almost with indifference.

As a popular illustration of the sort of yarns that were told, let me refer to the foolish fake of the gum drops. Someone started the story that I expected to reach the Pole by bribing the Eskimos with gum drops—perhaps the idea was that I was to lure them on from point to point with regularly issued rations of these confections.

Wherever I went on my lecture tour after my return to the United States, much to my irritation I saw "Cook" gum drops conspicuously displayed in confectionery store windows. Hundreds of pounds of gum drops were sent to my hotel with the compliments of the manufacturers. On all sides I heard the gum-drop story, and in almost every paper read the reiterated tale of leading the Eskimos to the Pole by dangling a gum drop on a string before them. I never denied this, as I never denied any of the fakes printed about me. The fact is, that I never heard the gum-drop yarn until I came to New York. We took no gum drops with us on our Polar trip, and, to my knowledge, no Eskimo ate a gum drop while with me.

---

†Among the many things which the public has been misled into believing is that Mr. Bradley and I together connived the trip for the purpose of essaying this quest of the Pole. The fact is, not until I reached Annoatok, and saw that conditions were favorable for a long sledge journey, did I finally determine to make a Poleward trip; not until then did I tell my decision definitely to Mr. Bradley.

One of the big mistakes which has been pounded into the public mind is that the proposed Polar exploit was expensively financed. It did cost a great deal to finance the planned hunting trip. Mr. Bradley's expenses aggregated, perhaps, $50,000, but my journey Northward, which was but an extension of this yachting cruise, cost comparatively little.

From this point we sailed over the Gulf of St. Lawrence, then entered the Straits of Belle Isle at a lively speed. On a cold, cheerless day in the middle of July we arrived at Battle Harbor, a little town at the southeastern point of Labrador, where Mr. Bradley joined us. He had preceded us north, by rail and coasting vessels, after watching a part of the work of outfitting the schooner.

On the morning of July 16 we left the rockbound coast of North America and steered straight for Greenland. In this region a dense and heavy fog almost always lies upon the sea. Then nothing is visible but slow-swaying gray masses, which veil all objects in a shroud of ghostly dreariness. Through the fog can be heard the sound of fisher-boat horns, often the very voices of the fishermen themselves, while their crafts are absolutely hidden from view. On this trip, however, from time to time, great fragments of fog slowly lifted, and we saw, emerging out of the gray mistiness, islands, bleak and black and weathertorn, and patches of ocean dotted with scores of Newfoundland boats, which invade this region to fish for cod. We entered the Arctic current, and breasting its stream, a fancy came that perhaps this current, flowing down from out of the mysterious unknown, came from the very Pole itself.

Continuing, we entered Davis Straits, where we encountered headwinds that piled up the water in great waves. It was a good test of the sailing qualities of the *Bradley,* and well did the small craft respond.

Long before the actual coast line of Greenland could be seen we had a first glimpse of the beauties that

these northern regions can show. Like great sapphires, blue ice floated in a golden sea; towering masses of crystal rose gloriously, dazzling the eye and gladdening the heart with their superb beauty. The schooner sailed into this wonderful yellow sea, which soon became a broad and gleaming surface of molten silver. Although this striking beauty of the North, which it often is so chary of displaying, possesses a splendor of color equal to the gloriousness of tropical seas, it always impresses one with a steely hardness of quality suggestive of the steely hardness of the heart of the North. And it somehow seemed, curiously enough, as if all this wonderful glitter was a shimmering reflection from the ice-covered mountains of the Greenland interior, although the mountains themselves were still invisible.

We swung from side to side, dodging icebergs. We steered cautiously around low-floating masses, watching to see that the keel was not caught by some treacherous jutting spur just beneath the water-line. Through this fairyland of light and color we sailed slowly into a region rich in animal life, a curious and striking sight. Seals floundered in the sunbeams or slumbered on masses of ice, for even in this Northland there is a strange commingling and contrast of heat and cold. Gulls and petrels darted and fluttered about us in every direction, porpoises were making swift and curving leaps, even a few whales added to the magic and apparent unreality of it all.

At length the coast showed dimly upon the horizon, veiled in a glow of purple and gold. The wind freshened, the sails filled, and the speed of the schooner increased. We were gradually nearing Holsteinborg,

and the course was set a point more in towards shore. The land was thrown into bold relief by the brilliancy of lights and shadows, and in the remarkably clear air it seemed as if it could be reached in an hour. But this was an atmospheric deception, of the kind familiar to those who know the pure air of the Rocky Mountains, for, although the land seemed near, it was at least forty miles away. The general color of the land was a frosty blue, and there were deep valleys to be seen, gashes cut by the slow movement of centuries of glaciers, with rocky headlands leaping forward, bleak and cold. It appeared to be a land of sublime desolation.

The course was set still another point nearer the coast; the wind continued fair and strong; and, with every possible stitch of canvas spread, the schooner went rapidly onward.

We saw rocky islands, drenched by clouds of spray and battered by drifting masses of ice. There the eider duck builds its nest and spends the brief summer of the Arctic. We saw dismal cliffs, terra cotta and buff in color, in the crevasses of which millions of birds made their homes, and from which they rose, frightened, in dense clouds, giving vent to a great volume of clamorous hoarseness.

Through our glasses we could see a surprising sight in such a land—little patches of vegetation, seal brown or even emerald green. Yet, so slight were these patches of green that one could not but wonder what freak of imagination led the piratical Eric the Red, one thousand years ago, to give to this coast a name so suggestive of luxuriant forests and shrubs and general lushness of growth as "Greenland." Never, surely, was

there a greater misnomer, unless one chooses to regard the old-time Eric as a practical joker.

Between the tall headlands there were fiords cutting far into the interior; arms of the sea, these, winding and twisting back for miles. Along these quiet land-locked waters the Eskimos love to hunt and fish, just as their forefathers have done for centuries. Shaggy looking fellows are these Eskimos, clothed in the skins of animals, relieved by dashes of color of Danish fabric, most of them still using spears, and thus, to outward appearance, in the arts of life almost like those that Eric saw.

Although this rugged coast, with its low-lying islands, its icebergs and floating icefields, its bleak headlands, its picturesque scenes of animal life, is a continuous delight, it presents the worst possible dangers to navigation, not only from reefs and under-water ice, but because there are no lighthouses to mark permanent danger spots and because signs of impending storm are ever on the horizon. While navigating the coast, our officers spent sleepless nights of anxiety; but the shortening of the nights and lengthening of the days, the daily night brightening resulting from the northerly movement, combined with an occasional flash of the aurora, gradually relieved the tension of the situation.

By the time the island of Disco rose splendidly out of the northern blue, the Arctic Circle had been crossed, and a sort of celestial light-house brightened the path of the schooner. Remaining on deck until after midnight, we were rewarded by a sight of the sun magnified to many times its normal size, glowing above the rim of the frosty sea. A light wind blew

gently from the coast, the sea ran in swells of gold, and the sky was streaked with topaz and crimson.

Bathed in an indescribable glow, the towering sides of the greatest icebergs showed a medley of ever-changing, iridescent colors. The jutting pinnacles of others seemed like oriental minarets of alabaster fretted with old gold. Here and there, as though flung by an invisible hand from the zenith, straggled long cloud ribbons of flossy crimson and silver. Gradually, imperially, the sun rose higher and flushed sky and sea with deeper orange, more burning crimson, and the bergs into vivid ruby, chalcedony and chrysophase walls. This suddenly-changing, kaleidoscopic whirl of color was rendered more effective because, in its midst, the cliffs of Disco rose frowningly, a great patch of blackness in artistic contrast. A pearly vapor now began to creep over the horizon, and gradually spread over the waters, imparting a gentle and restful tone of blue. This gradually darkened into irregular shadows; the brilliant color glories faded away. Finally we retired to sleep with a feeling that sailing Poleward was merely a joyous pleasure journey over wonderful and magic waters. This, the first glorious vision of the midnight sun, glowed in my dreams—the augury of success in that for which my heart yearned. The glow never faded, and the weird lure unconsciously began to weave its spell.

Next morning, when we went on deck, the schooner was racing eastward through heavy seas. The terraced cliffs of Disco, relieved by freshly fallen snow, were but a few miles off. The cry of gulls and guillemots echoed from rock to rock. Everything was divested of

the glory of the day before. The sun was slowly rising among mouse-colored clouds. The bergs were of an ugly blue, and the sea ran in gloomy lines of ebony. Although the sea was high, there was little wind, but we felt that a storm was gathering and sought to hasten to shelter in Godhaven—a name which speaks eloquently of the dangers of this coast and the precious value of such a harbor.

As we entered the narrow channel, which turns among low, polished rocks and opens into the harbor, two Eskimos in kayaks came out to act as pilots. Taking them aboard, we soon found a snug anchorage, secure from wind and sea. The launch was lowered, and in it we left the schooner for a visit to the Governor.

Coming up to a little pier, we were cordially greeted by Governor Fenker, who escorted us to his home, where his wife, a cultivated young Danish woman, offered us sincere hospitality.

The little town itself was keenly alive. All the inhabitants, and all the dogs as well, were jumping about on the rocks, eagerly gazing at our schooner. The houses of the Governor and the Inspector were the most important of the town. They were built of wood imported from Denmark, and were covered with tarred paper. Though quite moderate in size, the houses seemed too large and out of place in their setting of ice-polished rocks. Beyond them were twenty Eskimo huts, nearly square in shape, constructed of wood and stone, the cracks of which were filled tightly with moss.

We deferred our visit to the native huts, and invited Governor Fenker and his wife to dine aboard the schooner. The surprise of the evening for these two

guests was the playing of our phonograph, the tunes of which brought tears of homesickness to the eyes of the Governor's gentle wife.

Anywhere on the coast of Greenland, the coming of a ship is always one of the prime events of the season. So uneventful is life in these out-of-the-way places that such an arrival is the greatest possible social enlivener. The instant that the approach of our schooner had been noted, the Eskimo girls—queer little maids in queer little trousers—decided upon having a dance, and word was brought us that everyone was invited to take part. The sailors eagerly responded, and tumbled ashore as soon as they were permitted, leaving merely enough for a watch on board ship. Then, to the sound of savage music, the dance was continued until long after midnight. A curious kind of midnight dance it was, with the sun brightly shining in a night unveiled of glitter and color glory. The sailors certainly found pleasure in whirling about, their arms encircling fat and clumsy waists. They did admit, however, when back on board the schooner, that the smell of the furs within which the maidens had spent the past winter was less agreeable than the savor of fish. The name of this scattered settlement of huts, Godhaven, comes, clearly enough, from its offering fortunate refuge from storms; that the place is also known as Lively is not in the least to be wondered at, if one has watched a midnight dance of the little population and their visitors.

Before hauling in anchor in the harbor of Godhaven, we made some necessary repairs to the yacht and filled our tanks with water. With a free wind speeding onward to the west of Disco, we passed the narrow

strait known as the Vaigat early the following morning. As I stood on deck and viewed the passing of icebergs, glittering in the limpid, silvery light of morning like monstrous diamonds, there began to grow within me a feeling—that throbbed in pulsation with the onward movement of the boat—that every minute, every mile, meant a nearing to that mysterious center, on the attaining of which I had set my heart, and which, even now, seemed unlikely, improbable. Yet the thought gave me a thrill.

Before noon we reached the mouth of Umanak Fiord, into the delightful waters of which we were tempted to enter. The lure of the farther North decided us against this, and soon the striking Svarten Huk (Black Hook), a great rock cliff, loomed upon the horizon. Beyond it, gradually appeared a long chain of those islands among which lies Upernavik, where the last traces of civilized or semi-civilized life are found. The wind increased in force but the horizon remained remarkably clear. Over a bounding sea we sped rapidly along to the west, into the labyrinth of islands that are sprinkled along the southern shore of Melville Bay.* Beyond, we were to come into the true boreal wilder-

---

* The killing of Astrup.—The head of Melville Bay was explored by Eivind Astrup while a member of the Peary expedition of 1894-1895. Astrup had been a member of the first expedition, serving without pay, during 1891 and 1892 and proving himself a loyal supporter and helper of Mr. Peary, when he crossed the inland ice in 1892. As a result of eating pemmican twenty years old, in 1895, Astrup was disabled by poisoning, due to Peary's carelessness in furnishing poisoned food. Recovering from this illness, he selected a trustworthy Eskimo companion, went south, and under almost inconceivable difficulties, explored and mapped the ice walls, with their glaciers and mountains, and the off-lying islands of Melville Bay. This proved a creditable piece of work of genuine discovery. Returning, he prepared his data and published it, thus bringing credit and honor on an expedition which was in other respects a failure.

Astrup's publication of this work aroused Peary's envy. Publicly,

ness of ice, where there were only a few savage borigines, its sole inhabitants.

On the following day, with reduced sail and the elp of the auxiliary engine, we pushed far up into Melville Bay, where we ran into fields of pack-ice. Here we decided to hunt for game. With this purpose it was necessary to keep close to land. Here also ame our first realistic experience with the great forces f the North. The pack-ice floated close around us, oung ice cemented the broken masses together, and or several days we were thus closely imprisoned in rozen seas.

These days of enforced delay were days of great leasure, for the bears and seals on the ice afforded onsiderable sport. The constant danger of our position, owever, required a close watch for the safety of the chooner. The Devil's Thumb, a high rock shaped like dark thumb pointing at the sky, loomed darkly nd beckoningly before us. A biting wind descended rom the interior.

The ice groaned; the eiderducks, guillemots and ulls uttered shrill and disturbing cries, seemingly sensng the coming of a storm.

For three days we were held in the grip of the reentless pack; then the glimmer of the land ice changed

---

eary denounced Astrup. Astrup, being young and sensitive, brooded ver this injustice and ingratitude until he had almost lost his reason. he abuse was of the same nature as that heaped on others, the same as at finally hurled at me in the wireless "Gold Brick" slurs. For days and eeks, Astrup talked of nothing but the infamy of Peary's attack on himelf and the contemptible charge of desertion which Peary made against strup's companions. Then he suddenly left my home, returned to Norway, nd we next heard of his suicide. Here is one life directly chargeable to eary's narrow and intolerant brutality. Directly this was not murder ith a knife—but it was as heinous—for a young and noble life was ut short by the cowardly dictates of jealous egotism.

to an ugly gray, the pack around us began to crac threateningly, and the sky darkened to the southward.

The wind ominously died away. The air thickene rapidly. A general feeling of anxiety came over u although my familiarity with storms in the North mad it possible for me to explain that heavy seas are seldo felt within the zone of a large ice-pack, for the reaso that the icebergs, the flat ice masses, and even the sma floating fragments, ordinarily hold down the swell Even when the pack begins to break, the lanes of wate between the fragments thicken under the lower tem perature like an oiled surface, and offer an easy sea Furthermore, a really severe wind would be sure to re lease the schooner, and it would then be possible to trus it to its staunch qualities in free water.

Hardly had we finished dinner when we heard th sound of a brisk wind rushing through the rigging Hurrying to the deck, we saw coils of what looked lik smoky vapor rising in the south as if belched from som great volcano. The gloom on the horizon was rapidl growing deeper. The sound of the wind changed to threatening, sinister hiss. In the piercing steel-gra light we saw the ice heave awesomely, like moving hill above the blackening water. The bergs swayed an rocked, and the massed ice gave forth strange, troublou sounds.

Suddenly a channel began to open through the ic in front of us. The trisail was quickly set, the othe sails being left tightly furled, and with the engine help ing to push us in the desired direction, we drew dee breaths of relief as we moved out into the free wate to the westward.

We felt a sense of safety now, although, clear of the
e, the sea rose about us with a sickening suddenness.
lack as night, the water seemed far more dangerous
ecause the waves were everywhere dashing angrily
gainst walls of ice. Already strong, the wind veered
ightly and increased to a fierce, persistent gale. Like
ıbber balls, the bergs bounded and rolled in the sea.
he sound of the storm was now a thunder suggestive
f constantly exploding cannons. But, fortunately, we
ere snug aboard, and, keeping the westerly course,
on escaped the dangers of ensnaring ice.

We were still in a heavy storm, and had we not
ıd full confidence in the ship, built as she was to with-
and the storms of the Grand Banks, we should still
ıve felt anxiety, for the schooner rolled and pitched
ıd the masts dipped from side to side until they almost
uched the water.

Icy water swept the deck. A rain began to fall,
ıd quickly sheathed the masts and ropes in ice. Snow
llowed, giving a surface as of sandpaper to the slip-
ery, icy decks. The temperature was not low, but the
ıtting wind pierced one to the very marrow. Our
en were drenched with spray and heavily coated with
e. Although suffering severely, the sailors maintained
eir courage and appeared even abnormally happy.
radually we progressed into the open sea. In the
urse of four hours the storm began to abate, and, un-
r a double-reefed foresail, at last we gleefully rode
ıt the finish of the storm in safety.

THE DRIVING SPUR OF THE POLA QUEST

ON THE FRIGID PATHWAY OF THREE CENTURIES O HEROIC MARTYRS—MEETING THE STRANGE PEOPL OF THE FARTHEST NORTH—THE LIFE OF THE STON AGE—ON THE CHASE WITH THE ESKIMOS—MANE AND SPARTAN ESKIMO COURAGE

III

Strange Traits of Northernmost Man

I have often wondered of late about the dazzlin white, eerie glamor with which the Northland weave its spell about the heart of a man. I know of nothin on earth so strange, so wonderful, withal so sad. Pu suing our course through Melville Bay, I felt the fat magic of it enthralling my very soul. For hours stood on deck alone, the midnight sun, like som monstrous perpetual light to some implacable froze hearted deity, burning blindingly upon the horizon an setting the sea aflame. The golden colors suffused m mind, and I swam in a sea of molten glitter.

I was consumed for hours by but one yearning- a yearning that filled and intoxicated me—to go o and on, and ever onward, where no man had ever bee Perhaps it is the human desire to excel others,

prove, because of the innate egotism of the human unit, that one possesses qualities of brain and muscle which no other possesses, that has crazed men to perform this, the most difficult physical test in the world. The lure of the thing is unexplainable.

During those dizzy hours on deck I thought of those who had preceded me; of heroic men who for three centuries had braved suffering, cold and famine, who had sacrificed the comforts of civilization, their families and friends, who had given their own lives in the pursuit of this mysterious, yea, fruitless quest. I remembered reading the thrilling tales of those who returned—tales which had flushed me with excitement and inspired me with the same mad ambition. I thought of the noble, indefatigable efforts of these men, of the heart-sickening failures, in which I too had shared. And I felt the indomitable, swift surge of their awful, goading determination within me—to subdue the forces of nature, to cover as Icarus did the air those icy spaces, to reach the silver-shining vacantness which men called the North Pole.

As we cut the shimmering waters, I felt, as it were, the wierd, unseen presence of those who had died there—died horribly—men whose bodies had withered, with slow suffering, in frigid blasts and famine, who possibly had prolonged their suffering by feeding upon their own doomed companions—and of others who had perished swiftly in the sudden yawning of the leprous white mouth of the hungry frozen sea. It is said by some that souls live only after death by the energy of great emotions, great loves, or great ambitions generated throughout life. It seemed to me, in those hours of intoxica-

tion, that I could feel the implacable, unsatisfied desire of these disembodied things, who had vibrated with one aim and still yearned in the spirit for what now they were physically unable to attain. It seemed that my brain was fired with the intensity of all these dead men's ambition, that my heart in sympathy beat more turbulently with the throb of their dead hearts; I felt growing within me, irresistibly, what I did not dare, for fear it might not be possible, to confide to Bradley—a determination, even in the face of peril, to essay the Pole!

From this time onward, and until I turned my back upon the fruitless silver-shining place of desolation at the apex of the world, I felt the intoxication, the intangible lure of the thing exhilarating, buoying me gladsomely, beating in my heart with a singing rhythm. I recall it now with marveling, and am filled with the pathos of it. Yet, despite all that I have suffered since because of it, I regret not those enraptured hours of perpetual glitter of midnight suns.

One morning we reached the northern shore of Melville Bay, and the bold cliffs of Cape York were dimly outlined through a gray mist. Strong southern winds had carried such great masses of ice against the coast that it was impossible to make a near approach, and as a strong wind continued, there was such a heavy sea along the bobbing line of outer ice as to make it quite impossible to land and thence proceed toward the shore.

We were desirous of meeting the natives of Cape York, but these ice conditions forced us to proceed without touching here, and so we set our course for the next of the northernmost villages, at North Star Bay.

By noon the mist had vanished, and we saw clearly the steep slopes and warm color of crimson cliffs rising precipitously out of the water. The coast line is about two thousand feet high, evidently the remains of an old tableland which extends a considerable distance northward. Here and there were short glaciers which had worn the cliffs away in their ceaseless effort to reach the sea. The air was full of countless gulls, guillemots, little auks and eider-ducks.

As the eye followed the long and lofty line of crimson cliffs, there came into sight a towering, conical rock, a well-known guidepost for the navigator. Continuing, we caught sight of the long ice wall of Petowik Glacier, and behind this, extending far to the eastward, the scintillating, white expanse of the overland-ice which blankets the interior of all Greenland.

The small and widely scattered villages of the Eskimos of this region are hemmed in by the ice walls of Melville Bay on the southward, the stupendous cliffs of Humboldt Glacier on the north, an arm of the sea to the westward, and the hopelessly desolate Greenland interior toward the east.

There is really no reason why many Eskimos should not live here, for there is abundant food in both sea and air, and even considerable game on land. Blue and white foxes are everywhere to be seen. There is the seal, the walrus, the narwhal, and the white whale. There is the white bear, monarch of the Polar wilds, who roams in every direction over his kingdom. The principal reason why the population remains so small lies in the hazardous conditions of life. Children are highly prized, and a marriageable woman or girl who

has one or more of them is much more valuable as a match than one who is childless.

The coast line here is paradoxically curious, for although the coast exceeds but barely more than two hundred miles of latitude it presents in reality a sea line of about four thousand miles when the great indentations of Wolstenholm Sound, Inglefield Gulf and other bays, sounds and fiords are measured.

We sailed cautiously now about Cape Atholl which we were to circle; a fog lay upon the waters almost entirely hiding the innumerable icebergs, and making it difficult to pick our course among the dangerous rocks in this vicinity.

Rounding Cape Atholl, we sailed into Wolstenholm Sound and turned our prow toward the Eskimo village on North Star Bay.

North Star Bay is guarded by a promontory expressively named Table Mountain, "Oomanaq." As we neared this headland, many natives came out in kayaks to meet us. Inasmuch as I knew most of them personally, I felt a singular thrill of pleasure in seeing them. Years before, I learned their simple-hearted faithfulness. Knud Rasmussen, a Danish writer, living as a native among the Eskimos, apparently for the sake of getting local color, was in one of the canoes and came aboard the ship.

As it was necessary to make slight repairs to the schooner, we here had to follow the primitive method of docking by preliminary beaching her. This was done at high tide when the propeller, which had been bent—the principal damage to the ship—was straightened. At the same time we gave the yacht a general looking-over

and righted a universal joint whose loosening had disabled the engine.

Meanwhile the launch kept busy scurrying to and fro, our quest being occasionally rewarded with eider-ducks or other game. Late at night, a visit was made to the village of Oomanooi. It could hardly be called a village, for it consisted merely of seven triangular sealskin tents, conveniently placed on picturesque rocks. Gathered about these in large numbers, were men, women and children, shivering in the midnight chill.

These were odd-looking specimens of humanity. In height, the men averaged but five feet, two inches, and the women four feet, ten. All had broad, fat faces, heavy bodies and well-rounded limbs. Their skin was slightly bronzed; both men and women had coal-black hair and brown eyes. Their noses were short, and their hands and feet short, but thick.

A genial woman was found at every tent opening, ready to receive visitors in due form. We entered and had a short chat with each family. Subjects of conversation were necessarily limited, but after all, they were about the same as they would have been in a civilized region. We conversed as to whether or not all of us had been well, of deaths, marriages and births. Then we talked of the luck of the chase, which meant prosperity or need of food. Even had it been a civilized community, there would have been little questioning regarding national or international affairs, because, in such case, everyone reads the papers. Here there was no comment on such subjects simply because nobody cares anything about them or has any papers to read.

That a prominent Eskimo named My-ah had dis posed of a few surplus wives to gain the means whereb to acquire a few more dogs, was probably the mos important single item of information conveyed. I wa also informed that at the present time there happene to be only one other man with two wives.

Marriage, among these folk, is a rather free an easy institution. It is, indeed, not much more than temporary tie of possession. Men exchange partner with each other much in the manner that men in othe countries swap horses. And yet, the position of wome is not so humble as this custom might seem to indicate for they themselves are permitted, not infrequently, t choose new partners. These exceedingly primitiv ideas work out surprisingly well in practice in thes isolated regions, for such exchanges, when made, ar seemingly to the advantage and satisfaction of a parties; no regrets are expressed, and the feuds c divorce courts, of alimony proceedings, of damages fo alienation of affection, which prevail in so-called civil zation, are unknown.

It is certainly a curious thing that these simpl but intelligent people are able to control their ow destinies with a comfortable degree of success, althoug they are without laws or literature and without an fixed custom to regulate the matrimonial bond.

It would seem as if there ought to be a large popu lation, for there is an average of about three fat, cleve children for each family, the youngest as a rule pictu esquely resting in a pocket on the mother's back. Bu the hardships of life in this region are such that acc dents and deaths keep down the population.

Each tent has a raised platform, upon which all sleep. The edge of this makes a seat, and on each side are placed stone lamps in which blubber is burned, with moss as a wick. Over this is a drying rack, also a few sticks, but there is no other furniture. Their dress of furs gives the Eskimos a look of savage fierceness which their kindly faces and easy temperament do not warrant.

On board the yacht were busy days of barter. Furs and ivory were gathered in heaps in exchange for guns, knives and needles. Every seaman, from cabin boy to captain, suddenly got rich in the gamble of trade for prized blue-fox skins and narwhal tusks.

The Eskimos were equally elated with their part of the bargain. For a beautiful fox skin, of less use to a native than a dog pelt, he could secure a pocket knife that would serve him half a lifetime!

A woman exchanged her fur pants, worth a hundred dollars, for a red pocket handkerchief with which she would decorate her head or her igloo for years to come.

Another gave her bearskin mits for a few needles, and she conveyed the idea that she had the long end of the trade! A fat youth with a fatuous smile displayed with glee two bright tin cups, one for himself and one for his prospective bride. He was positively happy in having obtained nine cents' worth of tin for only an ivory tusk worth ninety dollars!

With the coming of the midnight tide we lifted the schooner to an even keel from the makeshift dry-dock on the beach. She was then towed out into the bay by the launch and two dories, and anchored.

Our first walrus adventures began in Wolstenholm Sound during the beautiful nightless days of mid August. The local environment was fascinating. The schooner was anchored in North Star Bay, a lake of glitter in which wild men in skin canoes darted after seals and eider-ducks. On grassy shores were sealskin tents, about which fur-clad women and children vied with wolf-dogs for favorite positions to see the queer doings of white men. A remarkable landmark made the place conspicuous. A great table-topped rock rose suddenly out of a low foreland to an altitude of about six hundred feet. About this giant cliff, gulls, guillemots and ravens talked and winged uproariously. The rock bore the native name of Oomanaq. With the unique Eskimo manner of name-coining, the village was called Oomanooi.

Wolstenholm Sound is a large land-locked body of water, with arms reaching to the narrow gorges of the overland sea of ice, from which icebergs tumble ceaselessly. The sparkling water reflected the surrounding in many shades of blue and brown, relieved by strong contrasts of white and black. On the western sky line were the chiseled walls of Acponie and other islands and beyond a steel-gray mist in which was wrapped the frozen sea of the Polar gateway. Fleets of icebergs moved to and fro, dragging tails of drift bejeweled with blue crystal.

Far out—ten miles from our outlook—there was a meeting of the currents. Here, small pieces of sea ice slowly circled in an eddy, and upon them were herds of walruses. We did not see them, but their shrill voices rang through the icy air like a wireless message. The

vas a call to action which Mr. Bradley could not resist, nd preparations were begun for the combat.

The motor boat—the most important factor in the hase—had been especially built for just such an en- ounter. Covered with a folding whale-back top en- irely painted white to resemble ice, we had hoped to unt walrus under suitable Arctic cover.

Taking a white dory in tow, two Eskimo harpoon- rs were invited to follow. The natives in kayaks soon iscovered to their surprise that their best speed was not qual to ours—for the first time they were beaten in heir own element. For ages the Eskimos had rested ecure in the belief that the kayak was the fastest thing float. They had been beaten by big ships, of course, ut these had spiritual wings and did not count in the ace of man's craft. This little launch, however, with s rapid-fire gas explosions, made their eyes bulge to wondering, wide-open, seal-like curiosity. They egged to be taken aboard to watch the loading of the ngines; they thought we fed it with cartridges.

After a delightful run of an hour, a pan of ice as sighted with black hummocks on it. "*Ahwek! hwek!*" the Eskimos shouted. A similar sound floated er the oily waters from many walrus throats. The alruses were about three miles to the southwest. At a ower speed we advanced two miles more. In the eantime Mr. Bradley cleared the deck for action. The rection of the hunting tactics was now turned over My-ah. The mate was at the wheel. I pushed the vers of the gasoline kicker. Our line of attack was dered at right angles to the wind. As we neared the me, the engines were stopped.

Looking through glasses, the sight of the grega ous herd made our hearts quicken. They were males of tremendous size, with glistening tusks wh which they horned one another in efforts for favoral positions. Some were asleep, others basked in the s with heads turning lazily from side to side. Now a then, they uttered sleepy, low grunts. They we quivering in a gluttonous slumber, while the organs pil up their bank account of fat to pay the costs of t gamble of the coming winter night.

With muffled paddles the launch was now silent propelled forward, while the kayaks stealthily a vanced to deliver the harpoons. The Eskimo reas for this mode of procedure is based on a careful stu of the walrus' habits. Its nose in sleep is alwa pointed windwards. Its ears are at all times sensiti to noises from every direction, while the eyes duri wakeful moments sweep the horizon. But its horiz is very narrow. Only the nose and the ear sense t distant alarm. We advanced very slowly and cautiousl and that only when all heads were down. Our bo slowly got within three hundred yards of the herd. Pr paring their implements to strike, the Eskimos had a vanced to within fifty feet. The moment was tens Of a sudden, a tumultuous floundering sound smote t air. The sleeping creatures awoke, and with a sta leaped into the sea. Turning their kayaks, the Eskim paddled a wild retreat and sought the security of t launch. The sport of that herd was lost to us. A though they darted about under water in a threateni manner, they only rose to the surface at a safe distan

Scanning the surroundings with our glasses, abo

two miles to the south another group was sighted. This time Bradley, as the chief nimrod, assumed direction. The kayaks and the Eskimos were placed in the dory. Tactics were reversed. Instead of creeping up slowly, a sudden rush was planned. No heed was taken of noise or wind. The carburetor was opened, the spark lever of the magneto was advanced to its limit, and we shot through the waters like a torpedo boat. As we neared the herd, the dory, with its Eskimos, was freed from the launch. The Eskimos were given no instructions, and they wisely chose to keep out of the battle.

As we got to within two hundred yards, the canvas top of the launch fell and a heavy gun bombardment began. The walruses had not had time to wake; the suddenness of the onslaught completely dazed them. One after another dropped his ponderous head with a sudden jerk as a prize to the marksmen, while the launch, at reduced speed, encircled the walrus-encumbered pan. Few escaped. There were heads and meat and skins enough to satisfy all wants for a long time to follow. But the game was too easy—the advantage of an up-to-date sportsman had been carried to its highest degree of perfection. It was otherwise, however, in the walrus battles that followed later—battles on the success of which depended the possibility of my being able to assail the northern ice desert, in an effort to reach the Polar goal.

Oomanooi was but one of six villages among which the tribe had divided its two hundred and fifty people for the current season. To study these interesting folk, to continue the traffic and barter, and to enjoy for a short time the rare sport of sailing and hunting in this

wild region, we decided to visit as many of the villages as possible.

In the morning the anchor was raised and we set sail in a light wind headed for more northern villages. It was a gray day, with a quiet sea. The speed of the yacht was not fast enough to be exciting, so Mr. Bradley suggested lowering the launch for a crack at ducks, or a chase at walrus or a drive at anything that happened to cut the waters. His harpoon gun was taken, as it was hoped that a whale might come our way, but the gun proved unsatisfactory and did not contribute much to our sport. In the fleet launch we were able to run all around the schooner as she slowly sailed over Wolstenholm Sound.

Ducks were secured in abundance. Seals were given chase, but they were able to escape us. Nearing Saunders Island, a herd of walruses was seen on a pan of drift ice far ahead. The magneto was pushed, the carburetor opened, and out we rushed after the shouting beasts. Two, with splendid tusks, were obtained, and two tons of meat and blubber were turned over to our Eskimo allies.

The days of hunting proved quite strenuous, and in the evening we were glad to seek the comfort of our cosy cabin, after dining on eider-ducks and other game delicacies.

A few Eskimos had asked permission to accompany us to a point farther north. Among them was a widow, to whom, for herself and her children, we had offered a large bed, with straw in it, between decks, but which, savage as she was, she had refused, saying she preferred the open air on deck. There she arranged a

den among the anchor chains, under a shelter of seal skins.

In tears, she told us the story of her life, a story which offered a peep into the tragedy and at the same time the essential comedy of Eskimo existence. It came in response to a question from me as to how the world had used her, for I had known her years before. At my simple question, she buried her face in her hands and for a time could only mutter rapidly and unintelligibly to her two little boys. Then, between sobs, she told me her story.

Ma-nee—such was her name—was a descendant of the Eskimos of the American side. A foreign belle, and, although thin, fair to look upon, as Eskimo beauty goes, her hand was sought early by the ardent youths of the tribe, who, truth to tell, look upon utility as more desirable than beauty in a wife. The heart of Ma-nee throbbed to the pleadings of one Ik-wa, a youth lithe and brave, with brawn and sinews as resilient as rubber and strong as steel, handsome, dark, with flashing eyes, yet with a heart as cruel as the relentless wind and cold sea of the North. Ma-nee married Ik-wa and bore to him several children. These, which meant wealth of the most valuable kind (children even exceeding in value dogs, tusks and skins), meant the attainment of Ik-wa's selfish purpose. Ma-nee was fair, but her hands were not adroit with the needle, nor was she fair in the plump fashion desirable in wives.

Ik-wa met Ah-tah, a good seamstress, capable of much toil, not beautiful, but round and plump. Whereupon, Ik-wa took Ah-tah to wife, and leading Ma-nee to the door of their igloo, ordered her to leave. Cruel as

can be these natives, they also possess a persistence and a tenderness that manifest themselves in strange dramatic ways. Ma-nee, disconsolate but brave, departed. There being at the time a scarcity of marriageable women in the village, Ma-nee was soon wooed by another, an aged Eskimo, whose muscles had begun to wither, whose eyes no longer flashed as did Ik-wa's but whose heart was kind. To him Ma-nee bore two children, those which she had with her on deck. To them, unfortunately, descended the heritage of their father's frailities; one—now eight—being the only deaf and dumb Eskimo in all the land; the other, the younger, aged three, a weakling with a pinched and pallid face and thin, gaunt arms. Ma-nee's husband was not a good hunter, for age and cold had sapped his vigor. Their home was peaceful if not prosperous; the two loved one another, and, because of their defects Ma-nee grew to love her little ones unwontedly.

Just before the beginning of the long winter night the old father, anxious to provide food and deer skins for the coming months of continuous darkness, ventured alone in search of game among the mountains of the interior. Day after day, while the gloom descended, Ma-nee, dry eyed waited. The aged father never came back. Returning hunters finally brought news that he had perished alone, from a gun accident, in the icy wilderness, and they had found him, his frozen mummied face peeping anxiously from the mantle of snow. Ma-nee wept broken-heartedly.

Ma-nee gazed into the faces of the two children with a wild, tragic wistfulness. By the stern and inviolable law of the Eskimos, Ma-nee knew her two be

loved ones were condemned to die. In this land, where food is at a premium, and where every helpless and dependent life means a sensible drain upon the tribe's resources, they have evolved that Spartan law which results in the survival of only the fittest. The one child, because of its insufficient senses, the other because it was still on its mother's back and under three at the time its father died, and with no father to support them, were doomed. Kind-hearted as the Eskimos naturally are, they can at times, in the working out of that code which means continued existence, be terribly brutal. Their fierce struggle with the elements for very existence has developed in them an elemental fierceness. From probable experience in long-past losses of life from contagion, they instinctively destroy every igloo in which a native dies, or, at times, to save the igloo, they heartlessly seize the dying, and dragging him through the low door, cast him, ere breath has ceased, into the life-stilling outer world.

This inviolable custom of ages Ma-nee, with a Spartan courage, determined to break. During the long night which had just passed, friends had been kind to Ma-nee, but now that she was defying Eskimo usage, she could expect no assistance. Brutal as he had been to her, hopeless as seemed such prospects, Ma-nee thought of the cruel Ik-wa and determined to go to him, with the two defective children of her second husband, beg him to accept them as his own and to take her, as a secondary wife, a servant—a position of humiliation and hard labor. In this determination, which can be appreciated only by those who know how implacable and heartless the natives can be, Ma-nee was

showing one of their marvellous traits, that indomitabl courage, persistence and dogged hopefulness which, i my two later companions, E-tuk-i-shook and Ah-we-la enabled them, with me, to reach the Pole.

I admired the spirit of Ma-nee, and promised t help her, although the mission of reuniting the tw seemed dubious.

Ma-nee was not going to Ik-wa entirely empty handed, however, for she possessed some positive wealt in the shape of several dogs, and three bundles of skin and sticks which comprised her household furniture.

We soon reached the village where Ma-nee was t be put ashore. Very humbly, the heroic mother an her two frail children went to Ik-wa's tent. Ik-w was absent hunting, and his wife, who had supplante Ma-nee, a fat, unsociable creature, appeared. Weep ing, Ma-nee told of her plight and begged for shelte The woman stolidly listened; then, without a wor turned her back on the forlorn mother and entered he tent. For the unintentional part we had played sh gave us exceedingly cold, frowning looks which wer quite expressive.

Ma-nee now went to the other villagers. They li tened to her plans, and their primitive faces lighte with sympathy. I soon saw them serving a pot of steam ing oil meat in her honor—a feast in which we wer urgently invited to partake, but which we, fortunatel found some good excuse for avoiding. Although she ha violated a custom of the tribe, these people, both ster hearted and tender, recognized the greatness of mother-love which had braved an unwritten law of age and they took her in. Several months later, on a retu

to the village, I saw Ik-wa himself. Although he did not thank me for the unwitting part I had played in their reunion, he had taken Ma-nee back, and near his own house was a new igloo in which the mother lived with her children.

Resuming our journey, a snow squall soon frosted the deck of the yacht, and to escape the icy air we retired early to our berths. During the night the speed of the yacht increased, and when we appeared on deck again, at four o'clock in the morning, the rays of the August sun seemed actually warm.

We passed the ice-battered and storm-swept cliffs of Cape Parry and entered Whale Sound. On a sea of gold, strewn with ice islands of ultramarine and alabaster, whales spouted and walrus shouted. Large flocks of little auks rushed rapidly by.

The wind was light, but the engine took us along at a pace just fast enough to allow us to enjoy the superb surroundings. In the afternoon we were well into Inglefield Gulf, and near Itiblu. There was a strong head wind, and enough ice about to make us cautious in our prospect.

We aimed here to secure Eskimo guides and with them seek caribou in Olrik's Bay. While the schooner was tacking for a favorable berth in the drift off Kanga, the launch was lowered, and we sought to interview the Eskimos of Itiblu. The ride was a wet one, for a short, choppy sea poured icy spray over us and tumbled us about.

There were only one woman, a few children, and about a score of dogs at the place. The woman was a remarkably fast talker, long out of practice. She told

us that her husband and the other men were absent on
caribou hunt, and then, with a remarkably rapid artic
lation and without a single question from us, plung
incessantly on through all the news of the tribe for
year. After gasping for breath like a smothered sea
she then began with news of previous years and a hi
tory of forgotten ages. We started back for the launc
and she invited herself to the pleasure of our compa
to the beach.

We had gone only a few steps before it occurred
her that she was in need of something. Would we n
get her a few boxes of matches in exchange for a narwh
tusk? We should be delighted, and a handful of swee
went with the bargain. Her boy brought down tw
ivory tusks, each eight feet in length, the two bei
worth one hundred and fifty dollars. Had we a kni
to spare? Yes; and a tin spoon was also given, just
show that we were liberal.

The yacht was headed northward, across Inglefie
Gulf. With a fair wind, we cut tumbling seas of ebo
with a racing dash. Though the wind was strong, t
air was remarkably clear.

The great chiselled cliffs of Cape Auckland rose
terraced grandeur under the midnight sun. The d
tance was twelve miles, and it was twelve miles of su
merged rocks and shallow water.

It was necessary to give Karnah a wide bert
There were bergs enough about to hold the water dow
though an occasional sea rose with a sickening thum
At Karnah we went ashore. There was not a man
town, all being absent on a distant hunting campaig
But, though there were no men, the place was far fr

being deserted, for five women, fifteen children and forty-five dogs came out to meet us.

Here we saw five sealskin tents pitched among the bowlders of a glacial stream. An immense quantity of narwhal meat was lying on the rocks and stones to dry. Skins were stretched on the grass, and a general air of thrift was evidenced about the place. Bundles of sealskins, packages of pelts and much ivory were brought out to trade and establish friendly intercourse. We gave the natives sugar, tobacco and ammunition in quantities to suit their own estimate of value.

Would we not place ourselves at ease and stay for a day or two, as their husbands would soon return? We were forced to decline their hospitality, for without the harbor there was too much wind to keep the schooner waiting. Eskimos have no salutation except a greeting smile or a parting look of regret. We got both at the same time as we stepped into the launch and shouted good-bye.

The captain was told to proceed to Cape Robertson. The wind eased, and a descending fog soon blotted out part of the landscape, horizon and sky. It hung like a gray pall a thousand feet above us, leaving the air below this bright and startlingly clear.

TO THE LIMITS OF NAVIGATION

EXCITING HUNTS FOR GAME WITH THE ESKIMOS—ARRIVAL AT ETAH—SPEEDY TRIP TO ANNOATOK, THE WINDY PLACE, WHERE SUPPLIES ARE FOUND IN ABUNDANCE—EVERYTHING AUSPICIOUS FOR DASH TO THE POLE—DETERMINATION TO ESSAY THE EFFORT—BRADLEY INFORMED—DEBARK FOR THE POLE—THE YACHT RETURNS

IV

Alone with Our Destiny, Seven Hundred Miles From the Pole

We awoke off Cape Robertson early on August 13 and went ashore before breakfast. The picturesque coast here rises suddenly to an altitude of about two thousand feet, and is crowned with a gleaming, silver ice cap. Large bays, blue glacial walls and prominent headlands give a pleasing variety. It is much like the coast of all Greenland. On its southern exposure the eroded Huronian rocks provide shelter for millions of little auks. They dart incessantly from cliff to sea in a chattering cloud of wings. Rather rich and grassy verdure offers an oasis for the Arctic hare, while the blue fox finds life easy here, for he can fill his winter den with the fat feathered creatures which teem by millions.

The Eskimos profit by the combination, and pitch their camp at the foot of the cliffs, for the chase on sea is nearly as good here as in other places, while land creatures literally tumble into the larder.

As we approached the shore, ten men, nine women, thirty-one children and one hundred and six dogs came out to meet us. I count the children and dogs for they are equally important in Eskimo economy. The latter are by far the most important to the average Caucasian in the Arctic.

Only small game had fallen to the Eskimos' lot, and they were eager to venture out with us after big game. Mr. Bradley gathered a suitable retinue of native guides, and we were not long in arranging a compact.

Free passage, the good graces of the cook, and a knife each were to be their pay. A caribou hunt was not sufficiently novel to merit a return to Olrik's Bay, where intelligent hunting is always rewarded, but it was hoped we might get a hunt at Kookaan, near the head of Robertson Bay.*

Although hunting in the bay was not successful from a practical standpoint, it afforded exciting pleas-

---

*The Death of John M. Verhoeff.—As we passed Robertson Bay, there came up memories of the tragedy of Verhoeff. This young man was a member of Peary's first expedition, in 1891. He had paid $2,000 toward the fund of the expedition. Verhoeff was young and enthusiastic. He gave his time, his money, and he risked his life for Peary. He was treated with about the same consideration as that accorded the Eskimo dogs. When I last saw him in camp, he was in tears, telling of Peary's injustice. Mrs. Peary—I advert to this with all possible reluctance—had done much to make his life bitter, and over this he talked for days. Finally he said: "I will never go home in the same ship with that man and that woman." It was the last sentence he uttered in my hearing. He did not go home in that ship. Instead, he wandered off over the glacier, where he left his body in the blue depths of a crevasse.

ure in perilous waters. Even during these hours o sport, my mind was busy with tentative plans for Polar journey. Whenever I aimed my gun at a snort ing walrus, or at some white-winged Arctic bird, I felt thrill in the thought that upon the skill of my arms, o my aim, and upon that of the natives we were later t join, would depend the getting of food sufficient to en able me to embark upon my dream. Everything I di now began to have some bearing upon this glorious, in toxicating prospect; it colored my life, day and night. realized how easily I might fail even should condition be favorable enough to warrant the journey; for thi reason, because of the unwelcome doubt which at time chilled my enthusiasm, I did not yet confide to Bradle my growing ambition.

Returning to the settlement, we paid our huntin guides, made presents to the women and children, an set sail for Etah. An offshore breeze filled the big wing of the canvas. As borne on the back of some grea white bird, we soared northward into a limpid molte sea. From below came the music of our phonograph curiously shouting its tunes, classic and popular, in tha grim, golden region of glory and death.

It is curious how ambition sets the brain on fire and quickens the heart throbs. As we sped over th magical waters, the wild golden air electric about me I believe I felt an ecstasy of desire such as mystic achieved from fasting and prayer. It was the surge o an ambition which began to grow mightily within me which I felt no obstacle could withstand, and which later, I believe carried me forward with its wings o faith when my body well nigh refused to move. W

passed Cape Alexander and entered Smith Sound. We sped by storm-chiselled cliffs, whereupon the hand of nature had written a history, unintelligible to humans, as with a pen of iron. The sun was low. Great bergs loomed up in the radiant distance, and reflecting silver-shimmering halos, seemed to me as the silver-winged ghosts of those who died in this region and who were borne alone on the wind and air.

Nature seemed to sing with exultation. Approaching a highland of emerald green and seal brown, I heard the wild shouting of hawks from the summit, and from below the shrill chattering of millions of auks with baby families. And nearer, from the life enraptured waters, the minor note of softly cooing ducks and mating guillemots. From the interior land of ice, rising above the low booming of a sapphire glacier moving majestically to the sea, rang the bark of foxes, the shrill notes of the ptarmigan, and from an invisible farther distance the raucous wolf howl of Eskimo dogs.

Before us, at times, would come a burst of spouting spray, and a whale would rise to the surface of the sea. Nearby, on a floating island of ice, mother walrus would soothingly murmur to her babies. From invisible places came the paternal voices of the oogzook, and as we went forward, seals, white whales and unicorns appeared, speaking perhaps the sign language of the animal deaf and dumb in the blue submarine.

Occasionally, there was an explosion, when thunder as from a hundred cannons echoed from cliff to cliff. A berg was shattered to ruins. Following this would rise the frightened voices of every animal above water. Now and then, from ultramarine grottoes issued

weird, echoing sounds, and almost continually rising t ringing peals and shuddering into silence, reiterant, in cessant, came nature's bugle-calls—calls of the wind of sundering glaciers, of sudden rushes of ice rivers, c exploding gases and of disintegrating bergs. Wit those sounds pealing in our ears clarion-like, we entere the "Gates of Hades," the Polar gateway, bound fo the harbor where the last fringe of the world's humanity straggles finally up on the globe.

As we entered Foulke Fiord, half a gale cam from the sea. We steered for the settlement o Etah. A tiny settlement it was, for it was com posed of precisely four tents, which for this sea son, had been pitched beside a small stream, jus inside of the first projecting point on the north shor Inside this point there was sheltered water for th Eskimo's kayaks, and it also made a good harbor for th schooner. It is possible in favorable seasons to pus through Smith Sound, over Kane Basin, into Kenned Channel, but the experiment is always at the risk of th vessel.

So, as there was no special reasons for us to hazar life in making this attempt, we decided to prepare th schooner here for the return voyage.

These preparations would occupy several day We determined to spend as much of this time as po sible in sport, since much game abounded in this regio Before we landed we watched the Eskimos harpoon white whale. There were no unexplored spots in th immediate vicinity, as both Doctor Kane and Docto Hayes, in the middle of the last century, had bee thoroughly over the ground. The little auks kept u

busy for a day after our arrival, while hares, tumbling like snowballs over wind-polished, Archæan rocks, gave another day of gun recreation. Far beyond, along the inland ice, were caribou, but we preferred to confine our hunting to the seashore. The bay waters were alive with eider-ducks and guillemots, while, just outside, walruses dared us to venture in open contest on the wind-swept water.

After satisfying our desire for the hunt, we prepared to start for Annoatok, twenty-five miles to the northward. This is the northernmost settlement of the globe, a place beyond which even the hardy Eskimos attempt nothing but brief hunting excursions, and where, curiously, money is useless because it has no value.

We decided to go in the motor boat, so the tanks were filled with gasoline and suitable food and camp equipment were loaded. On the morning of August 24, we started for Annoatok.

It was a beautiful day. The sun glowed in a sky of Italian blue. A light air crossed the sea, which glowed dully, like ground glass. Passing inside of Littleton Island, we searched for relics along Lifeboat Cove. There the *Polaris* was stranded in a sinking condition in 1872, with fourteen men on board. The desolate cliffs of Cape Hatherton were a midsummer blaze of color and light that contrasted strongly with the cold blue of the many towering bergs.

As we went swiftly past the series of wind-swept headlands, the sea and air became alive with seals, walruses and birds. We did little shooting as we were eagerly bent on reaching Annoatok.

As we passed the sharp rocks of Cairn Point, w saw a cluster of nine tents on a small bay under Cap Inglefield.

"Look, look! There is Annoatok!" cried Tung-we our native guide. Looking farther, we saw that th entire channel beyond was blocked with a jam of ic Fortunately we were able to take our boat as far a we desired. A perpendicular cliff served as a pier t which to fasten it. Here it could rise and fall with th tide, and in little danger from drifting ice.

Ordinarily, Annoatok is a town of only a singl family or perhaps two, but we found it unusually larg and populous, for the best hunters had gathered her for the winter bear hunt. Their summer game catc had been very lucky. Immense quantities of meat wer strewn along the shore, under mounds of stone. Mor than a hundred dogs, the standard by which Eskim prosperity is measured, yelped a greeting, and twelv long-haired, wild men came out to meet us as friends.

It came strongly to me that this was the spot t make the base for a Polar dash. Here were Eskim helpers, strong, hefty natives from whom I could sele the best to accompany me; here, by a fortunate chanc were the best dog teams; here were plenty of furs fo clothing; and here was unlimited food. These supplie combined with supplies on the schooner, would give a that was needed for the campaign. Nothing could hav been more ideal.

For the past several days, having realized th abundance of game and the auspicious weather, I ha thought more definitely of making a dash for the Pol With all conditions in my favor, might I not, by or

powerful effort, achieve the thing that had haunted me for years? My former failures dogged me. If I did not try now, it was a question if an opportunity should ever again come to me.

Now every condition was auspicious for the effort. I confess the task seemed audacious almost to the verge of impossibility. But, with all these advantages so fortunately placed in my hands, it took on a new and almost weird fascination. My many years of schooling in both Polar zones and in mountaineering would now be put to their highest test.

Yes, I would try, I told myself; I believed I should succeed. I informed Mr. Bradley of my determination. He was not over-optimistic about success, but he shook my hand and wished me luck. From his yacht he volunteered food, fuel, and other supplies, for local camp use and trading, for which I have been thankful.

"Annoatok" means "a windy place." There is really nothing there to be called a harbor; but we now planned to bring the schooner to this point and unload her on the rocky shore, a task not unattended with danger. However, the base had to be made somewhere hereabout, as Etah itself is still more windy than Annoatok. Moreover, at Etah the landing is more difficult, and it was not nearly so convenient for my purpose as a base.

Besides, there were gathered at Annoatok, as I have described, with needed food and furs in abundance, the best Eskimos* in all Greenland, from whom, by

*Before he sailed on his last Northern expedition Mr. Peary, learning that I had preceded him, took the initial step in his campaign to discredit me by issuing a statement to the effect that I was bent upon the unfair and dishonest purpose of enlisting in my aid Eskimos which he had the exclusive right to command. Mr. Peary's attitude that the Eskimos,

reason of the rewards from civilization which I could give them, such as knives, guns, ammunition, old iron, needles and matches, I could select a party more efficient, because of their persistence, tough fibre, courage and familiarity with Arctic traveling, than any party of white men could be.

The possible combination of liberal supplies and valiant natives left absolutely nothing to be desired to insure success, so far as preliminaries were concerned. It was only necessary that good health, endurable weather and workable ice should follow. The expenditure of a million dollars could not have placed an expedition at a better advantage. The opportunity was too good to be lost. We therefore returned to Etah to prepare for the quest.

At Etah, practically everything that was to be landed at Annoatok was placed on deck, so that the dangerous stop beside the rocks of Annoatok could be made a brief one. The ship was prepared for the contingency of a storm.

Late in the evening of August 26, the entire population of Etah was taken aboard, the anchor was

---

because he had given them guns, powder and needles, belong to him, is as absurd as his pretension to the sole ownership of the North Pole. Although Mr. Peary had spent about a quarter of a century essaying the task by means of luxurious expeditions, he had done little more than other explorers and did not, in my opinion, either secure an option on the Pole or upon the services of the natives. In giving guns, etc., to the natives he also did no more than other explorers, and the Danes for many years, have done. Nor was this with him a magnanimous matter of gracious bounty, for, in prodigal return for all he gave them, Mr. Peary on every expedition secured a fortune in furs and ivory. The Eskimos belong to no one. For ages they have worked out their rigorous existence without the aid of white men, and Mr. Peary's pretension becomes not only absurd but grotesque when one realizes that following the arrival of ships with white crews, the natives have fallen easy victims of loathsome epidemics, mostly of a specific nature, for which the trivial gifts of any explorer would ill repay them.

tripped, and soon the *Bradley's* bow put out on the waters of Smith Sound for Annoatok. The night was cold and clear, brightened by the charm of color. The sun had just begun to dip under the northern horizon, which marks the end of the summer double days of splendor and begins the period of storms leading into the long night. Early in the morning we were off Annoatok.

The launch and all the dories were lowered and filled. Eskimo boats were pressed into service and loaded. The boats were towed ashore. Only a few reached Annoatok itself, for the wind increased and a troublesome sea made haste a matter of great importance. Things were pitched ashore anywhere on the rocks where a landing could be found for the boats.

The splendid efficiency of the launch proved equal to the emergency, and in the course of about thirteen hours all was safely put on shore in spite of dangerous winds and forbidding seas. That the goods were spread along the shore for a distance of several miles did not much matter, for the Eskimos willingly and promptly carried them to the required points.

Now the time had come for the return of the schooner to the United States. Unsafe to remain longer at Annoatok at this advanced stage of the season, it was also imperative that it go right on with barely a halt at any other place. The departure meant a complete severance between the civilized world and myself. But I do not believe, looking back upon it, that the situation seemed as awesome as might be supposed. Other explorers had been left alone in the Northland, and I had been through the experience before.

The party, so far as civilized men were concerned was to be an unusually small one. That, however, was not from lack of volunteers, for when I had announced my determination many of the crew had volunteered to accompany me. Captain Bartlett himself wished to go along, but generously said that if it seemed necessary for him to go back with the schooner, he would need only a cook and engineer, leaving the other men with me.

I wanted only one white companion, however, for I knew that no group of white men could possibly match the Eskimos in their own element. I had the willing help of all the natives, too, at my disposal. More than that was not required. I made an agreement with them for their assistance throughout the winter in getting ready, and then for as many as I wanted to start with me toward the uttermost North. For my white companion I selected Rudolph Francke, now one of the Arctic enthusiasts on the yacht. He had shipped for the experience of an Arctic trip. He was a cultivated young German with a good scientific schooling. He was strong, goodnatured, and his heart was in the prospective work. These were the qualities which made him a very useful man as my sole companion.

Early on the morning of September 3, I bade farewell to Mr. Bradley, and not long afterward the yacht moved slowly southward and faded gradually into the distant southern horizon. I was left alone with my destiny, seven hundred miles from the Pole.

BEGINNING PREPARATIONS FOR THE POLAR DASH

THE ARCTIC SOLITUDE—RETROSPECTION AND INTROSPECTION—THE DETERMINATION TO ACHIEVE—PLANNING OUT THE DETAILS OF THE CAMPAIGN—AN ENTIRE TRIBE BUSILY AT WORK

V

The Pole, the Route, and the Incentive

When the yacht disappeared I felt a poignant pang at my heart. After it had faded, I stood gazing blankly at the sky, and I felt the lure of the old world. The yacht was going home—to the land of my family and friends. I was now alone, and, with the exception of Francke, there was no white man among this tribe of wild people with whom to converse during the long Arctic night that was approaching. I knew I should not be lonely, for there was a tremendous lot of work to do, although I had unstinted assistance. In every detail, the entire six months of labor including the catching of animals, the drying of meat, the making of such clothes and sledges as would be necessary, and the testing of them, would have to be managed by myself. Turning from the rocky highland where I stood, a wild thrill stirred my heart. The hour of my opportunity

had come. After years of unavailing hopes and de pressing defeats my final chance was presented! I the determination to succeed, every drop of blood in m body, every fibre of me responded.

Why did I desire so ardently to reach the Nort Pole? What did I hope to gain? What, if successfu did I expect to reap as the result of my dreams? Thes questions since have been asked by many. I hav searched the chambers of my memory and have tried t resolve replies to myself. The attaining of the Nort Pole meant at the time simply the accomplishing of splendid, unprecedented feat—a feat of brain an muscle in which I should, if successful, signally su pass other men. In this I was not any more inord nately vain or seekful of glory than one who seeks pr eminence in baseball, running tournaments, or any oth form of athletics or sport.

At the time, any applause which the world migh give, should I succeed, did not concern me; I kne that this might come, but it did not enter into m speculations.

For years I had felt the lure of the silver glamo of the North, and I can explain this no more than th reason why a poet is driven to express himself in vers or why one child preternaturally develops amazing pr ficiency in mathematics and another in music. Certai desires are born or unconsciously developed in us. with others before me, found my life ambition in th conquest of the Pole. To reach it would mean, I knev an exultation which nothing else in life could give.

This imaginary spot held for me the revealing no great scientific secrets. I never regarded the fe

as of any great scientific value. The real victory would lie, not in reaching the goal itself, but in overcoming the obstacles which exist in the way of it. In the battle with these I knew there would be excitement, danger, necessary expedients to tax the brain and heroic feats to tax the muscles, the ever constant incentive which the subduing of one difficulty after another excites.

During the first day at Annoatok, after the yacht left, I thought of the world toward which it was going, of the continents to the south of me, of the cities with their teeming millions, and of the men with their multitudinous, conflicting ambitions. I could see, in my mind, the gigantic globe of my world swinging in cloud-swept emerald spaces, and far in the remote, vast, white regions in the north of it, far from the haunts of men, thousands of miles from its populous cities, beyond the raging of its blue-green seas, myself, alone, a wee, small atom on its vast surface, striving to reach its hitherto unattained goal. I felt, as I thought of my anticipation and lonely quest, a sense of the terrible overwhelming hugeness of the earth, and the poignant oneliness any soul must feel when it embarks upon some splendid solitary destiny.

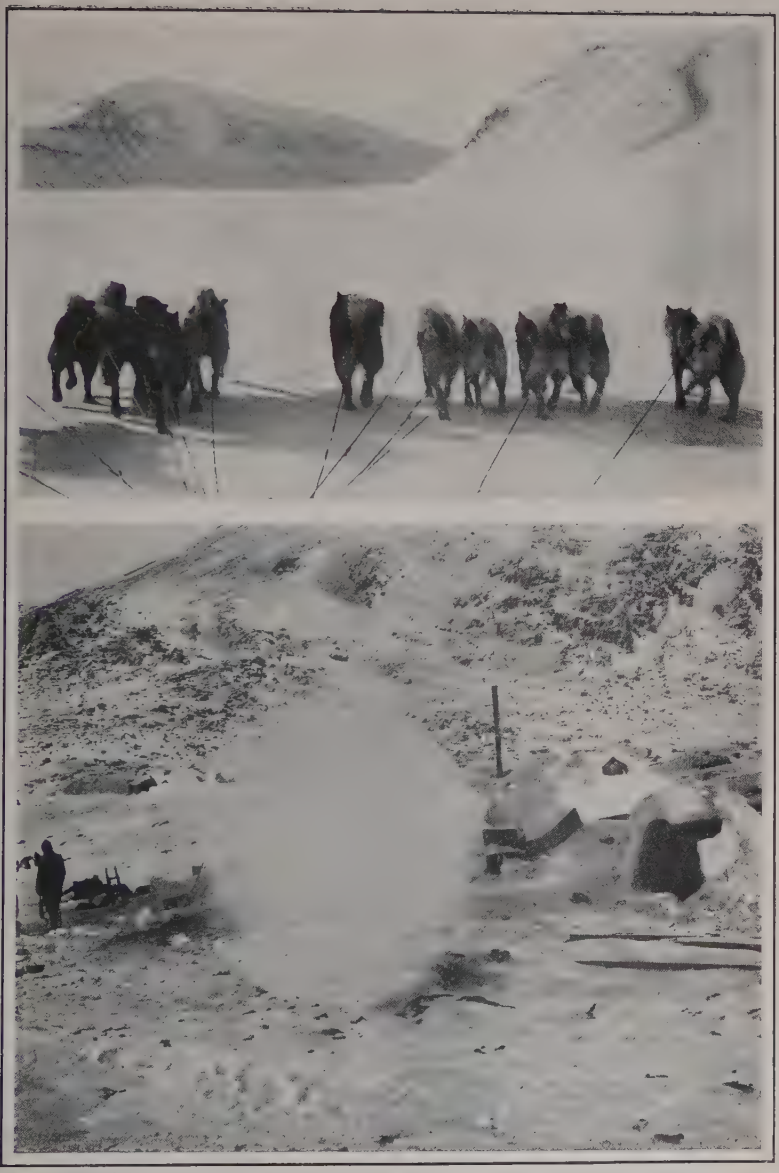
Beyond and above me I visioned the unimaginable, blinding white regions of ice and cold, about which, like a golden-crowned sentinel, with face of flame, the circling midnight sun kept guard. Upon this desolate, awe-inspiring stage—unchanged since the days of its designing—I saw myself attempting to win in the most spectacular and difficult marathon for the testing of human strength, courage and perseverance, of body and brain, which God has offered to man. I could see

myself, in my fancy pictures, invading those roari
regions, struggling over icy lands in the dismal twilig
of the Arctic morning, and venturing, with a few co
panions, upon the lifeless, wind-swept Polar sea.
black mite, I saw myself slowly piercing those whi
and terrible spaces, braving terrific storms, assaili
green, adamantine barriers of ice, crossing the swi
flowing, black rivers of those ice fields, and stoutly pe
sisting until, successful, I stood alone, a victor, upon t
world's pinnacle!

This thought gave me wild joy. That I, one whi
man, might alone succeed in this quest gave me an i
petus which only single-handed effort and the prospe
of single-handed success can give. There was pleasu
in the thought that, in this effort, I was indebted to
one; no one had expended money for me or my trip;
white men were to risk their lives with me. Wheth
it resulted in success or defeat, I alone should exult
I alone should suffer. I was the mascot of no clique
friends, nor the pawn of scientists who might find
suppositious and mythical glory in the reflected light
another's achievement. The quest was personal; t
pleasure of success must be personal.

Yet, I want you to understand this thing was
casual jaunt with me. All my life hinged about it, r
hopes were bent upon it; the doing of it was part
me. My plans of action were not haphazard and ha
brained. Logically and clearly, I mapped out a ca
paign. It was based upon experience in known co
ditions, experience gathered after years of discourag
ment and failure.

At Annoatok we erected a house of packi



ON THE CHASE FOR BEAR

THE BOX-HOUSE AT ANNOATOK AND ITS WINTER ENVIRONMENT

boxes.* The building of the house, which was to be both storehouse and workshop, was a simple matter. The walls were made of the packing boxes, especially selected of uniform size for this purpose.

Enclosing a space thirteen by sixteen feet, the cases were quickly piled up. The walls were held together by strips of wood, the joints sealed with pasted paper, with the addition of a few long boards. A really good roof was made by using the covers of the boxes as shingles. A blanket of turf over this confined the heat and permitted, at the same time, healthful circulation of air.

We slept under our own roof at the end of the first day. Our new house had the great advantage of containing within it all our possessions within easy

*One of the charges which Mr. Peary circulated before he returned North in 1908, was, that I violated a rule of Polar ethics by not applying for a license to seek the Pole, nor giving notice of my proposed trip. There is no such rule in Polar ethics. The following letter, however, to his press agent, Mr. Herbert Bridgman, dated Etah, August 26, 1907, answers the charge:

"My dear Bridgman: I have hit upon a new route to the North Pole and will stay to try it. By way of Buchanan Bay and Ellesmere Land and northward through Nansen Strait over the Polar sea seems to me to be a very good route. There will be game to the 82°, and here are natives and dogs for the task. So here ic for the Pole. Mr. Bradley will tell you the rest. Kind regards to all—F. A. Cook."

"It will be remembered," continued Mr. Bridgman, in his press reports, "that Dr. Cook, accompanied by John R. Bradley, Captain Moses Bartlett, and a number of Eskimos, left North Sidney, N. S., early last July on the American Auxiliary Schooner Yacht *John R. Bradley,* which landed the party at Smith Sound. Mr. Bradley returned to North Sydney on the yacht on October 1. *The expedition is provisioned for two years and fully equipped with dogs and sledges for the trip. The party is wintering thirty miles further north than Peary did two years ago.*"

And yet Bridgman, in line with the indefatigable pro-Peary boosters, later tried to lead the public to believe that I had nothing but gum drops with which to undertake a trip to the Pole. This same Bridgman also printed in what Brooklyn people call the "Standard Liar" the fake about my using, as my own, photographs said to belong to the newspaper cub, Herbert Berri.

For fifteen years Bridgman used my photographs and my material for his lectures on the Arctic and Antarctic, generally without giving credit. Evidently, my work and my results were good enough for him to borrow

reach at all times. When anything was needed in th way of supplies, all we had to do was to open a bo in the wall.

The house completed, we immediately began th work of building sledges, and the equally importan work, at which a large proportion of the Eskimos wer at once set, of making up furs into clothing. Accord ing to my plans, each one of us embarking in the Pola journey would have to carry two suits of fur clothing In the Arctic regions, especially when men are march ing to the limit of their strength every day, the bodil heat puts the clothing into such condition that the onl safe way, if health is to be preserved, is to change suit frequently, while the perspiration-soaked furs are lai out to dry.

The Eskimos had also to prepare for winte

as Peary did. So long as my usefulness served the Bridgman-Peary inte ests, there was no question of my credibility, but when my success inte fered with the monopoly of the fruits of Polar attainment, then I was be striped with dark lines of dishonor.

The most amusing and also the most significant incident of the Brid man-Peary humbug was the faked wireless message which Bridgm printed for Peary in his paper. Peary claims he reached the Pole on Ap 6, 1909. In the Standard Union, Brooklyn, of April 14, 1909 (eight da after the alleged discovery), Peary's friend H. L. Bridgman, one of t owners, printed the following:

"PEARY DUE NORTH POLE TWELVE M., THURSDA (APRIL 15, 1909).

Is Mr. Bridgman a psychic medium? How, with Peary thousands miles away, hundreds of miles from the most northerly wireless stati did he sense the amazing feat? Were he and Peary in telepathic commu cation? Or, rather, does this not seem to point to an agreement enter into before the departure of Peary, about a year before the attempt w made, to announce on a certain day the "discovery" of the Pole?

From other sources we learn that the timing of the arrival of the sh at Cape Sheridan seems to have been made good, but in an apparent effo on the part of Peary to keep faith with Bridgman on April 15, we fi him in trouble. If Peary arranged his "discovery" for this agreed date, would have had to take nine days for his return trip from the Pole. T would increase his speed limit 50 per cent., and since he is regarded w suspicion on his speed limits, to make his "Pole Discovery" story fit between the known time when he left Bartlett and the time when he g back to the ship, he was compelled to break faith with Bridgman and w back nine days on his calendar, placing the date of Pole reaching at April

Tents of sealskin are inhabitable only in the summer time. For the coming period of darkness and bitter cold, they made igloos of stone and snow.

Meanwhile, they were not in the least averse to agreeable relaxation. I had with me a good supply of tea, and was in the habit of drinking a cup of it with Francke about four o'clock every afternoon. Observing this, the Eskimos at once began to present themselves at the tea hour. Fortunately, tea was one of the supplies of which I had brought a good deal for the sake of pleasing the natives, and it was not long before I had a very large and gossipy afternoon tea party every day, in this northernmost human settlement of the globe.

I planned to superintend every detail of progress, as far as it concerned our journey. I could watch the men, too, and see which ones promised to be the best to accompany me. And, what was a most important point, I could also perfect my final plans for the advance right at my final base.

I aimed to reach the top of the globe in the angle between Alaska and Greenland, a promising route through a new and lonesome region which had not been tried, abandoning what has come to be called the "American Route." I should strike westward and then northward, working new trails. With Annoatok as a base of operations, I planned to carry sufficient supplies over Schley Land and along the west coast of the game lands, trusting that the game along this region would furnish sufficient supplies en route to the shores of the Polar sea. This journey to land's end would also afford a test of every article of equipment needed in the field work, and would enable us to choose finally from a

selected number of Eskimos those most able to endure the rigors of the unlimited journey which lay before us.

I sent out a few hunters along the intended line to seek for haunts of game, but I was not surprised that their searching in the dark was practically unsuccessful, and it merely meant that I must depend upon my previous knowledge of conditions. I knew from the general reports of the natives, and from the explorations of Sverdrup, that the beginning of the intended route offered abundant game, and the indications were that further food would likewise be found as we advanced. The readiness with which the Eskimos declared themselves ready to trust to the food supply of the unknown region was highly encouraging.

To start from my base with men and dogs in superb condition, with their bodies nourished with wholesome fresh meat instead of the nauseating laboratory stuff too often given to men in the North, was of vital importance; and if the men and dogs could afterward be supported in great measure by the game of the region through which we were to pass, it would be of an importance more vital still. If my information was well founded and my general conjectures correct, I should have advantages which had not been possessed by any other leader of a Polar expedition. The new route seemed to promise, also, immunity from the highly disturbing effects of certain North Greenland currents. In all, the chances seemed not unfavorable.

With busy people hard at work about me, I knew that the months of the long night would pass rapidly by. There was much to do, and with the earliest dawn of the morning of the next year we must be ready to start for the Pole.

THE CURTAIN OF NIGHT DROPS

TRIBE OF TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY NATIVES BUSILY BEGIN PREPARATIONS FOR THE POLAR DASH—EXCITING HUNTS FOR THE UNICORN AND OTHER GAME FROM ANNOATOK TO CAPE YORK—EVERY ANIMAL CAUGHT BEARING UPON THE SUCCESS OF THE VENTURE—THE GRAY-GREEN GLOOM OF TWILIGHT IN WHICH THE ESKIMO WOMEN COMMUNICATE WITH THE SOULS OF THE DEAD

VI

The Sunset of 1907

Winter, long-lasting, dark and dismal, approached. To me it was to be a season of feverish labor in which every hand at work and every hour employed counted in the problem of success. While the hands of the entire tribe would be busy, and while I should direct and help in the making of sleds, catching of game, preparing of meat, I knew that my mind would find continual excitement in dreams of my quest, in anticipating and solving its difficulties, in feeling the bounding pulse of the dash over the ice of the Polar sea, with dogs joyously barking, whips cracking the air, and the reappearing sun paving our pathway with liquid gold. In the labor of the long winter which I began to map out I knew I should find ceaseless zest, for the pursuit of every narwhal, every walrus, every fox I should regard with

abated suspense, each one bearing upon my chances; in the employment of every pair of hands I should hang with an eager interest, the expediency and excellence of the work making for success or failure. From this time onward everything of my life, every native, every occurrence began to have some bearing upon the dominating task to which I had set myself.

With the advance of winter, storms of frightful ferocity began to arise. Inasmuch as we had stored meat and blubber in large quantities about our camp, it was not necessary at these times to venture out to dig up supplies from great depths of snow drift. During these periods hands were employed busily inside the igloos. Although a large quantity of animals and furs had been gathered by the hunters before our arrival, we now unexpectedly discovered that the supply was inadequate. According to my plans, a large party of picked natives would accompany me to land's end and somewhat beyond on the Polar sea when I started for my dash in the coming spring. As spring is the best hunting season, it was therefore imperative to secure sufficient advance provisions for the families of these men in addition to preparing requisites for my expedition. So the early days of the winter would have to be busily occupied by the men in a ceaseless hunt for game and later, even when the darkness had fully fallen, the moonlight days and nights would thus have to be utilized also.

In the Polar cycle of the seasons there are peculiar conditions which apply to circumstances and movements. As the word, seasons, is ordinarily understood, there are but two, a winter season and a summer season—a winter season of nine months and a summer of three months.

But, for more convenient division of the yearly eriods, it is best to retain the usual cycle of four sea- ons. Eskimos call the winter "ookiah," which also neans year, and the summer "onsah." Days are "sleeps." The months are moons, and the periods are named in ac- ord with the movements of various creatures of the hase.

In early September at Annoatok the sun dips con- derably under the northern horizon. There is no ight. At sunset and at sunrise storm clouds hide the ursts of color which are the glory of twilight, and the lectric afterglow is generally lost in a dull gray.

The gloom of the coming winter night now thick- ns. The splendor of the summer day has gone. A day f six months and a night of six months is often ascribed o the Polar regions as a whole, but this is only true of a ery small area about the Pole.

As we come south, the sun slips under the horizon or an ever-increasing part of each twenty-four hours. receding and following the night, as we come from the ole, there is a period of day and night which lengthens ith the descent of latitude.

It is this period which enables us to retain the names f the usual seasons—summer for the double days, fall or the period of the setting sun. This season begins hen the sun first dips under the ice at midnight for a ew moments. These moments increase rapidly, yet ne hardly appreciates that the sun is departing until ay and night are of equal length, for the night remains ght, though not cheerful. Then the day rapidly short- ns and darkens, and the sun sinks until at last there is ut a mere glimmer of the glory of day. Winter is lim-

ited to the long night, and spring applies to the days
the rising sun, a period corresponding to the autu
days of the setting sun.

At Annoatok the midnight sun is first seen
April 23. It dips in the sea on August 19. It thus
circles the horizon, giving summer and continuous d
for one hundred and eighteen days. It sets at m
day on October 24, and is absent a period of p
longed night corresponding to the day, and
rises on February 19. The Arctic air, with its l
temperature and its charge of frosted humidity,
distorts the sun's rays that when low it is frequen
lifted one or two diameters; therefore, the exact day
hour for sunrise or sunset does not correspond to mat
matical calculations. Then follow days of spring.

In the fall, when the harmonizing influence of
sun is withdrawn, there begins a battle of the eleme
which continues until stilled by the hopeless frost
early night.

At this time, although field work was painful,
needs of our venture forced us to persistent action
the chase of walrus, seal, narwhal and white whale.
thus harvested food and fuel.

Before winter ice spread over the sea, ptarmig
hare and reindeer were sought on land to supply
table during the long night with delicacies, while b
and fox pleased the palates of the Eskimos, and th
pelts clothed all.

Many long journeys were undertaken to sec
an important supply of grass to pad boots
mittens and also to secure moss, which serves as wick
the Eskimo lamp. During the months of Septem

and October, along the entire Greenland coast, the Eskimos were engaged in a feverish quest for reserve supplies. Shortly after my arrival, word had been carried from village to village that I was at Annoatok, and, intending to make a dash for the "Big Nail," desired the help of the entire tribe. Intense and spontaneous activity followed. Knowing the demands of the North, and of such work as I planned, the natives, without specific instructions from me and with only a brief outline of the planned Polar campaign which was sent from village to village, immediately got busy gathering the needed things. They knew better than I where to go for certain game, and where certain desirable things were obtainable. This relieved me of a great responsibility. Each local group of natives was to perform some important duty, suited to its available resources, in gathering the tremendous amount of material required for our trip. Each village had its peculiar game advantages.

In some places foxes and hares, the skins of which were necessary for coats and stockings, were abundant, and the Eskimos must not only gather the greatest number possible, but prepare the skins and make them into properly fitting garments. In other places reindeer were plentiful. The skin of these was needed for sleeping bags, while the sinew was required for thread. In still other places seal was the luck of the chase; its skin was one of our most important needs. Of it boots were made, and an immense amount of line and lashings prepared.

Thus, in one way or another, every man and woman and most of the children of this tribe of two hundred and fifty people were kept busy in the service of the expe-

dition. The work was well done, and with much better knowledge of the fitness of things than could have been possessed by any possible gathering of alien white men.

The quest of the walrus and the narwhal came in our own immediate plan of adventure, although the narwhal, called by whale fishers the unicorn, does not often come under the eye of the white man. It afforded for a brief spell good results in sport and useful material. Its blubber is the pride of every housekeeper, for it gives a long, hot flame to the lamp, with no smoke to spot the igloo finery. The skin is regarded as quite a delicacy. Cut into squares, it looks and tastes like scallops, with only a slight aroma of train oil. The meat dries easily and is thus prized as an appetizer or as a lunch to be eaten en route in sled or kayak. In this shape it was an extremely useful thing for us, for it took the place of pemmican on our less urgent journeys.

Narwhals played in schools, far off shore, and usually along the edges of some large ice field, their long ivory tusks rising under spouts of breath and spray. Whenever this glad sight was noted, every kayak about camp was manned, and the skin canoes went flittering like birds over the water. Some of the Eskimos climbed to the ice fields and delivered their harpoons from a secure footing. Others hid behind floating fragments of heavy ice and made a sudden rush as the animals passed. Still others came up in the rear, for the narwhal cannot easily see backward, and does not often turn to watch its enemies, its speed being so fast that it can easily keep ahead of them.

In these exciting hunts I participated with eager delight, and by proxy mentally engaged in every en-

ounter. For, in this sea game, existed food supplies hich, instead of entirely confining myself to pemmican, planned also to use on my Polar journey. As the skin oats, like bugs, sped over the water, I felt the move- ient of them surge in my brain; with the upraising of ach swift-darting native's arm I felt, as it were, my eart stop with bated suspense. With every failure I xperienced a throb of dismay. With the hauling in of ach slimy beast I felt, as it were, nearer my goal.

Narwhal hunting, in itself, and without the added our of personal interest, which I had, is brimful of rilling sport. The harpoon is always delivered at lose range. Whenever the dragging float marks the nd of the line in tow of the frightened creature, the line f skin canoes follows. Timid by nature and fearing to se for breath, the narwhal plunges along until nearly rangled. When he does come up, there are likely to e several Eskimos near with drawn lances, which in- ict deep gashes.

Again the narwhal plunges deep down, with but ne breath, and hurries along as best it can. But its peed slackens and a line of crimson marks its hidden ath. Loss of blood and want of air do not give it a ance to fight. Again it comes up with a spout. gain the lances are hurled.

The battle continues for several hours, with many xciting adventures, but in the end the narwhal always ccumbs, offering a prize of several thousands of ounds of meat and blubber. Victory as a rule is not ained until the hunters are far from home, and also far om the shore line. But the Eskimo is a courageous unter and an intelligent seaman.

To the huge carcass frail kayaks are hitched in long line. Towing is slow, wind and sea combining make the task difficult and dangerous. One sees not ing of the narwhal and very little of the kayak, for das ing seas wash over the little craft, but the double-blad paddles see-saw with the regularity of a pendulu Homecoming takes many hours and demands a pr digious amount of hard work, but there is energy spare, for a wealth of meat and fat is the culmination all Eskimo ambition.

Seven of these ponderous animals were brought during five days, making a heap of more than for thousand pounds of food and fuel. The sight of th tremulous, blubbering mass filled my heart with jo Our success was not too soon, for now the narwhals su denly disappeared, and we saw no more of them. Abo this time three white whales were also obtained at Et by a similar method of hunting.

With the advent of actual winter, storms swe over the land and sea with such fury that it was no long safe to venture out on the water in kayaks. After t catching of several walruses from boats, sea hunti now was confined to the quest of seal through young i As such hunting would soon be limited to only a f open spaces near prominent headlands, an industric pursuit was feverishly engaged in at every village fr Annoatok to Cape York, and hour by hour, day by da until the hunt of necessity changed from sea to land, t husky natives engaged in seal catching. As yet we h no caribou meat, and the little auks, which had be gathered in nets during the summer, with the eider-du bagged later, soon disappeared as a steady diet. W

must now procure such available land game as hare, ptarmigan and reindeer, for we had not yet learned to eat with a relish the fishy, liver-like substance which is characteristic of all marine mammals.

Guns and ammunition were now distributed, and when the winds were easy enough to allow one to venture out, every Eskimo sought the neighboring hills. Francke also took his exercise with a gun on his shoulder.

The combined efforts resulted in a long line of ptarmigan, two reindeer and sixteen hares. As snow covered the upper slopes, the game was forced down near the sea, where we could still hope to hunt in the feeble light of the early part of the night.

With a larder fairly stocked and good prospects for other tasty meats, we were spared the anxiety of a winter without supplies. Francke was an ideal chef in the preparation of this game to good effect, for he had a delightful way of making our primitive provisions quite appetizing.

In the middle of October fox skins were prime, and then new steel traps were distributed and set near the many caches. By this time all the Eskimos had abandoned their sealskin tents and were snugly settled in their winter igloos. The ground was covered with snow, and the sea was almost entirely frozen.

Everybody was busy preparing for the coming cold and night. The temperature was about 20° below zero. Severe storms were becoming less frequent, and the air, though colder, was less humid and less disagreeable. An ice-foot was formed by the tides along shore, and over this the winter sledging was begun by short excursions to bait the fox traps and gather the foxes.

Our life now resolved itself into a systemat routine of work, which was practically followed throug out the succeeding long winter night. About the bo house in which Francke and I lived were igloos housi eight to twelve families. The tribe of two hundred a fifty was distributed in a range of villages along t coast, an average of four families constituting a co munity. Early each morning Koo-loo-ting-wah wou bang at my door, enter, and I would drowsily awak while he freshened the fire. Rising, we would prepa hot coffee and partake of breakfast with biscuits. seven o'clock—according to our standard of time—fi or six of the natives would arrive, and, after a libe libation of coffee, begin work. I taught them to he me in the making of my hickory sleds. Some I taug to use modern carpentering instruments, which I h with me. Another group was schooled in bending t resilient but tough hickory. This was done by wrappi old cloths about the wood and steeping it in hot wat Others engaged, as the days went by, in making d harness, articles of winter clothing, and drying me Not an hour was lost during the day. At noon paused for a bite of frozen meat and hot tea. Then fell to work again without respite until five or six o'clo

Meanwhile, beginning in the early morning of o steadily darkening days, other male members of the tri pursued game. Others again followed a routine scouring of the villages and collecting all the furs a game which had been caught. The women of the tri in almost every dimly lighted igloo, were no less indu trious. To them fell the task of assisting in drying t fur skins, preparing dried meat and making our clo

ing. Throughout the entire days they sat in their snow and stone houses, masses of ill-smelling furs before them, cutting the skins and sewing them into serviceable garments. This work I often watched, passing from igloo to igloo, with an interest that verged on anxiety; for upon the strength, thickness and durability of these depended my life, and that of the companions I should choose, on the frigid days which would inevitably come on my journey Poleward. But these broad-faced, patient women did their work well. Their skill is quite remarkable. They took my measurements, for instance, by roughly sizing up my old garments and by measuring me by sight. Garments were made to fit snugly after the preliminary making by cutting out or inserting patches of fur. Needles among the natives are indeed precious. So valuable are they that if a point or eye is broken, with infinite skill and patience the broken end is heated and flattened, and by means of a bow drill a new eye is bored. A new point is with equal skill shaped on local stones. With marvelous patience they make their own thread by drying and stripping caribou or narwhale sinews.

Were it not for their extraordinary eyesight, such work, under such conditions, would be impossible. But in the dark the natives can espy things invisible to white men. This owl-sight enables them to hunt, if necessary, in almost pitch darkness, and to perform tedious feats of hand skill which, in such dim light, an alien would bungle. I noticed, with much curiosity, that when the natives inspected any photograph or object which I gave them they always held it upside down. All objects, as is well known, are reflected in the retina thus, and it is

our familiarity with the size and comparative relation of things which enables the brain to visualize an objec or scene at its proper angle. This strange, instinctiv act of the natives might form an interesting chapter i optics.

Meanwhile, busy and interested in the beginning o our various pursuits, the great crust which was to hol down the sea for so many months, closed and thickened

During the last days of brief sunshine the weathe cleared, and at noon on October 24 everybody sough the open for a last glimpse of the dying day. Ther was a charm of color and glitter, but no one seemed quit happy as the sun sank under the southern ice, for it wa not to rise again for one hundred and eighteen days.

Just prior to the falling of darkness, with that in stinctive and forced hilarity with which aboriginal being seek to ward off an impending calamity, the Eskimo engaged in their annual sporting event. It is a curiou sight, indeed, to behold a number of excited, laughin Eskimos gathering about two champion dogs which ar to fight. Although the zest of betting is unknown, th natives regard dog fights with much the same eager ex citement as a certain type of sporting man does a coc encounter. Sometimes the dogs do not fight fairly, number of the animals bunching together and attackin a single dog. Dogs selected for the fight are, of course the best of the teams. A dog which maintains his fight ing supremacy becomes a king dog, and when beate becomes a first lieutenant to the king.

After the forced enthusiasm of this brief period o excitement, the Eskimos begin to succumb to the inevita ble melancholia of nature, when the sun, the source o

natural life, disappears and darkness descends. A gloom descends heavily upon their spirits. A subtle sadness tinctures their life, and they are possessed by an impulse to weep. At this season, hour by hour, the darkness thickens; the cold increases and chills their igloos; the wind, exultant while the sun shines, now whines and sobs dolorously—there is something gruesome, uncanny, supernatural, in its siren sorrow. Outside, the snow falls, the sea closes. Its clamant beat of waves is silenced. Sea animals mostly disappear; land animals are rare. Their source of physical supply vanished, the Eskimos unconsciously feel the grim hand of want, of starvation, which means death, upon them. The psychology of this period of depression partly lies, undoubtedly, in this instinctive dread of death from lack of food and the natural depression of unrelieved gloom. Moreover, there is a grief, born of the native superstition that, when the sea freezes, the souls of all who have perished in the waters are imprisoned during the long night. Too fierce is the struggle of these people with the elemental forces to permit them, like many other aboriginal peoples to be obsessed greatly with superstitions. Although their religion is a very primitive and native one, it is usually only at the inception of night that they feel the appalling nearness of a world that is supernatural. As the last rim of the sun sank over the southern ice, the natives entered upon a formal period of melancholy, during which the bereavements of each family, and the discomforts and disasters of the year, were memoralized.

I shall never forget that long, sad evening, which lasted many normal days. The sun had descended. A

sepulchral, gray-green curtain of gloom hung over th chilled earth. In the dim semi-darkness could b vaguely seen the outlines of the igloos, of the heavin curvatures of snow-covered land, and the blacker, snak like twistings of open lanes of water, where the sea ha not yet frozen. Sitting in my box-house, I was startle suddenly by a sound that made my flesh for the instan creep. I walked to the door and threw it open. Ov the bluish, snow-covered land, formed by the indenture and hollows, stretched dark-purplish shapes—Tita shadows, sepulchral and ominous, some with shroude heads, others with spectral arms threateningly upraise Nebulous and gruesome shreds of blue-fog like wraith shifted over the sea. Out of the sombre, heavy air be gan to issue a sound as of many women sobbing. Fro the indistinct distance came moaning, crooning voice Sometimes hysterical wails of anguish rent the air, an now and then frantic choruses shrieked some hear aching despair. My impression was that I was in land of the sorrowful dead, some mid-strata of the spir world, where, in this gray-green twilight, formle things in the distance moved to and fro.

There is, I believe, in the heart of every man, a instinctive respect for sorrow. With muffled steps, left the igloo and paced the dreariness of ice, treadin slowly, lest, in the darkness, I slip into some unsee crevasse of the open sea. A strange and eerie sight co fronted me. Along the seashore, bending over the la ping black water, or standing here and there by ink open leads in the severed ice, many Eskimo women we gathered. Some stood in groups of two or thre Bowed and disconsolate, her arms about them, wi

almost every hundred steps, I saw a weeping mother and her children. Standing rigid and stark, motionless graven images of despair, or frantically writhing to and fro, others stood far apart in desolate places, alone.

The dull, opaque air was tinged with a strange phosphorescent green, suggestive of a place of dead things; and now, like the flutterings of huge death-lamps, along the horizon, where the sun had sunk, gashes of crimson here and there fitfully glowed blood-red in the pall-like sky.

To the left, as I walked along, I recognized Tung-wingwah, with a child on her back and a bag of moss in her hand. She stood behind a cheerless rock, with her face toward the faint red flushes of the sun. She stood motionless. Big tears rolled from her eyes, but not a sound was uttered. To my low queries she made no response. I invited her to the camp to have a cup of tea, thinking to change her sad thoughts and loosen her tongue. But still her eyes did not leave that last distant line of open water. From another, I later learned that in the previous April her daughter of five, while playing on the ice-foot, slipped and was lost in the sea. The mother now mourned because the ice would bury her little one's soul.

A little farther along was Al-leek-ah, a woman of middle age, with two young children by her side. She was hysterical in her grief, now laughing with a weird giggle, now crying and groaning as if in great pain, and again dancing with emotions of madness. I learned her story from a chatter that ran through all her anguish. Towanah, her first husband, had been drawn under the ice, by the harpoon line, twenty years ago. And though

she had been married three times since, she was trying to keep alive the memory of her first love. I went on, marveling at a primitive fidelity so long enduring.

Still farther along towards the steep slopes of the main coast, I saw Ahwynet, all alone in the gloomy shadow of great cliffs. Her story was told in chants and moans. Her husband and all her children had been swept by an avalanche into the stormy seas. There was a kind of wild poetry in the song of her bereavement. Tears came to my eyes. The rush of the avalanche, the hiss of the wind, the pounding of the seas, were all indicated. And then, in heart-breaking tones, came "blood of her blood, flesh of her flesh, under the frozen waters," and other sentiments which I could not catch in the undertone of sobs.

Cold shivers began to run up my spine, and I turned to retreat to camp. Here was a scene that perhaps a Dante might adequately write about. I cannot. I felt that I, an alien, was intruding into the realm of some strange and mystic sorrow. I felt the sombre thrill of a borderland world not human. These women were communicating with the souls of their dead. To those who had perished in the sea they were telling, ere the gates of ice closed above them, all the news of the past year—things of interest and personal, and even of years before, as far back as they could remember. Almost every family each year loses someone in the sea almost every family was represented by these weeping women, overburdened with their own naive sorrow, and who yet strangely sought to cheer the souls of the disconsolate and desolate dead.

Meanwhile, while the women were weeping and giv

ing their parting messages to the dead, the male members of the tribe, in chants and dramatic dances, were celebrating, in the igloos, the important events of the past year.

Inside, the igloos were dimly lighted with stone blubber lamps. These, during the entire winter, furnish light and heat. The lamp consists of a crescent-shaped stone with a concavity, in which there is animal oil and a line of crushed moss as a wick. Lighted early in the season, for an entire winter, these lamps cast a faint, perpetual, flickering light. Shadows dance grotesquely about on the rounded walls. An oily stench pervades the unventilated enclosure. In this weird, yellow-blackish radiance the men engage in their fantastic dances. Moving the central parts of their bodies to and fro, they utter weird sing-song chants. They recite, in jerky, curious singing, the history of the big events of the year; of successful chases; of notable storms; of everything that means much in their simple lives. As they dance, their voices rise to a high pitch of excitement. Their eyes flash like smoldering coals. Their arms move frantically. Some begin to sob uncontrollably. A hysteria of laughter seizes others. Finally the dance ends; exhausted, they pass into a brief lethargy, from which they revive, their melancholia departed. The women return from the shores of the sea; they wipe their tears, and, with native spontaneity, forget their depression and smile again.

While I was interested in the curious spectacles presented, the sunset of 1907 to me was inspiration for the final work in directing the completion of the outfit with which to begin the conquest of the Pole at sunrise of

1908. Fortunately, I was not handicapped by the company of the usual novices taken on Polar expeditions. There were only two of us white men, and white men, at the best, must be regarded as amateurs compared with the expert efficiency of Eskimos in their own environment. Our food supply contained only the prime factors of primitive nourishment. Special foods and laboratory concoctions and canned delicacies did not fill an important space in our larder. Nor had we balloons, automobiles, motor sleds or other freak devices. We did, however, I have said, have what was of utmost importance, an abundance of the best hickory and metal for the making of the sleds upon which our destinies were vitally to depend.

5138

FIRST WEEK OF THE LONG NIGHT

HUNTING IN THE ARCTIC TWILIGHT—PURSUING BEAR, CARIBOU AND SMALLER GAME IN SEMI-GLOOM

VII

The Glory of the Aurora

The sun had dropped below the horizon. The gloom continued steadily to thicken. Each twenty-four hours, at the approximate approach of what was the noon hour when the sun had been above the horizon, the sky to the south of us glowed with marvelous, subdued sunset hues. By this time our work had gone ahead by progressive stages. Furs, to protect us from the cold of the uttermost North on my prospective trip, had been prepared and were being made into clothing; meat and fat, for food and fuel, were being dried and stored in numerous caches about Annoatok; several of the sledges and part of the equipment were ready.

We still had need of large quantities of supplies, and, while some of the natives were busy with their routine work, we planned that as many others as possible should use the twilight days pursuing bear, caribou, fox, hare and other game far beyond the usual Eskimo haunts. Before the dawn of the sun's afterglow, on the morning of October 26, seven sledges with

sixty dogs were on the ice-foot near our camp, ready
start for hunting grounds near Humboldt Glacier,
distance of one hundred miles northward.*

While the teamsters waited for the final passwo
the dogs chafed fiercely. I could barely see the outlin
of my companions in the gloom, and it was difficult,
the irregular snow and tide-lifted ice descending to s
level, to find footing.

The word to start was given. My companions to
up the cry.

"Huk! Huk! Huk!" (Go! Go!) they shouted.

The dogs responded in leaps and howls.

"Howah! Howah!" (Right! Right!) *"Eg
Egh!"* (Stop! Stop!) *"Aureti!"* (Behave!) came ech
ingly along the line of teams. Finally the wild da
slackened, the dogs regulated their paces to an easy tr
and we swept steadily along the frozen highway of t
tide-made shelf of the ice-foot. The sledges dodg
stones and ice-blocks, edged along dangerous precipic
in the depths of which I heard the swish of water, a
glided miraculously over crevices and along deep gorg
Jumping about the sledges, guiding, pushing, or retar
ing their speed, cracking their whips in the air, t
natives, with that art which only aborigines seem
have, picked the way and controlled the dogs, but a f
generations removed from their wolf progenitors, wi
amazing dexterity.

A low wind blew down the slopes and froze o

**Game List.*—The following animals were captured from August
1907, to May 15, 1909:

Two thousand four hundred and twenty-two birds, 311 Arctic ha
320 blue and white foxes, 32 Greenland reindeer, 4 white reindeer, 22 p
bears, 52 seals, 73 walrus, 21 narwhals, 3 white whales, and 206 musk ox

breath in lines of frost about our heads. The temperature was 35° below zero. To the left of us was Kane Basin, recalling its history of human strife northward. It was filled with serried ranges of crushed ice, a berg here and there, all in the light of the kindling sky, aglow with purple and blue. To the far west I saw the dim outline of Ellesmere, my promised land, over which I hoped to force a new route to the Pole; upon its snowy highlands was poured a soft creamy light from encouraging skies. To the right was the rugged coast of Greenland, its huge, ice-chiselled cliffs leaping portentously forward in the gloom. Thrilling with the race, we made a run of twenty miles and reached Rensselaer Harbor, where Dr. Kane had spent his long nights of misfortune.

We pitched camp at the ice-foot at the head of the bay. Although we found traces of hare and fox, it was too dark to venture on the chase. The temperature had fallen to —40°, the wind pierced with a sharp sting. For my shelter I erected a new tent which I had invented, and the efficiency of which I desired to test. Taking the sledge frame work as a platform, a folding top of strong canvas was fastened, and spread between two bars of hickory from each end. The entrance was in front. Inside was a space eight feet long and three and one-half feet wide, with a round whaleback top. Inside this a supplementary wall was constructed of light blankets, offering an air space of an inch between the outer wall as a non-conductor to confine the little heat generated within. As there was ample room for only two persons, Koo-loo-ting-wah, my leading man, was invited to share the tent. The natives had not provided themselves with shelter of any kind. They had counted on either build-

ing an igloo or seeking the shelter of the snows, as do the creatures of the wilds.

Inside my tent I prepared a meal on the little German stove, burning the vapor of alcohol. The meal consisted of a pail of hot corn meal, fried bacon and a liberal all-round supply of steaming tea. To accomplish this, which included melting the snow, heating the water, and cooking everything separately, required about two hours. As I considered eating outside with any degree of comfort impossible, my companions were invited to crowd inside the tent. The vapor of their breath and that of the cooking soon condensed into snow, and a miniature snowstorm covered everything within. After this was swept out, the Eskimos were invited to enter again. All partook of the meal ravenously, and then emerged to reconnoiter the surroundings. Tracks of ptarmigan, hare and foxes were found, and as we moved about with seeking, owl eyes, ravens shouted notes of welcome.

We then retired to rest. As there was no snow about that was sufficiently hard to cut blocks with which to erect snow houses, the natives placed themselves in semi-reclining positions on their sledges and slept in their traveling clothes. After a few hours they awoke and partook of chopped frozen meat and blubber; two hours later, they made a fire in a tin can, with moss and blubber as fuel, and over this prepared a pot of parboiled meat. A crescent-shaped wall of snow was built to break the wind; in the shelter of this they sat, grinning delightedly, and eating savagely, with much smacking of the lips, the steaming broth and walrus meat. All this I studied with intense interest. I desired on this trip not only to test

my tent, but to learn more of the native arts of the Eskimo, knowing that I, on my Polar trip, must, if I would be successful, adapt myself to just such methods of living.

This was my first winter experience of camping out in the night season for this year, and, with only a diet of meal and bacon, I was miserably cold. I was now testing also for the first time the new winter clothing with which I and all my companions were dressed. Our shirts were made of bird skins. Over these were coats of blue fox or caribou skins; our trousers were of bear, our boots of seal, and our stockings of hare skins. This was the usual native winter costume, but under it I had added a suit of underwear.

Retiring again for rest, I left instructions to be called for an early start. It seemed that I had hardly settled comfortably in my sleeping bag when the call for action came.

We hastily partook of tea and biscuits, harnessed our teams and started through the dark. The Eskimos, having eaten their fill of fat and frozen meat, to which I must yet accustom myself, were thoroughly comfortable. I was miserably cold.

By running behind my sledge I produced sufficient bodily heat after awhile to feel comfortable. My face suffered severely from the cutting slant of the winds. We passed the perpendicular walls of Cape Seiper at dawn. We ran along the long, straight coast into Banroft Bay during the six hours of twilight. The journey was continued to Dallas Bay by a forced march of fifty miles before we halted.

The scene displayed the rare glory of twilight

charms as it had the day before, but the snow w
deeper, the temperature lower. The wind steadily
creased and veered northward. We made several effo
to cross the bay ice, but cracked ice, huge uplifted bloc
and deep snows compelled a retreat to the ice-foot.

The ice-foot along Smith Sound is a superb hig
way, where otherwise sledge travel would be quite i
possible along the coast.

Along Dallas Bay we found a great deal of gra
covered land in undulating valleys and on low hi
which offered grazing for caribou and hare. The p
ceding glimmer of the new moon, which was to rise
few days hence, offered sufficient light to search
game.

We now fed our dogs for the first time since leavi
Annoatok. After a liberal drink of snow water,
started to seek our luck in the chase. In the course
an hour my companions returned with four hares whi
when dressed, weighed about forty-eight pounds. T
of these were cached. The others were eaten later.

Before dawn of the day-long twilight the wi
increased to a full gale. The sky to the north, smo
all night, now blackened as with soot. The wind ca
with a howl that brought to mind the despairing cries
the dying explorers whose bleached bones were stre
along the shore. The gloomy outline of the coast
mained visible for awhile; but soon the air thicker
and came weighted with snow that piled up in hu
drifts.

The Eskimos took a few of their favorite dogs a
sought shelter to the lee of the tent, where drift cove
their blankets with snow. Breathing holes were k

open over their faces. Buried in snow drifts, they were imprisoned for twenty-eight hours. But this tent sled sheltered Koo-loo-ting-wah and myself. When the rush of the storm had abated we began digging our way out. In this effort we dug up men and dogs like potatoes from a patch. The northern sky had paled, the south was brightening. The pack was lined with long lines beyond each hummock; the snow was covered with a strong crust. But the ice-foot was a hopeless line of drifts which made travel over it quite impossible.

The work of pounding snow from the dogs and freeing the sledges brought to our faces beads of perspiration which rolled off and froze in lines of ice on our furs. We were none the worse as a result of the storm, and although hungry as wolves, time was too precious to stop for a full meal.

We now pushed out of the bay, on to the sea ice. At this point the dogs scented a bear and soon crossed its track. Rested and hungry, they were in condition for a desperate chase. Their sharp noses pointed keenly into the huge bear foot-prints, their little ears quivered, while, with howls, they started onward in a mad rush.

Neither our voices nor the whips made an impression on their wild speed. We crossed banks and ridges of snow and swirled about slopes of ice, gripping sledges violently. Now we were thrown to one side, again to the other, dragging resistlessly beside the sleds. Rising, we gripped the rear upstanders with fierce determination.

Just how we escaped broken limbs, and our sledges utter destruction, is a mystery to me. After a run of an hour we sighted the bear. The animal had evidently

sighted us, for he was galloping for the open wat toward the northwest. We cut the fleetest dogs loo from each team. Freed, they rushed over the snow li race-horses. But the bear had an advantage. A the first dog nipped his haunches he plunged into t black waters. We advanced and waited for him to ris But this bruin had sense enough to emerge on the o posite shore, where he shook off the freezing wate vigorously, and then sat down as if to have laugh at us.

I knew that to plunge into the waters would ha been fatal to dog or man and equally fatal to a boat, ice, in the intense cold, would form about it so rapid that it could not be propelled.

The dogs sat down and howled a chorus of sad di appointment. For miles about, the men sought frui lessly for a way to cross. Outwitted, we returned continue our journey Northward.

Advance Bay and its islands were in sight. Amor these, we aimed to place our central camp. The lig was fading fast, and a cold wind came from Humbol Glacier, which at this time was located by a slight dar ening of the sky. Many grounded icebergs were abou and the sea ice was much crossed. The hummocks a the snow were not as troublesome as farther south.

Two ravens followed us, their shrill cries echoi from berg to berg. The Eskimos inferred from th presence that bears were near, but we saw no tracks.

The cries of the ravens were nearly as provoki to the dogs as the bear tracks, and we moved alo rapidly to Brook's Island. This was rather high, with plateau and sharp cliffs. Bonsall Island near by w

rounded by glacial action. Between them we found a place to camp somewhat sheltered from the wind.

While eating our ration of corn meal and bacon, howls of the dogs rose to a fierce crescendo. I supposed they were saluting the coming of the moon, as is their custom, but the howls changed to tones of increasing excitement. We went out to inquire, but saw nothing. It was so dark that I could not see the dogs twenty feet away, and the cold wind made breathing difficult.

"Nan nook" (Bear), the Eskimos said in an undertone. I looked around for some position of defense. But the dense night-blackness rendered this hopeless, so we took our position behind the tent, rifles in hand. The bear, of an inquisitive turn of mind, deliberately advanced upon us. *"Taokoo! taokoo! igloo dia oo-ah-tonie!"* (Look! look! beyond the iceberg!) said the Eskimos. Neither the iceberg nor the bear was visible. After a cold and exciting wait, the bear turned and hid behind another iceberg. We separated a few of the best bear dogs from each other. Bounding off, they disappeared quietly in the darkness. The other dogs were fastened to the sledges, and away we started.

I sat on To-ti-o's sledge, as he had the largest team. We jumped crevasses, and occasionally dipped in open water.

The track of the bear wound about huge bergs which looked in the darkness like nebulous shadows. The dogs, of themselves, followed the invisible line of tracks.

Soon the wolfish dogs ahead began to shout the chorus of their battle. We left the track in an air-line course for the dark mystery out of which the noise came.

To-ti-o took the lead. As we neared the noise, all bu two dogs of his sledge were cut loose. The sledge over turned, I under it. As Koo-loo-ting-wah came along he freed all his dogs. I passed him my new take-dow Winchester.

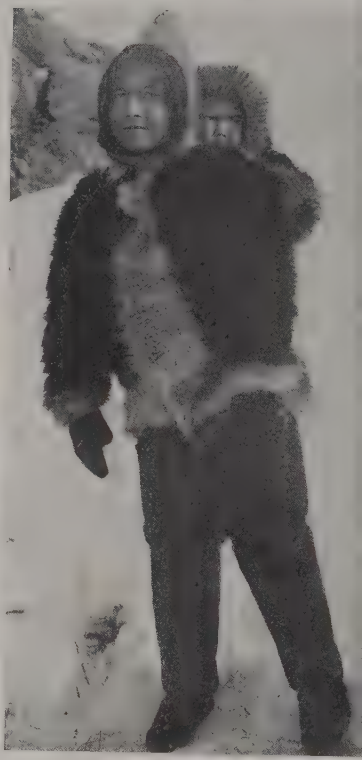
Hurrying after To-ti-o, he had advanced only a fe steps when To-ti-o fired. Koo-loo-ting-wah, noting a effort of the bear to rise, fired the new rifle.

A flash of fire lit the darkness. Koo-loo-ting-wa rushed to me, asking for the folding lantern. Th smokeless powder had broken the new gun. To-ti-o ha no more cartridges. The bear, however, was quiet. W advanced, lances in hand.

The dogs danced wildly about the bear, but h managed to throw out his feet with sufficient force t keep the canine fangs disengaged. The other Eskimo now came, with rushing dogs in advance. To-ti-o dashe forward and delivered the lance under the bear shoulder. The bear was his. He thereby not onl gained the prize for the expedition, but, by the additio of the bear to his game list, completed his retinue of ac complishments whereby he could claim the full privilege of manhood.

Among other things, it gave him the right to marry He had already secured a bride of twelve, but, withou this bear conquest, the match would not have been pe manent. He danced with the romantic joy of a youn lover. We drove the dogs off from the victim wit lashes, and fell to and skinned and dressed the carcas A taste was given to each dog. The balance was place on the sledges. Soon we were to camp, waiting for th sled loads of bear meat.

THE HELPERS—NORTHERNMOST MAN AND HIS WIFE



A MECCA OF MUSK OX ALONG EUREKA SOUND

A NATIVE HELPER

AH-WE-LAH'S PROSPECTIVE WIFE

On the day following we started to hunt caribou. The sky was beautifully clear; the glacial wind was lost as we left the ice. The party scattered among numerous old bergs of the glacier. Koo-loo-ting-wah accompanied me. We aimed to rise to a small tableland from which I might make a study of the surroundings.

We had not gone inland more than a mile when we saw numerous fresh caribou tracks. Following these, we moved along a steep slope to the tableland above at an altitude of about one thousand feet. We peeped over the crest. Below us were two reindeer digging under the snow for food. The light was good, and they were in gun range. An Eskimo, however, gets very near his game before he chances a shot, so, winding about under the crest of a cliff or a snow-covered shelf of rocks, we got to their range and fired.

The creatures fell. They were nearly white, young, and possessed long fur and thick skins, which we needed badly for sleeping bags. With pocket knives, the natives skinned the animals and divided the meat in three packs while I examined the surroundings.

Part of the face of Humboldt Glacier, which extends sixty miles north, was clearly visible in cliffs of a dark blue color. The interior ice ran in waves like the surface of stormy seas, perfectly free of snow, with many crevasses. An odd purplish-blue light upon it was reflected to the skies, resembling to some extent a water sky. The snow of the sea ice below was of a delicate lilac. Otherwise, sky and land were flooded with the usual dominant purple of the Arctic twilight.

This glacier, the largest in Arctic America, had at one time extended very much farther south. All the

islands, including Brook's, had at one time been und its grinding influence. As a picture it was a charmin study in purple and blue, but the temperature was to low and the light too nearly spent to venture a furth investigation.

The Eskimos fixed for me an extremely light pac This was comfortably placed on my back, with a bund of thongs over the forehead. The natives took the huge bundles, and, together, we started for camp. A every rest we cut off slices of caribou tallow. I was su prised to find that I had acquired a taste for a ne delicacy. At camp we found the natives, all in goo humor, awaiting us beside heaps of meat and skins. A had been successful in securing from one to two anima each in regions nearer by. In a further search the had failed to find promising tracks, so we proposed return on the morrow, hoping to meet bears en route.

With the stupor of the gluttony of reindeer me and the fatigue of the long chase, we slept late. Awa ing, we partook each of a cup of tea, and packed ar loaded the meat. Drawing heavy loads, the dogs glad leaped forward. The twilight flush already suffuse the sky with incandescence. Against the southeaste sky, glowing with rose, the great glaciers of Humbol loomed in walls of violet, while the sea displayed mar shades of rose and lilac, according to the direction of t light on the slope of the drifts.

Knowing that their noses pointed to a land of wa rus, the dogs kept up a lively pace. Not a breath air was stirring. The temperature was —42°. Aimi to make Annoatok in two marches, we ran behind t sledges to save dog energy as much as possible. T

old enforced vigorous exercise. But, weighted down y furs, the comfort of the sledges was often sought o escape the tortures of perspiration. The source of ight slowly shifted along shadowed mountains under he frozen sea. Our path glowed with electric, multi-olored splendor.

By degrees, the rose-colored sky assumed the hue of ld gold, the violet embroideries of clouds changed to urple. The gold, in running bands, darkened; the urple thickened. Soon new celestial torches lighted he changing sheen of the snows. Into the dome of eaven swam stars of burning intensity, each of which valled the sun in a miniature way. In this new illumi-ation the twilight fires lost flame and color. Cold hite incandescence electrically suffused the frigid sky.

I strode onward, in that white, blazing air, the joy nd beauty of it enthralling my soul. I felt as though were walking in a world of heatless fire, a half super-atural realm such as that wherein reigned the gods of ncient peoples. I felt as an old Norseman must have elt when the glory of Valhalla burst upon him. For a ng time I was unconscious of the fatigue which was rowing upon me. Finally, overcome by the long orced march, I sank on my sled. The Eskimos, chant-ng songs, loomed ahead, their forms magnified in the nearthly light. Slowly a subtle change appeared along he horizon. Silent and impressed, I watched the chang-ng scenes and evolving lights as if all were some divine nd awe-inspiring stage arranged by God for some eroic drama of man.

New and warm with shimmering veils of color, at-ended by four radiant satellites, the golden face of the

moon rose majestically over the sparkling pinnacles the Greenland glaciers. Below, the lovely plai deflected images formed rainbow curves like rubied ne laces about her invisible neck. As the moon ascen in a spiral course the rose hues paled, the white li from the stars softened to a rich, creamy glow.

We continued our course, the Eskimos singing, dogs occasionally barking. Hours passed. Then all suddenly became silent. The last, the supre glory of the North flamed over earth and frozen The divine fingers of the aurora,* that unseen and tangible thing of flame, who comes from her myst ous throne to smile upon a benighted world, begar touch the sky with glittering, quivering lines of glow silver. With skeins of running, liquid fire she w over the sky a shimmering panorama of blazing bea Forms of fire, indistinct and unhuman, took shape vanished. From horizon to zenith, cascades of m colored fire ascended and fell, as must the magical fo tains of heaven.

In the glory of this other-world light I felt the

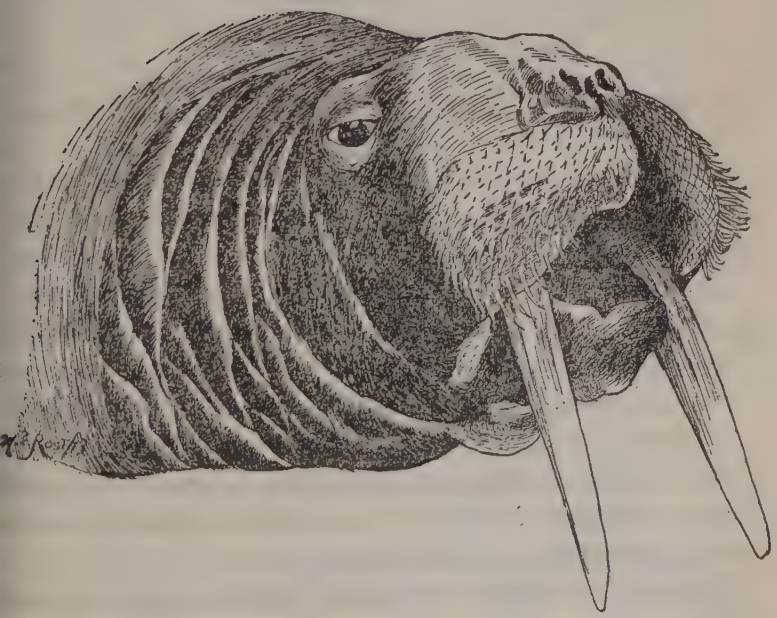
---

*Auroras in the Arctic are best seen in more southern latitudes. display here described was the brightest observed on this trip. Not than three or four others were noted during the following year, b previous trips I have witnessed some very wonderful color and m displays.

The best illustrations of this remarkable color of aurora and come from the brush of Mr. Frank Wilbert Stokes. These were r duced in the *Century Magazine* of February, 1903. After their ap ance, Mr. Peary accorded to Mr. Stokes (a member of his expedition same sort of treatment as he had accorded Astrup—the same as shown to others. In a letter to the late Richard Watson Gilder, edit the *Century*, he denounced and did his utmost to discredit Mr. Stok insisting that no such remarkable colors are displayed by the a borealis. Mr. Gilder replied, in defense of Mr. Stokes, by quoting Peary's own book, "Northward," Vol. II, pages 194, 195, 198 and descriptions of even more remarkable color effects.

significance of self, a human unit; and, withal I became more intensely conscious than ever of the transfiguring influence of the sublime ideal to which I had set myself. I exulted in the thrill of an indomitable determination, that determination of human beings to essay great things—that human purpose which, throughout history, has resulted in the great deeds, the great art, of the world, and which lifts men above themselves. Spiritually intoxicated, I rode onward. The aurora faded. But its glow remained in my soul.

We arrived at camp late on November 1.



THE MOONLIGHT QUEST OF THE WALRUS

DESPERATE AND DANGEROUS HUNTING, IN ORDER
SECURE ADEQUATE SUPPLIES FOR THE POLAR DASH
A THRILLING AND ADVENTUROUS RACE IS MADE OV
FROZEN SEAS AND ICY MOUNTAINS TO THE WALR
GROUNDS—TERRIFIC EXPLOSION OF THE ICE
WHICH THE PARTY HUNTS—SUCCESS IN SECURI
OVER SEVEN SLED-LOADS OF BLUBBER MAKES T
POLE SEEM NEARER—AN ARCTIC TRAGEDY

VIII

Five Hundred Miles Through Night and Sto

The early days of November were devoted to ro
tine work about Annoatok. Meat was gathered a
dried in strips by Francke; a full force of men were p
to the work of devising equipment; the women w
making clothing and dressing skins; and then a traveli
party was organized to go south to gather an additio
harvest of meat and skins and furs. For this purp
we planned to take advantage of the November mo
Thus, in the first week of the month, we were ready
a five-hundred-mile run to the southern villages and
the night-hunting grounds for walrus.

A crack of whips explosively cut the taut, cold
The raucous, weird and hungry howl of the wolf-d

replied: *"Ah-u-oo, Ah-u-oo, Ah-u-oo!"* rolled over the ice; *"Huk-huk!"* the Eskimos shouted. There was a sudden tightening of the traces of our seven sledges; fifty lithe, strong bodies leaped forward; and, holding the upstanders, the rear upright framework of the native sledges, I and my six companions were off. In a few moments the igloos of the village, with lights shining through windows where animal membranes served as glass, had sped by us. The cheering of the natives behind was soon lost in the grind of our sledges on the irregular ice and the joyous, unrestrained barking of the leaping, tearing, restless dog-teams.

To the south of us, a misty orange flush suffused the dun-colored sky. The sun, which we had not seen for an entire month, now late in November far below the horizon, sent to us the dim radiance of a far-away smile. After its setting it had, about noon time of each day, set the sky faintly aglow, this radiance decreasing until it was lost in the brightness of the midday moon. Rising above the horizon, a suspended lamp of frosty, pearl-colored glass, the moon for ten days of twenty-four hours, each month, encircled about us, now lost behind ice-sheeted mountains, again subdued under color films of frost clouds, but always relieving the night of its gloom, and permitting, when the wind was not too turbulent, outside activity.

A wonderful animal is the sea-horse, or whale-horse, as the Icelanders and Dutch (from whom we have borrowed "walrus") call it. In the summer its life is easy and its time is spent in almost perpetual sunny dreams, but in winter it would be difficult to conceive of a harder existence than its own. Finding food in

shallow Polar seas, it comes to permanent open wat
or to the crevasses of an active pack for breath. W
but a few minutes' rest on a storm-swept surface, it e
plores, without other relief for weeks, the double-nig
darkness of unknown depths under the frozen sea.
last, when no longer able to move its huge web feet,
rises on the ice or seeks ice-locked waters for a need
rest. In winter, the thump of its ponderous head kee
the young ice from closing its breathing place. If on i
its thick skin, its blanket of blubber, and an automa
shiver, keep its blood from hardening. This is ma
opportunity to secure meat and fuel, but the quest
volves a task to which no unaided paleface is equal. T
night hunt of the walrus is Eskimo sport, but it is nev
theless sport of a most engaging and exciting order.

So that I might not be compelled to start on
dash stintedly equipped, we now prepared for such
adventure by moonlight. Before this time there h
not been sufficient atmospheric stability and ice co
tinuity to promise comparative safety. My heart e
ulted as I heard the crack of the whips in the elect
air and felt the earth rush giddily under my feet as
leaped behind the speeding teams. The fever of t
quest was in my veins; its very danger lent an ine
scribable thrill, for success now meant more to me th
perhaps hunting had ever meant to any man.

Not long after we started, darkness descended. T
moon slowly passed behind an impenetrable curtain
inky clouds; the orange glow of the sun faded; and
were surrounded on every side by a blackness so th
that it was almost palpable.

As I now recall that mad race I marvel how

escaped smashing sledges, breaking our limbs, crushing our heads. We tumbled and jumped in a frantic race over the broken, irregular pack-ice from Annoatok to Cape Alexander, a distance of thirty miles as the raven moves, but more than forty miles as we follow the sledge trail. Here the ice became thin; we felt cold mist rising from open water; and now and then, in an occasional breaking of the darkness, we could discern vast sheets or snaky leads of open sea ahead of us.

To reach the southern waters where the walrus were to be found, we now had to seek an overland route, which would take us over the frozen Greenland mountains and lead us through the murky clouds, a route of twisting detours, gashed glaciers, upturned barriers of rock and ice, swept by blinding winds, unmarked by any trail, and which writhed painfully beyond us for forty-seven miles.

Arriving at the limit of traversable sea-ice, we now paused before sloping cliffs of glacial land-ice which we had to climb. Picture to yourself a vast glacier rising precipitously, like a gigantic wall, thousands of feet above you, and creeping tortuously up its glassy, purple face, if such that surface could be called, formed by the piling of one glacial formation upon the other in the descent through the valleys, a twisting, retreating road of jagged ice strata, of earth and stone, blocked here and there by apparently impassable impediments, pausing at almost unscalable, frozen cliffs, and at times no wider than a few yards. Imagine yourself pausing, as we suddenly did, and viewing the perilous ascent, the only way open to us, revealed in the passing glimmer of the pale, circling moon, despair,

fear and hope tugging at your heart. Whipped acro the sky by the lashing winds, the torn clouds, passin the face of the moon, cast magnified and grotesque gesticulating shadows on the glistening face of the ic Gibraltar before us. Some of these misty shap seemed to threaten, others shook their rag-like arm beckoning forward. Upon the face of the towerin perpendicular ice-wall, great hummocks like t gnarled black limbs of a huge tree twisted upwards.

I realized that the frightful ascent must be mad The goal of my single aim suddenly robbed the clim of its terrors. I dropped my whip. Six other whi cracked through the air. Koo-loo-ting-wah said, *"Ka Kah!"* (Come, come!) But Sotia said, *"Iodaria-Io aria!"* (Impossible, impossible!) The dogs emitt shrill howls. Holding the rear upstanders of t sledges, we helped to push them forward.

Before us, the fifty dogs climbed like cats throug narrow apertures of the ice, or took long leaps over t serried battlements that barred our way. We stumbl after, sometimes we fell. Again we had to lift t sledges after the dogs.

From the top of the glacier a furious wind brush us backwards. We felt the steaming breath of t laboring dogs in our faces. My heart thumped pai fully. Now and then the moon disappeared; we fo lowed the unfailing instinct of the animals. I realiz that a misstep might plunge me to a horrible death the ice abysm below. With a howl of joy from drive the dogs finally leaped to the naked surface of t wind-swept glacier. Panting in indescribable reli we followed. But the worst part of the journey l

before us. The sable clouds, like the curtain of some cyclopean stage, seemed suddenly drawn aside as if by an invisible hand.

Upon the illimitable stretch of ice rising before us like the slopes of a glass mountain, the full rays of the moon poured liquid silver. Only in dreams had such a scene as this been revealed to me—in dreams of the enchanted North—which did not now equal reality. The spectacle filled me with both awed delight and a sense of terror.

Beyond the fan-shaped teams of dogs the eyes ran over fields of night-blackened blue, gashed and broken by bottomless canyons which twisted like purple serpents in every direction. Vast expanses of smooth surface, polished by the constant winds, reflected the glow of the moon and gleamed like isles of silver in a motionless, deep, sapphire sea; but all was covered with the air of night. In the moonlight, the jagged irregular contours of the broken ice became touched with a burning gilt. A constant effect like running quicksilver played about us as the moon sailed around the heavens.

Above us the ice pinnacles were lost in the clouds, huge billowy masses that were blown in the wind troublously, like the heavy black tresses of some Titan woman. I thrilled with the beauty of the magical spectacle, yet, when I viewed the perilous pathway, I felt the grip of terror again at my heart.

I was aroused from my brief revérie by the familiar "*Huk-huk! Ah-gah! Ah-gah!*" of the Eskimos, and placing our hands upon the sledges, we leaped forward into the purple-gashed sea, with its blinding sheets of

silver. I seemed carried through a world such as th
old Norsemen sang of in the sagas.

Of a sudden, as though extinguished, the moo
light faded, huge shadows leaped onto the ice before u
frenziedly waved their arms and melted into the pitc
black darkness which descended. I had read ima
inative tales of wanderings in the nether region of th
dead, but only now did I have a faint glimmering
the terror (with its certain, exultant intoxicatio
which lost souls must feel when they wander in a dar
ness beset with invisible horrors.

Over the ice, cut with innumerable chasms an
neck-breaking irregularities, we rushed in the dar
The wind moaned down from the despairing cloud-e
folded heights above; it tore through the bottomle
gullies on every side with a hungry roar. Beads
perspiration rolled down my face and froze into icicl
on my chin and furs. The temperature was 48° belo
zero.

Occasionally we stopped a moment to gasp f
breath. I could hear the panting of my companion
the labor of the dogs. A few seconds' inaction w
followed by convulsive shivering; the pain of stoppi
was more excruciating than that of climbing. In th
darkness, the calls of the invisible Eskimos to the do
seemed like the weird appeals of disembodied things.
felt each moment the imminent danger of a frightf
death; yet the dogs with their marvelous intuitio
twisting this way and that, and sometimes retreatin
sensed the open leads ahead and rushed forward safe

At times I felt the yawning depth of ice canyo
immediately by my side—that a step might plunge

into the depths. Desperately I held on to the sledges, and was dragged along. Such an experience might well turn the hair of the most expert Alpinist white in one night; yet I did not have time to dwell fully upon the dangers, and I was carried over a trip more perilous than, later, proved the actual journey on sea-ice to the Pole.

Occasionally the moon peered forth from its clouds and brightened the gloom. In its light the ice fields swam dizzily by us, as a landscape seen from the window of a train; the open gashed gullies writhed like snakes, pinnacles dancing like silver spears. By alternate running and riding we managed to keep from freezing and sweating. We finally reached an altitude of inland ice exceeding two thousand feet. Silver fog crept under our feet. We were traveling now in a world of clouds.

We paced twelve miles at a rapid speed. In the light of the moon-burned clouds which rolled about our heads, I could see the forms of my companions only indistinctly. The dogs ahead were veiled in the argent, tremulous mists; the ice sped under me; I was no longer conscious of an earthly footing; I might have been soaring in space.

We began to descend. Suddenly the dogs started in leaps to fly through the air. Our sleds were jerked into clouds of cutting snow. We jabbed our feet into the drift to check the mad speed. On each side we saw a huge mountain, seemingly thousands of feet above us, but ahead was nothing but the void of empty space. Soon the sledges shot beyond the dogs. We threw ourselves off to check the momentum. With dog intelli-

gence and savage strength judiciously expended, w reached the sea level by flying flights over dangerou slopes, and, like cats, we landed on nimble feet i Sontag Bay.

A bivouac was arranged under a dome of snow blocks, and exhausted by the mad journey, a sleep o twenty-four hours was indulged in.

Now, for a time, our task was easier. A cours was set along the land, southward. Each of the nativ settlements was visited. The season's gossip was ex changed. Presents went into each household, and return of furs and useful products filled our sledges Thus the time was occupied in profitable visits durin the feeble light of the November moon. With th December moon we returned northward to Ser-wah ding-wah.

Then our struggle began anew for the walru grounds. The Polar drift, forcing through Smit Sound, left an open space of water about ten mile south of Cape Alexander. This disturbed area was ou destination. It was marked by a dark cloud, a "water sky"—against the pearly glow of the southern heavens The ice surface was smooth. We did not encounte the crushed heaps of ice of the northern route, bu there were frequent crevasses which, though cemente with new ice, gave us considerable anxiety, for I real ized that if a northwesterly storm should suddenly strik the pack we might be carried helplessly adrift.

The urgency of our mission to secure dog food however, left no alternative. It was better to brav death now, I thought, than to perish from scant supplie on the Polar trip. We had not gone far before th

ever-keen canine noses detected bear tracks on the ice. These we shot over the pack surface in true battle spirit. As the bears were evidently bound for the same hunting grounds, this course was accepted as good enough for us. Although the trail was laid in a circuitous route, it avoided the most difficult pressure angles. We traveled until late in the day. The moon was low, and the dark purple hue of the night blackened the snows.

Of a sudden we paused. From a distance came a low call of walrus bulls. The bass, nasal bellow was muffled by the low temperature, and did not thump the ear drums with the force of the cry in sunny summer. My six companions shouted with glee, and became almost hysterical with excitement. The dogs, hearing the call, howled and jumped to jerk the sledges. We dropped our whips, and they responded with all their brute force in one bound. It was difficult to hold to the sledges as we shot over the blackening snows.

The ice-fields became smaller as we advanced; dangerous thin ice intervened; but the owl-eyes of the Eskimos knew just where to find safe ice. The sounds increased as we approached. We descended from the snow-covered ice to thin, black ice and for a time I felt as if we were flying over the open surface of the deep. With a low call, the dogs were stopped. They were detached from the sledges and tied to holes drilled with a knife in ice boulders.

Pushing the sledges upon which rested the harpoon, the lance, the gun and knives, each one of us advanced at some distance from his neighbor. Soon, lines of mist told of dangerous breaks, and the ice was

carefully tested with the spiked shaft before ventu
ing farther. I was behind Koo-loo-ting-wah's sled
While he was creeping up to the water's edge, the
came the rush of a spouting breath so near that
seemed to feel the crystal spray. I took his place a
pushed the sledge along.

Taking the harpoon, with stealthy strides Koo-lo
ting-wah moved to the water's edge and waited for t
next spout. We heard other spouts in various dir
tions, and in the dark water, slightly lighted by t
declining moon, we saw other dark spots of spra
Suddenly a burst of steam startled me. It was ne
the ice where Koo-loo-ting-wah lay. I was about
shout, but the Eskimo turned, held up his hand a
whispered *"Ouit-ou."* (Wait.)

Then, very slowly, he lowered his body, spread o
his form on the ice, and startlingly imitated the w
rus call. His voice preternaturally bellowed throu
the night. Out of the inky water, a walrus lifted
head. I saw its long, white, spiral, ivory tusk and t
phosphorescent eyes. Koo-loo-ting-wah did not st
I shivered with cold and impatience. Why did he n
strike? Our prey seemed within our hands. I utter
an exclamation of vexed disappointment when, with
splash, the head disappeared, leaving on the water
line of algae fire.

For several minutes I stood gazing seaward. F
away on the black ocean, to my amazement, I s
lights appearing like distant lighthouse signals, or t
mast lanterns on passing ships. They flashed a
suddenly faded, these strange will-o'-the wisps of t
Arctic sea. In a moment I realized that the lights w

caused by distant icebergs crashing against one another. On the bergs as on the surface of the sea, as it happened now, were coatings of a teeming germ life, the same which causes phosphorescence in the trail of an ocean ship. The effect was indescribably weird.

Suddenly I jumped backward, appalled by a noise that reverberated shudderingly under the ice on which I stood. The ice shook as if with an earthquake. I hastily retreated, but Koo-loo-ting-wah, lying by the water's edge, never stirred. A dead man could not have been less responsive. While I was wondering as to the cause of the upheaval, the ice, within a few feet of Koo-loo-ting-wah, was suddenly torn asunder as if by a submarine explosion. Koo-loo-ting-wah leaped into the air and descended apparently toward the distending space of turbulent open water. I saw him raise his arm and deliver a harpoon with amazing dexterity; at the same instant I had seen also the white tusk and phosphorescent eyes of a walrus appear for a moment in the black water and then sink.

The harpoon had gone home; the line was run out; a spiked lance shaft was driven into the ice through a loop in the end of the line, and the line was thus fastened. We knew the wounded beast would have to rise for air. With rifle and lance ready, we waited, intending, each time a spout of water arose, to drive holes into the tough armor of skin until the beast's vitals were tapped. By feeling the line, I could sense the struggles of the wild creature below in the depths of the sea. Then the line would slacken, a spout of steam would rise from the water, Koo-loo-ting-wah would drive a spear, I a shot from my gun. The air

would become oppressive with the creature's frightfu bellowing. Then would come an interval of silence.

For about two hours we kept up the battle. The the line slackened, Koo-loo-ting-wah called the other and together we drew the huge carcass, steaming wit blood, to the surface of the ice. Smelling the odorou wet blood, the dogs exultantly howled.

Falling upon the animal, the natives, trained i the art, with sharp knives had soon dressed the thic meat and blubber from the bones and lashed the welte ing mass on a sledge. This done, with quick despatch they separated, dashed along the edge of the ice, castin harpoons whenever the small geysers appeared on th water. We were in excellent luck. One walrus afte another was dragged lumberingly on the ice, and in th course of several hours the seven sledges were heavil loaded with the precious supplies which would no enable me, liberally equipped, to start Poleward. W gave our dogs a light meal, and started landward, leav ing great piles of walrus meat behind us on the ice.

Although we were tired on reaching land, we bega to build several snow-houses in which to sleep. Not fa away was an Eskimo village. Summoning the native to help us bring in the spoils of the hunt which had bee left on the ice, we first indulged in a gluttonous fea of uncooked meat, in which the dogs ravenously joine The meat tasted like train-oil. The work of bringin in the meat and blubber and caching it for subsequen gathering was hardly finished when, from the ominou glacial-covered highlands, a winter blast suddenly be gan to come with terrific and increasing fury.

Blinding gusts of snow whipped the frozen eart

The wind shrieked fiendishly. Above its roar, not three hours after our last trip on the ice, a resounding, crashing noise rose above the storm. Braving the blasts, I went outside the igloo. Through the darkness I could see white curvatures of piling sea-ice. I could hear the rush and crashing of huge floes and glaciers being carried seaward. Had we waited another day, had we been out on the ice seeking walrus just twenty-four hours after our successful hunt, we should have been carried away in the sudden roaring gale, and hopelessly perished in the wind-swept deep.

During the night, or hours usually allotted to rest, the noise continued unabated. I failed to sleep. Now and then, a crashing noise shivered through the storm. An igloo from the nearby settlement was swept into the sea. During the gale many of the natives who had retired with their clothes hung out to dry, awoke to find that the wind had robbed them of their valuable winter furs.

Some time along in the course of the night, I heard outside excited Eskimos shouting. There was terror in the voices. Arising and dressing hastily, I rushed into the teeth of the storm. Not far away were a number of natives rushing along the land some twenty feet beneath which the sea lapped the land-ice with furious tongues. They had cast lines into the sea and were shouting, it seemed, to someone who was struggling in the hopeless, frigid tumult of water.

I soon learned of the dreadful catastrophe. Kyin-a, an old and cautious native, awakened by the storm a brief while before, after dressing himself, ventured outside his stone house to secure articles which he had

left there. As was learned later, he had just tied sledge to a rock when a gust of wind resistlessly rush seaward, lifted the aged man from his feet, and dropp him into the sea. Through the storm, his dread cries attracted his companions. Some who were n tugging at the lines, were barely covered with fur ru which they had thrown about them, and their lim were partly bare. Now and then, a blinding gust wind, filled with freezing snow crystals, almost lift us from our feet. The sea lapped its tongues sicke ingly below us.

Finally a limp body, ice-sheeted, dripping w water, yet clinging with its mummied frozen hands the line, was hauled up on the ice. Ky-un-a, unco scious, was carried to his house about five hundred f away. There, after wrapping him in furs, in a bra effort to save his life, the natives cut open his fur g ments. The fur, frozen solid by the frigid blasts in brief period which had elapsed since his being lifted fr the water, took with it, in parting from his body, lo patches of skin, leaving the quivering raw flesh expos as though by a burn. For three days the aged man dying, suffering excruciating tortures, the victim merely a common accident, which at any time may ha pen to anyone of these Spartan people. I shall ne forget the harrowing moans of the suffering man pie ing the storm. Perhaps it had been merciful to let h perish in the sea.

Ky-un-a's old home was some forty miles dista To it, that he might die there, he desired to go. On fourth day after the accident, he was placed in a litt covered with warm furs, and borne over the smooth i

fields. I shall never forget that dismal and solemn procession. A benign calm prevailed over land and sea. The orange glow of a luxurious moon set the ice coldly aflame. Long shadows, like spectral mourners, robed in purple, loomed before the tiny procession. Now and then, as they dwindled in the distance, I saw them, like black dots, crossing areas of polished ice which glowed like mirror lakes of silver. From the distance, softly shuddered the decreasing moans of the dying man; then there was silence. I marvelled again upon the lure of this eerily, weirdly beautiful land, where, always imminent, death can be so terrible.

MIDNIGHT AND MID-WINTER

THE EQUIPMENT AND ITS PROBLEMS—NEW ART IN TH MAKING OF SLEDGES COMBINING LIGHTNESS—PRO RESS OF THE PREPARATIONS—CHRISTMAS, WITH I GLAD TIDINGS AND AUGURIES FOR SUCCESS IN QUE OF THE POLE

IX

The Coming of the Eskimo Stork

In planning for the Polar dash I appreciated ful the vital importance of sledges. These, I realize must possess, to an ultimate degree, the combin strength of steel with the lightness and elasticity the strongest wood. The sledge must neither be flim nor bulky; nor should it be heavy or rigid. After careful study of the art of sledge-traveling from t earliest time to the present day, after years of sledgi and sledge observation in Greenland, the Antarctic a Alaska, I came to the conclusion that success was d pendent, not upon any one type of sledge, but up local fitness.

All natives of the frigid wilds have devised sledg traveling and camp equipment to fit their local nee The collective lessons of ages are to be read in this d velopment of primitive sledge traveling. If these wi people had been provided with the best material fr

which to work out their hard problems of life, then it is probable that their methods could not be improved. But neither the Indian nor the Eskimo was ever in possession of either the tools or the raw material to fit their inventive genius for making the best equipment. Therefore, I had studied first the accumulated results of the sledge of primitive man and from this tried to construct a sledge with its accessories in which were included the advantages of up-to-date mechanics with the use of the most durable material which a search of the entire globe had afforded me.*

The McClintock sledges, made of bent wood with wide runners, had been adopted by nearly all explorers, under different names and with considerable modifications, for fifty years. This sledge is still the best type for deep soft snow conditions, for which it was originally intended. But such snow is not often found on the ice of the Polar sea. The native sledge which Peary copied, although well adapted to local use along the ice-foot and the land-adhering pack, is not the best sledge for a trans-boreal run. This is because it is too heavy and too easily broken, and breakable in such a way that it cannot be quickly repaired.

---

*The so-called "Jesup" sled, which Mr. Peary used on his last Polar trip, is a copy of the Eskimo sledge, a lumbering, unwieldy thing weighing over one hundred pounds and which bears the same relation to a refined bent-hickory vehicle that a lumber cart does to an express wagon. In this "Jesup" sledge there is a dead weight of over fifty pounds of useless wood. The needless weight thus carried can, in a better sledge, be replaced by fifty pounds of food. This fifty pounds will feed one man over the entire route to the Pole. Mr. Peary claims that the Pole is not reachable without this sled, but Borup, in his book, reports that most of the sledges were broken at the first trial.

Since an explorer's success is dependent upon his ability to transport food it behooves him to eliminate useless weight. Therefore, the solid runner sled is as much out of place as a solid wood wheel would be in an automobile.

For the Arctic pack, a sledge must be of a modera length, with considerable width. Narrow runners off less friction and generally give sufficient bearing su face. The other qualities vital to quick movement a durability are lightness, elasticity and interchangeabili of parts. All of these conditions I planned to meet a new pattern of sledge which should combine the dur bility of the Eskimo sledges and the lightness of t Yukon sledge of Alaska.

The making of a suitable sledge caused me a goo deal of concern. Before leaving New York I ha taken the precaution of selecting an abundance of t best hickory wood in approximately correct sizes f sledge construction. Suitable tools had also been pr vided. Now, as the long winter with its months darkness curtailed the time of outside movement, t box-house was refitted as a workshop. From eight ten men were at the benches, eight hours each da shaping and bending runners, fitting and lashing inte changeable cross bars and posts, and riveting the iro shoes. Thus the sledge parts were manufactured possess the same facilities to fit not only all oth sledges, but also other parts of the same sledge. I therefore, part of a sledge should be broken, other par of a discarded sledge could offer repair sections easil

The general construction of this new sledge easily understood from the various photographs pr sented. All joints were made elastic by seal-thon lashings. The sledges were twelve feet long and thir inches wide; the runners had a width of an inch and a eighth. Each part and each completed sledge w thoroughly tested before it was finally loaded for t

long run. For dog harness, the Greenland Eskimo pattern was adopted. But canine habits are such that when rations are reduced to minimum limits the leather strips disappear as food. To obviate this disaster, the shoulder straps were made of folds of strong canvas, while the traces were cut from cotton log line.

A boat is an important adjunct to every sledge expedition which hopes to venture far from its base of operations. It is a matter of necessity, even when following a coast line, as was shown by the mishap of Mylius Erickson, for if he had had a boat he would himself have returned to tell the story of the Danish Expedition to East Greenland.

Need for a boat comes with the changing conditions of the advancing season. Things must be carried for several months for a chance use in the last stages of the return. But since food supplies are necessarily limited, delay is fatal, and therefore, when open water prevents advance, a boat is so vitally necessary as to become a life preserver. Foolish indeed is the explorer who pays slight attention to this important problem.

The transportation of a boat, however, offers many serious difficulties. Nansen introduced the kayak, and most explorers since have followed his example. The Eskimo canoe serves the purpose very well, but to carry it for three months without hopeless destruction requires so tremendous an amount of energy as to make the task practically impossible.

Sectional boats, aluminum boats, skin floats and other devices had been tried, but to all there is the same fatal objection on a Polar trip, of impossible trans-

portation. But it seems odd that the ordinary folding canvas boat has not been pressed into this service.

We found such a canoe boat to fit the situation exactly, and selected a twelve-foot Eureka-shaped boat with wooden frame. The slats, spreaders and floor-pieces were utilized as parts of sledges. The canvas cover served as a floor cloth for our sleeping bags. Thus the boat did useful service for a hundred days and never seemed needlessly cumbersome. When the craft was finally spread for use as a boat, in it we carried the sledge, in it we sought game for food, and in it or under it we camped. Without it we could never have returned.

Even more vital than the choice of sledges, more vital than anything else, I knew, in such a trip as I proposed, is the care of the stomach. From the published accounts of Arctic traveling it is impossible to learn a fitting ration, and I hasten to add that I well realized that our own experience may not solve the problem for future expeditions. The gastronomic need differs with every man. It differs with every expedition, and it is radically different with every nation. Thus, when De Gerlache, with good intentions, forced Norwegian food into French stomachs, he learned that there is a nationality in gastronomics. Nor is it safe to listen to scientific advice, for the stomach is arbitrary and stands as autocrat over every human sense and passion and will not easily yield to dictates.

In this respect, as in others, I was helped very much by the natives. The Eskimo is ever hungry, but his taste is normal. Things of doubtful value in nutrition form no part in his dietary. Animal food, con-

sisting of meat and fat, is entirely satisfactory as a steady diet without other adjuncts. His food requires neither salt nor sugar, nor is cooking a matter of necessity.

Quantity is important, but quality applies only to the relative proportion of fat. With this key to gastronomics, pemmican was selected as the staple food, and it would also serve equally well for the dogs.

We had an ample supply of pemmican, which was made of pounded dried beef, sprinkled with a few raisins and some currants, and slightly sweetened with sugar. This mixture was cemented together with heated beef tallow and run into tin cans containing six pounds each.

This combination was invented by the American Indian, and the supply for this expedition was made by Armour of Chicago after a formula furnished by Captain Evelyn B. Baldwin. Pemmican had been used before as part of the long list of foodstuffs for Arctic expeditions, but with us there was the important difference that it was to be almost entirely the whole bill of fare when away from game haunts. The palate surprises in our store were few.

By the time Christmas approached I had reason indeed for rejoicing. Although this happy season meant little to me as a holiday of gift-giving and feasting, it came with auguries for success in the thing my heart most dearly desired, and compared to which earth had nothing more alluring to give.

Our equipment was now about complete. In the box house were tiers of new sledges, rows of boxes and piles of bags filled with clothing, canned supplies,

dried meat, and sets of strong dog harness. T
food, fuel and camp equipment for the Polar dash we
ready. Everything had been thoroughly tested and p
aside for a final examination. Elated by our succes
and filled with gratitude to the faithful natives, I d
clared a week of holidays, with rejoicing and feastin
Feasting was at this time especially desirable, for
had now to fatten up for the anticipated race.

Christmas day in the Arctic does not dawn with t
glow which children in waking early to seek their b
decked tree, view outside their windows in more sout
ern lands. Both Christmas day and Christmas nig
are black. Only the stars keep their endless watch
the cold skies.

Standing outside my igloo on the happy night,
gazed at the Pole Star, the guardian of the goal
sought, and I remembered with a thrill the story of th
mysterious star the Wise Men had followed, of t
wonders to which it led them, and I felt an awed reve
ence for the Power that set these unfaltering beaco
above the earth and had written in their golden trac
with a burning pen, veiled and unrevealed destini
which men for ages have tried to learn.

I retired to sleep with thoughts of home. I thoug
of my children, and the bated expectancy with whi
they were now going to bed, of their hopefulness of t
morrow, and the unbounded joy they would have in gi
to which I could not contribute. I think tears th
night wet my pillow of furs. But I would give the
if I did not fail, the gift of a father's achievement,
which, with a glow, I felt they should be proud.

The next morning the natives arrived at the b

house early. It had been cleared of seamstresses and workmen the day before, and put in comparatively spick and span order. I had told the natives they were to feed to repletion during the week of holiday, an injunction to the keeping of which they did not need much urging.

Early Christmas morning, men and women began working overtime on the two festive meals which were to begin that day and continue daily.

About this time, the most important duty of our working force had been to uncover caches and dig up piles of frozen meat and blubber. Of this, which possesses the flavor and odor of Limburger cheese, and also the advantage, if such it be, of intoxicating them, the natives are particularly fond. While a woman held a native torch of moss dipped in oils and pierced with a stick, the men, by means of iron bars and picks, dug up boulders of meat just as coal is forced from mines.

A weird spectacle was this, the soft light of the blubber lamp dancing on the spotless snows, the soot-covered faces of the natives grinning while they worked. The blubber was taken close to their igloos and placed on raised platforms of snow, so as to be out of reach of the dogs. Of this meat and blubber, which was served raw, partially thawed, cooked and also frozen, the natives partook during most of their waking hours. They enjoyed it, indeed, as much as turkey was being relished in my far-away home.

Moreover they had, what was an important delicacy, native ice cream. This would not, of course, please the palate of those accustomed to the American delicacy, but to the Eskimo maiden it possesses all the

lure of creams, sherberts or ice cream sodas. With us sugar in the process of digestion turns into fat, and fa into body fuel. The Eskimo, having no sugar, yearn for fat, and it comes with the taste of sweets.

The making of native ice cream is quite a task. watched the process of making it Christmas day with amused interest. The native women must have a mix ture of oils from the seal, walrus and narwhal. Wal rus and seal blubber is frozen, cut into strips, and pounded with great force so as to break the fat cells This mass is now placed in a stone pot and heated to the temperature of the igloo, when the oil slowly sepa rates from the fibrous pork-like mass. Now, tallow from the suet of the reindeer or musk ox is secured, cut into blocks and given by the good housewife to her daugh ters, who sit in the igloo industriously chewing it unti the fat cells are crushed. This masticated mass is placed in a long stone pot over the oil flame, and the tallow reduced from it is run into the fishy oil of the walru or seal previously prepared.

This forms the body of native ice cream. Fo flavoring, the housewife has now a variety from whic to select. This usually consists of bits of cooked meat moss flowers and grass. Anticipating the absence o moss and grass in the winter, the natives, during th hunting season, take from the stomachs of reindeer and musk oxen which are shot, masses of partly digested grass which is preserved for winter use. This, whic has been frozen, is now chipped in fragments, thawed and, with bits of cooked meats, is added to the mixed fats. It all forms a paste the color of pistache, with oc casional spots like crushed fruit.

The mixture is lowered to the floor of the igloo, which, in winter, is always below the freezing point, and into it is stirred snow water. The churned composite gradually brightens and freezes as it is beaten. When completed, it looks very much like ice cream, but it has the flavor of cod liver oil, with a similar odor. Nevertheless, it has nutritive qualities vastly superior to our ice cream, and stomach pains rarely follow an engorgement.

With much glee, the natives finished their Christmas repast with this so-called delicacy. For myself a tremendous feast was prepared, consisting of food left by the yacht and the choicest meat from the caches. My menu consisted of green turtle soup, dried vegetables, caviar on toast, olives, Alaskan salmon, crystallized potatoes, reindeer steak, buttered rice, French peas, apricots, raisins, corn bread, Huntley and Palmer biscuits, cheese and coffee.

As I sat eating, I thought with much humor of the curious combinations of caviar and reindeer steak, of the absurd contradiction in eating green turtle soup beyond the Arctic circle. I ate heartily, with more gusto than I ever partook of delicious food in the Waldorf Astoria in my far-away home city. After dinner I took a long stroll on snow shoes. As I looked at the star-lamps swung in heaven, I thought of Broadway, with its purple-pale strings of lights, and its laughing merry-makers on this festive evening.

I did not, I confess, feel lonely. I seemed to be getting something so much more wholesome, so much more genuine from the vast expanse of snow and the unhidden heavens which, in New York, are seldom seen.

Returning to the box-house, I ended Christmas eveni with Edgar Allen Poe and Shakespeare as compa ions.

The box-house in which I lived was amply co fortable. It did not possess the luxury of a civiliz house, but in the Arctic it was palatial. The inter fittings had changed somewhat from time to time, b now things were arranged in a permanent setting. T little stove was close to the door. The floor measur sixteen feet in length and twelve feet in width. On o side the empty boxes of the wall made a pantry, on t other side were cabinets of tools, and unfinished sled and camp material.

With a step we rose to the next floor. On ea side was a bunk resting on a bench. The bench w used as a bed, a work bench and seat. The long re bench was utilized as a sewing table for the seamstress and also for additional seating capacity. In the cen was a table arranged around a post which support the roof. Sliding shelves from the bunks formed tab seats. A yacht lamp fixed to the post furnished amp light. There was no other furniture. All of our nee were conveniently placed in the open boxes of the wa

The closet room therefore was unlimited. In t boxes near the floor, in which things froze hard, t perishable supplies were kept. In the next tier the was alternate freezing and thawing. Here we stor lashings and skins that had to be kept moist. The ti above, usually warm and dry under the roof, were us for various purposes. There, fresh meat in strips, dr crisp in three days. Taking advantage of this, we h made twelve hundred pounds of dog pemmican fr

THE CAPTURE OF A BEAR
ROUNDING UP A HERD OF MUSK OXEN

walrus meat. In the gable we placed furs and instruments.

The temperature changed remarkably as the thermometer was lifted. On the floor in the lower boxes, it fell as low as —20°. Under the bunks on the floor, it was usually —10°. The middle floor space was above the freezing point. At the level of the bunk the temperature was +48°. At the head, standing, +70°, and under the roof, —105°.

We contrived to keep perfectly comfortable. Our feet and legs were always dressed for low temperature, while the other portions of our body were lightly clad. There was not the usual accumulation of moisture except in the lower boxes, where it reinforced the foundation of the structure and did no harm. From the hygienic standpoint, with the material at hand, we could not have improved the arrangement. The ventilation was by small openings, mostly along the corners, which thus drew heat to remote angles. The value of the long stove pipe was made evident by the interior accumulation of ice. If we did not remove the ice every three or four days the draft was closed by atmospheric humidity condensed from the draft drawn through the fire. From within, the pipe was also a splendid supplementary heater, as it led by a circuitous route about the vestibule before the open air was reached, thus keeping the workshop somewhat warm. Two Eskimo lamps gave the added heat and light for the sledge builders.

From Christmas Day until New Year's there were daily feasts for the natives. I luxuriated in a long rest, spending my time taking walks and reading. I got a sort of pleasure by proxy in watching the delight of these

primal people in real food, food which, although to horribly unpalatable, never gives indigestion. T period was one of real Christmas rejoicing in many sn homes, and the spirit, although these people had ne heard of the Christ child, was more truly in keeping w this holiday than it often is in lands where, in ostent tious celebration, the real meaning is lost.

Wandering from igloo to igloo, to extend greetin and thanks for their faithful work, I was often touch by the sounds of thin, plaintive voices in the darkne Each time a pang touched my heart, and I remember the time when I first heard my own baby girl's w voice. The little ones had begun to arrive. The Es mo stork, at igloo after igloo, was leaving its Christm gift.

For some time before Christmas, Cla-you, eas our best seamstress, had not come for her assig ment of sewing. To her had been given the delica task of making hare skin stockings; but she had l interest in needle-work and complained of not feeli well. E-ve-lue (Mrs. Sinue) was completing her ta Ac-po-di-soa (the big bird), Cla-you's husband, wh we called Bismark, had also deserted the bench wh he had been making sledges. For his absence there w no explanation, for neither he nor his wife had e shirked duties before. To solve the mystery I went his igloo during Christmas week. There I first g news from the stork world. The boreal stork comes a special season of the year, usually a few weeks af midnight when there is little else to interest the peop This season comes nine months after the days budding passions in April, the first Arctic month

the year when all the world is happy. In the little underground home, the anticipated days of the stork visit were made interesting by a long line of preparations.

A prospective mother is busy as a bee in a charming effort to make everything new for the coming little one. All things about must be absolutely new if possible. Even a new house must be built. This places the work of preparation quite as much on the father as on the mother. There is in all this a splendid lesson in primitive hygiene.

To examine, first, the general home environment; there is a little girl four years old still taking nature's substitute for the bottle. She looks about for a meaning of all the changes about the home, but does not understand. You enter the new house on hands and knees through an entrance twelve or fifteen feet long, crowding upwards into an ever-open door just large enough to pass the shoulders. You rise into a dungeon oblong in shape. The rear two-thirds of this is raised about fifteen inches and paved with flat-rock. Upon this the furs are spread for a bed. The forward edge forms a seat. The space ahead of this is large enough for three people to stand at once. On each side there is a semi-circular bulge. In these are placed the crescent-shaped stone dishes, in which moss serves as a wick to burn blubber. Over this blubber flame, there is a long stone pot in which snow is melted for water and meats are occasionally cooked. Over this there is a drying rack for boots and furs. There is no other furniture. This house represents the home of the Eskimo family at its best. Do what she will, the best house-

wife cannot free it of oil and soot. It is not, indeed, a fit place for the immaculate stork to come.

For months, the finest furs have been gathered to prepare a new suit for the mother. Slowly one article of apparel after another has been completed and put aside. The boots, called *kamik,* are of sealskin, bleached to a spotless cream color. They reach halfway up the thigh. The inner boot, called *atesha,* of soft caribou fur, is of the same length; along its upper edge there is a decorative run of white bear fur. The silky fur pads protect the tender skin of limb and foot, for no stockings are used. Above these, there are dainty little pants of white and blue fox, to protect the body to a point under the hips, and for protection above that there is a shirt of birdskins or *aht-tee.* This is the most delicate of all garments. Hundreds of little auk skins are gathered, chewed and prepared, and as the night comes the garment is built blouse-shaped, with hood attached. It fits loosely. There are no buttons or openings. For the little one, the hood is enlarged and extended down the back, as the pocket for its future abode. The coat of fine blue fox skins, or *amoyt,* is of the same shape, but fits loosely over all.

The word *amoyt,* or *amoyt docsoa,* in its application, also covers the entire range of the art and function of pregnancy. This is regarded as an institution of the first order, second only to the art of the chase. All being ready for the mother, for the baby only a hood is provided, while bird-skins and grass are provided to take the place of absorbent cotton. For the first year, the child has absolutely no other wrap or cover but its little hood.

The Eskimo loves children. If the stork does not come in due time, he is likely to change his life partner. For this reason he looks forward to the Christmas season with eager anticipation. Seeking the wilds far and near for needed furs, in bitter winds and driving snows, he endures all kinds of hardships during the night of months for the sake of the expected child. Brave, good little man of iron, he fears nothing.

From a near-by bank of hard snow he cuts blocks for a new igloo. In darkness and wind he transports them to a point near the house. When enough have been gathered, he walls a dome like a bee-hive. The interior arrangement is like the winter underground home. The light is put into it. By this he can see the open cracks between snow blocks. These are filled in to keep wind and snow out. When all is completed, he cuts a door and enters. The bed of snow is flattened.

Then he seeks for miles about for suitable grass to cover the cheerless ice floor. To get this grass, he must dig under fields of hardened snow. Even then he is not always rewarded with success. The sledge, loaded with frozen grass, is brought to the little snow dome. The grass is carefully laid on the bed of leveled snow. Over it new reindeer skins are spread. Now the new house of snow blocks in which the stork is to come is ready.

As the stork's coming is announced the mother's tears give the signal. She goes to the new snowhouse alone. The father is frightened and looks serious. But she must tear herself away. With her new garments, she enters the dark chamber of the snowhouse, strikes a fire, lights the lamp. The spotless walls of snow are

cheerful. The new things about give womanly pride But life is hard for her. A soul-stirring battle follow in that den of ice.

There is a little cry. But there is no doctor, n nurse, no one, not a kindly hand to help. A piece o glass is used as a surgical knife. Then all is over. Ther is no soap, no water. The methods of a mother cat ar this mother's. Then, in the cold, cheerless chamber o ice, she fondly examines the little one. Its eyes are blue but they turn brown at once when opened. Its hai is coal black, its skin is golden. It is turned over an over in the search for marks or blemishes. Th mother's eyes run down along the tiny spine. At it end there is a blue shield-shaped blot like a tattoo mark This is the Eskimo guarantee of a well-bred child. I it is there, the mother is happy, if not, there are doubt of the child's future, and of the purity of the parents Now the father and the grandmother come. All re joice.

If misfortune at the time of birth befalls a mother as is not infrequent, the snow mound becomes her grave it is not opened for a long time.

After a long sleep, into which the mother falls afte her first joy, she awakes, turns over, drinks some ice water, eats a little half-cooked meat, and then, shakin the frozen breath from the covers, she wraps herse and her babe snugly in furs. Again she sleeps, perhap twenty-four hours, seemingly in perfect comfort, whil the life-stilling winter winds drive over the feeble wa of snow which shelters her from the chilly death outside

One day during Christmas week there was a knoc at our door. The proud Ac-po-di-soa walked in, fo

lowed by his smiling wife, with the sleeping stork gift n her back. The child had been born less than five lays before. We walked over and admired the little ne. It suddenly opened its brown eyes, screwed up ts little blubber nose, and wrinkled its chin for a cry. The mother grabbed her, plunged out of the door, ulled the undressed infant out, and in the wind and old served the little one's want.

New Year's Day came starlit and cold. The year ad dawned in which I was to essay the task to which had set myself, the year which would mean success or ailure to me. The past year had been gracious and ountiful, so, in celebration, Francke prepared a feast f which we both ate to gluttonous repletion. This onsisted of ox-tail soup, creamed boneless cod, pickles, crambled duck eggs with chipped smoked beef, roast der-duck, fresh biscuits, crystallized potatoes, creamed nions, Bayo beans and bacon, Malaga grapes, canned), peach-pie, blanc-mange, raisin cake, Nabisco iscuits and steaming chocolate.

The day was spent in making calls among the Eskimos. In the evening several families were given feast which was followed by songs and dances. This ilarity was protracted to the early hours of morning nd ended in an epidemic of night hysteria. When thus fflicted the victims dance and sing and fall into a trance, he combination of symptoms resembling insanity.

In taking account of our stock we found that our aking powder was about exhausted. This was sad ews, for a breakfast of fresh biscuits, butter and coffee as one of the few delights that remained for me in ife. We had bicarbonate of soda, but no cream of

tartar. I wondered whether we could not substitut cream of tartar some other substance.

Curious experiments followed. The juice of sa kraut was tried with good results. But the flavor, steady breakfast food, was not desirable. Francke fermented raisins with which to make wine. As a it was a failure, but as a fruit acid it enabled us to m soda biscuits with a new and delicate flavor. Milk found, would also ferment. From the unsweet condensed milk, biscuits were made that would pl the palate of any epicure. My breakfast pleasure th fore was still assured for many days to come.

EN ROUTE FOR THE POLE

THE CAMPAIGN OPENS—LAST WEEKS OF THE POLAR NIGHT—ADVANCE PARTIES SENT OUT—AWAITING THE DAWN

X

The Start with Sunrise of 1908

Two weeks of final tests and re-examination of clothing, sledges and general equipment followed the New Year's festivities. On January 14 there was almost an hour of feeble twilight at midday. The moon offered light enough to travel. Now we were finally ready to fire the first guns of the Polar battle. Scouts were outside, waiting for the signal to proceed. They were going, not only to examine the ice field for the main advance, but to offer succor to a shipwrecked crew, which the natives believed was at Cape Sabine.

The smoke of a ship had been seen late in the fall, and much wood from a wrecked ship had been found. The pack was, therefore, loaded with expedition supplies, with instructions to offer help to anyone in want that might be found.

I had just finished a note to be left at Cape Sabine, telling of our headquarters, our caches and our willingness to give assistance. This was handed to Koo-loo-ting-wah, standing before his restless dogs,

whip in hand, as were his three companions, who volun teered as scouts. They jumped on the sledges, and soo the dogs were rushing toward the Polar pack of Smit Sound.

It was a beautiful day. A fold of the curtain o night had been lifted for a brief spell. A strong mixe light, without shadows, rested on the snow. It change in quality and color with the changing mystery of th aurora. One might call it blue, or purple, or violet, o no color at all, according to the color perception of th observer.

In the south the heavens glowed with the herald of the advancing sun. The light was exaggerated b the blink of the ice over which the light was sent, for th brightness of the heavens was out of proportion to i illuminating effect upon the surface snows. In th north, the half-spent moon dispelled the usual blackne Poleward, while the zenith was lighted with stars of th first and second magnitude.

The temperature was —41° F. The weather w perfectly calm—all that could be expected for the im portant event of opening the campaign.

In the course of a few hours the cheerful lig faded, the snows darkened to earthy fields, and out the north came a smoky tempest. The snow soon pil up in tremendous drifts, making it difficult to leave t house without climbing new hills. The dogs tied abo were buried in snow. Only the light passing throu the membrane of intestines, which was spread over t ports to make windows for the native houses, reliev the fierce blackness.

The run to Cape Sabine, under fine conditions, w

about forty miles, and could be made in one day, but Smith Sound seldom offers a fair chance. Insufficient light, impossible winds or ice make the crossing hazardous at best. The Eskimos cross every year, but they are out so much after bears that they have a good knowledge of the ice before they start to reach the other shores.

Coming from the north, with a low temperature and blowing snow, the wind would not only stop our scouts, but force the ice south, leaving open spaces of water. A resulting disruption of the pack might greatly delay our start with heavy sledges. Furthermore, there was real danger at hand for the advance. If the party had been composed of white men there surely would have been a calamity. But the Eskimo approaches the ventures of the wild with splendid endurance. Moreover, he has a weather intelligence which seldom finds him unprepared.

At midnight of the second night the party returned. They were none the worse for the storm. The main intent of their mission had failed. The storm had forced them into snow embankments, and before it was quite spent a bear began to nose about their shelter places. The dogs were so buried with drift that they were not on watch until the bear had destroyed much of their food. Then their mad voices aroused the Eskimos.

As they dug out of their shelter, the bear took a big walrus leg and walked off, man-like, holding the meat in his forepaws. In their haste to free the dogs, they cut their harness to pieces, for snow and ice cemented the creatures. Oo-tah ran out in the excitement to head off the bear—not to make an attack, but simply to stop

his progress. The bear dropped the meat and gra
Oo-tah by the seat of his trousers. The dogs, f
nately, came along in time to save Oo-tah's life, b
had received a severe leg wound, which required in
diate surgical attention.

The bear was captured, and with loads of bear
and the wounded scout the party returned as quick
possible. In the retreat it was noticed that the ice
very much broken.

In the wreck of an Arctic storm there is alwa
subsequent profit for someone. The snow bec
crusted and hardened, making sledge travel easy.
breaking of the ice, which was a great hindrance t
advance, offered open water for walrus and bear h
ing. At this time we went to Serwahdingwah fo
last chase. Some of the Eskimos took their fam
so Annoatok became depopulated for a while. Bu
our return, visitors came in numbers too numerou
our comfort.

Dogs and skins, bargained for earlier in the se
were now delivered. Each corps of excursionist
quired some attention, for they had done noble wor
the expedition. We gave them dinners and all
them to sit about our stove with picture-books in ha

Another storm came, with still more violent f
a week later. This caused us much anxiety, fo
counted on our people being scattered on the ice a
the shores of Cape Alexander. In a storm this w
probably be swept from the land and carried seaw
There was nothing that could be done except wai
news. Messengers of trouble were not long in rea
headquarters after the storm. None of the men

n the ice, but a hurricane from the land had wrecked he camps.

Our men suffered little, but many of the natives in eighboring villages were left without clothing or sleep- ng furs. In the rush of the storm the ice left the land, nd the snowhouses were swept into the sea. Men and omen, without clothing, barely escaped with their lives. Two of our new sledges, some dogs, and three suits of inter furs were lost. A rescue party with furs had to e sent to the destitute people. Fortunately, our people ere well supplied with bed-furs, out of which new uits were made.

Sledge loads of our furs were also coming north, nd instructions were sent to use these for the urgent eeds of the sufferers. Other things were sent from nnoatok, with returning excursionists, and in the ourse of a week the damage was replaced. But the ss was all on the expedition, and deprived many of the en in their northern journey of suitable sleeping-furs. Valruses were obtained after the storm, and the natives ow had no fear of a famine of meat or fat.

By the end of January most of the natives had re- urned, and new preparations were made for a second ffort to cross the Sound. Francke asked to join the arty, and prepared for his first camp outing. Four ledges were loaded with two hundred pounds each of xpedition advance supplies. Four good drivers volun- eered to move the sledges to the American side.

The light had gradually brightened, and the storms assed off and left a keen, cold air, which was as clear as rystal. But at best the light was still feeble, and could e used for only about four hours of each twenty-four.

If, however, the sky remained clear, the moon and st
would furnish enough illumination for a full day's tra
There was a little flush of color in the southern sk
and the snows were a pale purple as the sledges groa
in their rush over the frosty surface.

The second party started off as auspiciously as
first, and news of its luck was eagerly awaited.

They reached Cape Sabine after a long run
twenty hours, making a considerable detour to the no
The ice offered good traveling, but the cold was bit
the temperature being —52° F., with light, extrem
humid and piercing winds.

Along the land and within the bays the snow
found to be deep, and a bitter wind came from the w
Two of the party could not be persuaded to go fart
but Francke, with two companions, pushed on for
other day along the shore to Cape Veile. Beyond,
snow was too deep to proceed. The supplies were cac
in a snowhouse, while those at Cape Sabine were lef
the old camp. The party returned at the end of f
days with their object accomplished. Nothing was s
of the rumored shipwrecked crew.

The next party, of eight sledges, led by Es-se-y
Kud-la, and Me-tek, started on February 5. T
object was to carry advance supplies to the head
Flagler Bay, and hunt musk ox to feed the sledge tea
as they moved overland. We were to meet this part
an appointed place in the bay.

The light was still too uncertain to risk the fortu
of the entire force. With a hundred dogs, a delay o
day would be an expensive loss, for if fed upon the ca
fully guarded food of the advance stores, a rapid red

tion in supplies would follow, which could not be replaced, even if abundant game were secured later. It was, therefore, desirable to await the rising sun.

We made our last arrangements, fastened our last packs, and waited impatiently for the sunrise, here at this northernmost outpost of human life, just seven hundred miles from the Pole. And this was the problem that now insistently and definitely confronted us after the months of planning and preparation: Seven hundred miles of advance, almost a thousand miles as our route was planned; one thousand miles of return; two thousand miles in all; allowing for detours (for the line to be followed could not be precisely straight), more than two thousand miles of struggling travel across icy and unknown and uninhabitable wastes of moving ice.

On the morning of February 19, 1908, I started on my trip to the North Pole.

Early, as the first real day of the year dawned, eleven sledges were brought to the door of our box-house and lashed with supplies for the boreal dash. There were four thousand pounds of supplies for use on the Polar sea, and two thousands pounds of walrus skin and fat for use before securing the fresh game we anticipated. The eleven sledges were to be driven by Francke, nine Eskimos, and myself. They were drawn by one hundred and three dogs, each in prime condition. The dogs had been abundantly fed with walrus skin and meat for several weeks, and would now be fed only every second day on fresh supplies.

My heart was high. I was about to start on the quest which had inspired me for many years! The natives were naturally excited. The dogs caught the

contagious enthusiasm, and barked joyously. At eigh o'clock in the morning our whips snapped, the spans o dog teams leaped forward, and we were off.

My Polar quest had begun!

Most of the tribe had seemed willing to go wit me, and to take all their dogs, but the men and the dog finally selected were the pick of the lot. All were i superb physical condition, this matter of conditio being something that I had carefully looked out for dur ing the winter months. I regard this as having bee highly advantageous to me, that I have always been abl to win the friendship and confidence of the Eskimos; fo thus I found them extremely ready to follow my advic and instructions, and to do in general anything I desired That I could speak Eskimo fairly well—well enough t hold ordinary conversations—was also a strong asset i my favor.

When we started, a few stars were seen betwee thin clouds, but the light was good. A soft wind cam from the south; the temperature was —36° F. Th Greenland ice-cap was outlined; a belt of orange in th south heralded the rising sun. The snow still retaine the purple of twilight. The ice was covered with abou three inches of soft snow over a hard crust, which mad speed difficult. Before noon the sky was gray, but th light remained good enough for traveling until 4 P. M A course was made about northwest, because a mor direct line was still impractical.

A water sky to the west and south denoted ope water. At 3 P. M. we ran into bear tracks, and th sledges bounced along as if empty. The tracks wer making a good course for us, so the dogs wer

encouraged. By four o'clock the feeble light made it dangerous to proceed. Two hunters still followed the bear tracks, while the others built three snowhouses for camp. Nothing was seen of the bears.

The dogs were tied to holes cut in the ice, and we crept into our snow-mounds, tired, hungry and sleepy. The night was extremely uncomfortable—the first nights from camp always are.

The next day brought a still air with a temperature of —42° F., and brilliant light at eight o'clock. We had made twenty miles through the air-line distance from Annoatok, and Cape Sabine was but thirty miles away. We had been forced so far north that we still had thirty miles before us to the Cape. The dogs, however, were in better trim, and we had no doubt about reaching the off-shores for the next camp. We followed the edge of ice which had been made in a wide open space in December. Here the traveling was fairly level, but above was a hopeless jungle of mountains and ridges of ice. We made about three miles an hour, and were able to ride occasionally.

At noon of February 20th we stopped, and coffee was served from our ever-hot coffee box. A can had been placed in a box, and so protected by reindeer skins that the heat was retained for twelve hours during the worst weather. This proved a great luxury.

While we sat regaling ourselves, a great ball of fire rose along the icy horizon. Our hearts were glad. The weather was bitterly cold; the temperature was 51° F.: but the sun had risen; the long night was at end. There was little else to mark the glory of sunrise. The light was no brighter than it had been for two hours. The

sky remained a purple blue, with a slight grayness in
south, darkening toward the horizon. The snows w
purple, with just a few dashes of red in the road bef
us. This unpretentious burst of the sun opened
spirits to new delights. Even the dogs sat in grace
rows and sounded a chorus of welcome to the coming
the day.

Although Cape Sabine, on February 20, was
sight, we still headed for Bache Peninsula. I
possible ice and open water pushed us farther and f
ther north. It was three o'clock before the Cape
seen over the dogs' tails. Soon after four the li
failed, the land colored to purple and gold toward
rim of the horizon, and we were left to guess the dir
tion of our course. But Eskimos are somewhat bet
than Yankees at guessing, for we got into no troub
until 9 P. M., when we tried to scale the rafted
against Cape Sabine. With only the camp equipm
and dog food, the dogs crept up and down in the bl
hills of ice, while we followed like mountain-sheep.

Here had been the camp of the ill-fated Gre
expedition. It recurred to me that it was a curious wh
of fate that this ill-starred camp of famine and death
earlier days, should have marked the very outset of
modern effort to reach the Pole. But later we were
learn that under similar conditions a modern expedit
can meet the same fate as that of the Lady Frank
Bay Expedition.

We turned about, took the advance supplies,
picked a course through Rice Strait, to avoid the rou
ice northward. Here the surface was good, but a li
wind, with a temperature of —52° F., came with gr

bitterness. The dogs refused to face the wind, and required someone to lead the way. The men buried their faces in the fur mittens, leaned on the upstanders, and ran along.

Passing Cape Rutherford on February 22, we followed the coast. Here the wind came from the right, caught the tip of the nose, burning with a bleaching effect, which, in camp later, turned black. At Cape Veile the cache igloo was sighted, and there camp was pitched.

In the morning the minimum thermometer registered —58° F. We were evidently passing from the storms and open water of Smith Sound, from warm, moist air to a still, dry climate, with very low temperature. The day opened beautifully with a glow of rose to the south, which colored the snows in warm tones. At noon the sun showed half of its face over the cliffs as we crossed the bay and sought better ice along Bache Peninsula. That night we camped near the Weyprecht Islands. The day, although bright, proved severe, for most of the natives had frostbites about the face. Along Bache Peninsula we saw hares staring at us. Four were secured for our evening meal. In the very low temperature of —64° F. the hunters suffered from injuries like burns, due to the blistering cold metal of their guns.

Dog food had also to be prepared. In efforts to divide the walrus skin, two hatchets were broken. The Eskimo dog is a tough creature, but he cannot be expected to eat food which breaks an axe. Petroleum and alcohol were used liberally, and during the night the skin was sufficiently softened by the heat to be cut with

the hatchets. This skin seems to be good food for the dogs. It is about one inch thick, and contains little water, the skin fibre being a kind of condensed nutriment, small quantities of which satisfy the dogs. It digests slowly, and therefore has lasting qualities.

The lamps, burning at full force, made the igloos comfortable. The temperature fell to —68° F. It was the first satisfying sleep of the journey for me. The economy of the blue fire stoves is beyond conception. Burning but three pounds of oil all night, the almost liquid air was reduced to a normal temperature of freezing point.

Francke used alcohol stoves, with a double consumption of fuel. The natives, in their three igloos, used the copper lamp, shaped after the stone devices, but they did no cooking.

In the morning of the 23d we heard sounds to the south, which at first we thought to be walrus. But after a time the noise was interpreted as that of the dogs of the advance party. They were camped a few miles beyond, and came to our igloos at breakfast. One musk ox and eleven hares had been secured. The valley had been thoroughly hunted, but no other game was sighted.

The ground was nearly bare, and made sledge travel impossible. They were bound for Annoatok at once. This was sad news for us. We had counted on game with which to feed the dog train en route to the Polar sea. If animals were not secured, our project would fail at the very start, and this route would be impossible. To push overland rapidly to the west coast was our only chance, but the report of insufficient snow seemed to forbid this. Something, however, must be

tried. We could not give up without a stronger fight. The strong probability of our failing to find musk ox, and extending the expedition for another year, over another route, made it necessary to send Francke back to headquarters to guard our supplies. There was no objection to the return of most of the other party, but we took their best dogs and sledges, with some exchange of drivers.

With this change in the arrangements, and the advance supplies from Cape Sabine and Cape Viele, each sledge now carried eight hundred pounds. Beyond, in Flagler Bay, the ice luckily became smooth and almost free of snow. An increased number of dogs, with good traveling, enabled us to make satisfactory progress, despite the steadily falling temperature.

The head of Flagler Bay was reached late at night, after an exhausting march of twenty-five miles. A hard wind, with a temperature of —60° F., had almost paralyzed the dogs, and the men were kept alive only by running with the dogs. Comfortable houses were built and preparations made for a day of rest. On the morrow we aimed to explore the land for an auspicious route. Many new frostbites were again noted in camp. One of the dogs died of the cold.

The party was by no means discouraged, however. We were as enthusiastic as soldiers on the eve of a longed-for battle. The reduced numbers of the return party gave us extra rations to use in times of need, and the land did not seem as hopeless as pictured by the returning natives. A cache was made here of needful things for use on the return. Other things, which we had found useless, were also left here.

EXPLORING A NEW PASS OVER ACPOHO

FROM THE ATLANTIC WATERS AT FLAGLER BAY TO TH
PACIFIC WATERS AT BAY FIORD—THE MECCA OF TH
MUSK OX—BATTLES WITH THE BOVINE MONSTERS O
THE ARCTIC—SUNRISE AND THE GLORY OF SUNSE

XI

Breaking a Trail Beyond the Haunts of Man

Early in the morning of February 25 the dogs wer spanned to sledges with heavy loads, and we pushed int the valley of mystery ahead. Our purpose was to cros the inland ice and descend into Cannon Bay. Th spread of the rush of glacial waters in summer had du out a wide central plain, now imperfectly covered wit ice and snow. Over this we lined a trail.

On each side of us were gradual slopes rising t cliffs, above which I noted the blue wall of the ove land sea of ice, at an altitude of about two thousand fee Nowhere did this offer a safe slope for an ascent. W now explored the picturesque valley, for I knew tha our only hope was to push overland to Bay Fiord. Th easy slopes were enlivened with darting, downy hare Some sat motionless, with their long ears erect, whil they drank the first golden air of sunrise and watche the coming of new life. Others danced about in frisk play.

As we pushed along, the ascent of the slope was gradual. The necessity for crossing from side to side to find ice or snow lengthened our journey. Only the partially bare earth gave us trouble. The temperature was —62° F., but there was no wind. The upper slopes glittered with bright sunshine. Winding with a stream, we advanced twenty miles. Beyond there was the same general topography. The valley looked like a pass. Clouds of a different kind were seen through the gorges. At various places we noted old musk ox paths. I knew that where game trails are well marked on mountains one is certain to find a good crossing. This rule is equally good in the Arctic as elsewhere. At any rate, there was no alternative. The tortures of the top had to be risked. Pushing onward, we found no fresh signs of musk ox. A few bear tracks were seen, and a white fox followed us to camp. We shot sixteen hares, and for the evening meal unlimited quantities of savory hare meat made an appetizing broth.

On the day following, everything was advanced to this point. A prolonged search for musk ox was made, with negative results.

On the morning of the 27th, full loads were taken on our sledges. With slow progress we advanced on the rising bed of the stream, the valley moved, and the river ice was found in one channel, making better travel. Hare and fox tracks increased in number. The side slopes were grassy, and mostly swept bare of snow by strong winter winds. Sand dunes and gravel lines were also piled up, while huge drifts of pressed snow indicated a dangerous atmospheric agitation. Here, I knew, were excellent feeding grounds for musk ox and

caribou. But a careful scrutiny gave no results fo
long time.

To us the musk ox was now of vital importan
The shorter way, over Schley Land and northwa
through Nansen Sound, was possible only if game
abundance was secured en route. If the product
the chase gave us no reward, then our Polar venture w
doomed at the outset.

One day, with a temperature of —100° below
freezing point, and with a light but sharp Arctic wi
driving needles of frost to the very bone, we search
the rising slopes of ice-capped lands in the hope
spotting life.

For three days the dogs had not been fed. Th
sniffed the air, searched the horizon, and ranged
wilds with all the eagerness of their wolf progenito
The hare and the fox were aroused from their winte
sleep, but such game was not what we now desir
Only meat and fat in heaps could satisfy the wants
over a hundred empty stomachs.

After a hard pull, ascending miniature, ice-c
ered hills, winding about big, polished boulders,
entered a wider section of the narrow gorge-like vall
Here the silurian rocks had broken down, and by
influence of glacier streams and glaciers, now recedi
a good deal of rolling, grass-covered land spread fr
cliff to cliff. Strong winter gales had bared the grou
We sat down to rest. The dogs did likewise.

All searched the new lands with eager eyes. T
dog noses pointed to a series of steep slopes to
north. They were scenting something, but were
tired to display the usual animation of the chase. S

we detected three dark, moving objects on a snowy sun-flushed hill, under a huge cliff, about a thousand feet above us. *"Ah-ming-mah!"* shouted E-tuk-i-shook. The dogs jumped; the men grasped glasses; in a second the sledge train was in disorder.

Fifty dogs were hitched to three sledges. Rushing up three different gulches, the sledges, with tumbling human forms as freight, advanced to battle. The musk oxen, with heads pointed to the attacking forces, quietly awaited the onrush.

Within an hour three huge, fat carcasses were down in the river bed. A temporary camp was made, and before the meat froze most of it had passed palates tantalized by many days of gastronomic want.

Continuing our course, we crossed the divide in a storm. Beyond, in a canyon, the wind was more uncomfortable than in the open. Something must be done. We could not long breathe that maddening air, weighted by frost and thickened by snows. The snow-bank gave no shelter whatever, and a rush of snow came over, which quickly buried the investigators. But it was our only hope.

"Dig a hole," said Koo-loo-ting-wah.

Now, to try to dig a hole without a shovel, and with snow coming more rapidly than any power of man could remove, seemed a waste of needed vital force. But I had faith in the intelligence of my savage companions, and ordered all hands to work. They gathered at one corner of the bank, and began to talk and shout, while I allowed myself to be buried in a pocket of the cliffs to keep my tender skin from turning to ice. Every few minutes someone came along to see if I was safe.

The igloo was progressing. Two men were now inside. In the course of another hour they reported four men inside; in another hour seven men were inside, and the others were piling up the blocks, cut with knives from the interior. A kind of vestibule was made to allow the wind to shoot over the entrance. Inside, the men were sweating.

Soon afterward I was told that the igloo was completed. I lost no time in seeking its shelter. A square hole had been cut, large enough for the entire party if packed like sardines. Our fur clothing was removed, and beaten with sticks and stones.

The lamps sang cheerily of steaming musk ox steaks. The dogs were brought into the canyon. A more comfortable night was impossible. We were fifty feet under the snow. The noise of the driving storm was lost. The blinding drift about the entrance was effectually shut out by a block of snow as a door. Two holes afforded ventilation, and the tremendous difference between the exterior and the interior air assured a circulation.

When we emerged in the morning the sky was clear. A light wind came from the west, with a temperature of —78° F. Two dogs had frozen during the storm. All were buried in the edge of a drift that was piled fifteen feet. An exploration of the canyon showed other falls and boulders impossible for sledge travel.

A trail was picked over the hills to the side. The day was severe. How we escaped broken legs and smashed sleds was miraculous. But somehow, in our plunges down the avalanches, we always landed in a soft bed of snow. We advanced about ten miles, and

made a descent of five hundred feet, first camping upon a glacial lake.

The temperature now was —79° F., and although there were about nine hours of good light, including twilight, we had continued our efforts too long, and were forced to build igloos by moonlight. Glad were we, indeed, when the candle was placed in the dome of snow, to show the last cracks to be stuffed.

In the searchlight of the frigid dawn I noticed that our advance was blocked by a large glacier, which tumbled barriers of ice boulders into the only available line for a path. A way would have to be cut into this barrier of icebergs for about a mile. This required the full energy of all the men for the day. I took advantage of the halt to explore the country through which we were forcing a pass. The valley was cut by ancient glaciers and more modern creeks along the meeting line of two distinct geological formations. To the north were Silurian and cambro-silurian rocks; to the south were great archæan cliffs.

With the camera, the field-glass, and other instruments in the sack, I climbed into a gorge and rose to the level of the mountains of the northern slopes. The ground was here absolutely destitute of vegetation, and only old musk ox trails indicated living creatures. The snow had all been swept into the ditches of the lowlands. Climbing over frost-sharpened stones, I found footing difficult.

The average height of the mountains proved to be nineteen hundred feet. To the northeast there was land extending a few miles further, with a gradual rising slope. Beyond was the blue edge of the inland ice. To

the northwest, the land continued in rolling hills, bey which no land-ice was seen. The cliffs to the south v of about the same height, but they were fitted to crest with an ice-cap. The overflow of perpetual sn descended into the gorges, making five overhan glaciers.

The first was at the divide, furnishing in sum the waters which started the vigorous stream to Atlantic slopes. It was a huge stream of ice, abo mile wide, and it is marked by giant cliffs, separate wide gaps, indicating the roughness of the surface which it pushes its frozen height. To the strea which it gives birth, flowing eastward from the di I will give the name of Schley River, in honor of R Admiral Schley.

The stream starting westward from the di through picturesque rocks, tumbles in icy falls in huge canyon, down to the Pacific waters at Bay F To this I will give, in honor of General A. W. Gr the name Greely River.

The second and third glaciers were overhan masses about a half-mile wide, which gave volum summer time to Greely River.

The fourth was a powerful glacier, with a disch ing face of blue three miles long, closing up a v and damming up a lake about four miles long and mile wide. The lake was beyond the most precipi of the descending slopes. The upper cliffs of the w valley to Flagler Bay were still visible, while to the was seen a line of mountains and cliffs which marke head of Bay Fiord, under which was seen the ice c ing the first water of the Pacific upon which our fu

rtunes would be told. To this sea level there was an sy descent of four hundred feet on the river ice and owdrifts, making, with good luck, a day's run of enty miles.

Returning, at camp I was informed that not only d a trail been cut, but many of the sledges had been lvanced to the good ice beyond. Two of the sledges, wever, had been badly broken, and must be mended dawn before starting.

The day was beautiful. For the first time I felt e heat of the sun. It came through the thick fur of y shoulders with the tenderness of a warm human nd. The mere thought of the genial sunbeams ought a glow of healthful warmth, but at the same ne the thermometer was very low, —78½° F. One's nse of cold, under normal conditions, is a correct in-ument in its bearing upon animal functions, but as an strument of physics it makes an unreliable thermom-er. If I had been asked to guess the temperature of e day I should have placed it at —25° F.

The night air had just a smart of bitterness. The loo failed to become warm, so we fed our internal fires erally with warming courses, coming in easy stages. e partook of superheated coffee, thickened with sugar, d biscuits, and later took butter chopped in squares, hich was eaten as cheese with musk ox meat chopped our axes into splinters. Delicious hare loins and ms, cooked in pea soup, served as dessert.

The amount of sugar and fat which we now con-med was quite remarkable. Fortunately, during the urney to the edge of the Polar sea, there was no gent limit to transportation, and we were well sup-

plied with the luxury of sugar and civilized foods, m
of which later were to be abandoned.

In this very low temperature I found considera
difficulty in jotting down the brief notes of our da
doings. The paper was so cold that the pencil bar
left a mark. A few moments had to be spent warmi
each page and pencil before beginning to write. Wi
the same operation, the fingers were also sufficien
warmed to hold the pencil. All had to be done by t
light and heat of a candle.

To economize fuel, the fires later were extinguish
before retiring to sleep. In the morning we were buri
in the frost falling from our own breath.

It was difficult to work at dawn with fur-cover
hands; but the Eskimo can do much with his glo
fitting mitten. The broken sledges were soon repair
After tumbling over irregular ice along the face of t
glacier, the river offered a splendid highway over wh
the dogs galloped with remarkable speed. We ro
until cold compelled exercise. The stream descend
among picturesque hills, but the most careful scruti
found no sign of life except the ever-present musk
trails of seasons gone by.

As we neared the sea line, near the mouth of
river, we began to see a few fresh tracks of hare a
musk ox. Passing out on the south of Bay Fiord,
noted bear and wolf tracks. Then the eyes of the hun
and the dog rolled with eager anticipation.

The sun flushed the skies in flaming colors as it w
about to sink behind a run of high peaks. The west
sky burned with gold, the ice flashed with crimson inl
but the heat was very feeble. The temperature w

—72° F. We had already gone twenty-five miles, and were looking forward to a point about ten miles beyond as the next camping place, when all my companions, seemingly at once, espied a herd of musk ox on the sky line of a whale-backed mountain to the north.

The distance was about three miles, but the eagle eyes of the natives detected the black spots.

We searched the gorge with our glasses. Suddenly one of the Eskimos cried out in a joyous tone: *"Ah-ming-ma! Ah-ming-ma!"*

I could detect only some dark specks on the snow, which looked like a hundred others that I knew to be rocks. I levelled my glasses on the whale-backed mountain at which the Eskimo was staring, and, sure enough, there were three musk oxen on a steep snow slope. They seemed to be digging up the winter snow fields to get "scrub" willows. They were not only three miles away, but at an altitude of perhaps a thousand feet above us.

The cumbersome loads were quickly pitched from three sledges. Rifles and knives were securely fastened. In a few moments the long lashes snapped, and away we rushed, with two men on each of the sledges and with double teams of twenty dogs.

The dogs galloped at a pace which made the sledges bound like rubber balls over irregularities of rocks, slippery ice, and hard-crusted snow, and our hold tightened on the hickory in the effort to keep our places. It disturbed the dogs not at all whether they were on rock or snow, or whether the sledge rested on runners or turned spirally; but it made considerable difference to us, and we lost much energy in the constant efforts to avoid

somersaults. We did not dare release our grip for a moment, for to do so would have meant painful bumping and torn clothes, as well as being left behind in the chase.

It took but a brief time to cover the three miles. We made our final advance by three separate ravines, and for a time the musk oxen were out of sight. When we again saw them they had not taken the alarm, nor did they until we were ready to attack them from three separate points.

All but five dogs from each sledge were now freed from harness. They darted toward the oxen with fierce speed.

The oxen tried to escape through a ravine, but it was too late. The dogs were on every side of them, and all the oxen could do was to grunt fiercely and jump into a bunch, with tails together and heads directed at the enemy. There were seven musk oxen in all, and they tried to keep the dogs scattered at a safe distance.

The dogs would rush up to within a few feet, showing their teeth and uttering wolfish sounds, and every now and then an ox would rush out from its circle, with head down, in an effort to strike the dogs; but the dogs were always too quick to be caught by the savage thrust, and each time the ox, in its retreat, would feel canine fangs closing on its haunches.

After a few such efforts, the bulls, with lowered horns, merely held to the position, while the dogs, not daring actually to attack under such circumstances, sat in a circle and sent up blood-chilling howls. Meanwhile the Eskimos and myself were hurrying up.

The strife was soon over. I snapped my camera at

"THE IGLOO BUILT, WE PREPARE FOR OUR DAILY CAMP"

CAMPING TO EAT AND TAKE OBSERVATIONS
ON AGAIN!

n old bull which at that moment broke through the logs and, followed by a group of them, was driven madly over a cliff in a plunge of five thousand feet. The other oxen were soon killed by the hunters.

The sun settled under mountains of ice, and the purple twilight rapidly thickened. It was very cold. The breath of each man came like jets of steam from a kettle. The temperature was now —81°F. No time could be lost in dressing the game. But the Eskimos were equal to the task, and showed such skill as only Indians possess.

While this was being done by my companions, I strolled about to note the ear-marks of the home of the musk ox. The mountain was in line of the sweep of the winds, and was bared of snows. Here were grass, mosses, and creeping willows in abundance, descending into the gullies. I found fossil-stumps of large trees and bits of lignite coal. The land in pre-glacial times had evidently supported a vigorous vegetation; but now the general aspect offered a scene of frosty hopelessness. Still, in this desolation of snowy wastes, nature had supplied creatures with food in their hard pressure of life.

Fox and wolf tracks were everywhere, while on every little eminence sat an Arctic hare, evincing ear-praised surprise at our appearance. With the glasses I noted on neighboring hills three other herds of musk ox. This I did not tell the hunters, for they would not have rested until all were secured. Living in a land of cold and hunger, the Eskimo is insatiable for game. We had as much meat as we could possibly use for the next few days, and it was much easier to fill up, and secure more when we needed it, than now to carry almost im-

possible loads. In a remarkably short time the ski
were removed and the meat was boned and cut in sma
strips in such a way that the axe would break it wh
frozen. Neatly wrapped in skins, the loads did n
seem large.

Selecting a few choice bits for later use, the ba
ance was separated and allowed to cool. I looked at t
enormous quantity of meat, and wondered how it cou
be transported to camp, but no such thought trouble
the Eskimos. Piece after piece went down the cani
throats with a gulp. No energy was wasted in mast
cation. With a drop of the jaws and a twist of the nec
the task of eating was finished and the stomach began
spread. The dogs had not yet reached their limit wh
the snow was cleared of its weight of dressed meat an
a canine wrangle began for the possession of the clean
bones.

With but little meat on the sledges, we began th
descent, but the spirit of the upward rush was los
The dogs, too full to run, simply rolled down the slope
and we pushed the sledges ourselves. The ox that ha
made the death plunge was picked up and taken
reserve meat. It was midnight before camp w
pitched. The moon burned with a cheerful glow. Th
air was filled with liquid frost, but there was no win
and consequently no suffering from cold.

Two comfortable snowhouses were built, and
them our feasts rivalled the canine indulgence. Th
was experienced the greatest joy of savage life in bore
wilds—the hunt of the musk ox, with the advantage
the complex cunning gathered by forgotten ages. Th
balance of the meat left after our feast was buried, wi

the protecting skins, in the snow. On opening the meat on the following morning, it was still warm, although the minimum thermometer registered —80° F. for the night.

A few minutes before midday, on our next march, the sledge train halted. We sat on the packs, and, with eyes turned southward, waited. Even an Eskimo has an eye for color and a soul for beauty. To us there appeared a play of suppressed light and bleached color tints, as though in harmony with bars of music, which inspired my companions to shouts of joy.

Slowly and majestically the golden orb lifted. The dogs responded in low, far-reaching calls. The Eskimos greeted the day god with savage chants. The sun, a flushed crimson ball, edged along the wintry outline of the mountains' purplish snowy glitter. The pack was suddenly screened by a moving sheet of ever-changing color, wherein every possible continuation of purple and gold merged with rainbow hues.

Soon the dyes changed to blue, and eventually the sky was fired by flames of red. Then, slowly, the great blazing globe sank into seas of fire-flushed ice. The snowy mountains about glowed with warm cheer. The ice cooled again to purple, and again to blue, and then a winter blackness closed the eye to color and the soul to joy.

IN GAME TRAILS TO LAND'S END

SVERDRUP'S NEW WONDERLAND—FEASTING ON GAME E
ROUTE TO SVARTEVOEG—FIRST SHADOW OBSERV
TIONS—FIGHTS WITH WOLVES AND BEARS—THE JO
OF ZERO'S LOWEST—THRESHOLD OF THE UNKNOW

XII

Shores of the Circumpolar Sea

March 2 was bright and clear and still. The i
was smooth, with just snow enough to prevent the dog
cutting their feet. The heavy sledges bounded alon
easily, but the dogs were too full of meat to step a live
pace. The temperature was —79° F. We found
comfortable to walk along behind the upstanders of th
sledges. Some fresh bear tracks were crossed. The
denoted that bears had advanced along the coast on a
exploring tour, much as we aimed to do. Scentin
these tracks, the dogs forgot their distended stomach
and braced into the harness with full pulling force. W
were still able to keep pace by running. Hard exe
cise brought no perspiration.

After passing the last land point, we noted fou
herds of musk oxen. The natives were eager to embar
for the chase. I tried to dissuade them, but, had we n
crossed the bear trail, no word of mine would have ke
them from another chase of the musk ox.

Long after sunset, as we were about to camp, a bear was sighted advancing on us behind a line of hummocks. The light was already feeble. It was the work of but a minute to throw our things on the ice and start the teams on the scent of the bear. But this bear was thin and hungry. He gave us a lively chase. His advance was checked, however, as our rush began, and he spread his huge paws into a step which outdistanced our dogs. The chase was continued on the ice for about three miles. Then bruin, with sublime intelligence, took to the land and the steep slopes, leading us over hilly, bare ground, rocks, and soft snows. He gained the top of the tall cliffs while we were still groping in the darkness among the rocks at the base, a thousand feet below.

The sledges were now left, and the dogs freed. They flew up a gully in which the bear tracks guided an easy path. In a short time their satisfying howls told of the bear's captivity. He had taken a position on a table-rock, which was difficult for the dogs to climb. At an easy distance from this rock were steep slopes of snow. One after another, the dogs came tumbling down these slopes. With but a slight cuff of his paw, the bear could toss the attacking dogs over dizzy heights. His position was impregnable to the dogs, but, thus perched, he was a splendid mark for E-tuk-i-shook. That doughty huntsman raised his gun, and, following a shot, the bear rolled down the same slopes on which he had hurled the dogs. To his carcass a span of strong dogs were soon hitched, and it was hauled down to the sea level. Quickly dressed and distributed, the bear was only a teasing mouthful to the ever-hungry dogs.

It was nearly midnight before we returned to our

sledge packs. The work of building the houses w
rendered difficult by the failing moon and the very l
temperature. The lowest temperature of the seas
—83°, was reached this night.

The sun rose in the morning of March 3 with wa
colors, painting the crystal world surrounding us wi
gorgeous tints of rose and old gold. It was odd th
in the glare of this enrapturing glory we should note t
coldest day of the year.

With the returning sun in the Arctic comes t
most frigid season. The light is strongly purple, a
one is tempted to ascribe to the genial rays a heati
influence which is as yet absent, owing to their sla
The night-darkened surfaces prevent the new su
beams from disseminating any considerable heat, and t
steadily falling temperature indicates that the crust
the earth, as a result of its long desertion by the sun
winter, is still unchecked in its cooling. Because of t
persistence of terrestrial radiation, we have the colde
weather of the year with the ascending sun.

It is a fortunate provision of nature that these i
days of the ascending sun are usually accompanied by
breathless stillness. When wind and storms come, t
temperature quickly rises. It is doubtful if any fo
of life could withstand a storm at —80° F. A qu
charm comes with this eye-opening period. The spir
rise with indescribable gladness, and, although the me
cury is frozen, the body, when properly dressed, is pe
fectly comfortable. The soft light of purple and go
or of lilac and rose, on the snowy slopes, dispels t
chronic gloom of the long night, while the tonic of
brightening air of frost returns the flush to the pa

cheeks. The stillness adds a charm, with which the imagination plays. It is not the music of silence, nor the gold solitude of summer, nor the deathlike stillness of the winter blackness. It is the stillness of zero's lowest, which has a beauty of its own.

The ice pinnacles are lined with hoar frost, on which there is a play of rainbow colors. The tread of one's feet is muffled by feathery beds of snow. The mountains, raised by the new glow of light or outlined by colored shadows, stand against the brightened heavens in sculptured magnificence.

The bear admires his shadow, the fox peeps from behind his bushy tail, devising a new cult, for his art of night will soon be a thing of the past. The hare sits, with forelegs bent reverently, as if offering prayers of gratitude. The musk ox stands in the brightest sun, with his beautiful coat of black and blue, and absorbs the first heaven-given sun bath, and man soars high in dreams of happiness.

Shadows always attract the eye of primitive people and children. In a world such as the one we were invading, with little to rest the eye from perpetual glitter, they were to become doubly interesting. When we first began observing our shadows, on March 3, I did not dream that a thing so simple could rise to the dignity of a proof of the Polar conquest. But, since then, I have come to the conclusion that, if a proof of this much-discussed problem is at all possible, it is in the corroborative evidence of just such little things as shadows.

Accordingly, I have examined every note and impression bearing on natural phenomena en route.

To us, in our daily marches from Bay Fiord, the

shadow became a thing of considerable interest and i
portance. The Eskimo soul is something apart fr
the body. The native believes it follows in the shad
For this reason, stormy, sunless days are gloomy tin
to the natives, for the presence of the soul is then not
evidence. The night has the same effect, although
moon often throws a clear-cut shadow. The native
lieves the soul at times wanders from the body. Wh
it does this, the many rival spirits, which in their syst
of beliefs tenant the body, get into all sorts of trouble

Every person, and every animal, has not only a s
which guards its destiny, but every part of the body
an individual spirit—the arm, the leg, the nose, the e
the ear, and every other conceivable part of the anato
with a peculiar individuality, throbs with a separate li
The separate, wandering soul in the shadow is the gu
ing influence.

Furthermore, there is no such conception as
absolutely inanimate thing. The land, the sea, the
ice, and snow, have great individual spirits that e
engage in battle with each other. Even mountains, v
leys, rocks, icebergs, wood, iron, fire—all have spir
All of this gives them a keen interest in shadows in
otherwise desert of gloom and death.

Their entire religious creed would require a lo
time to work out. Even that part of it which is rep
sented by the shadow is quite beyond me. As I
served in our following marches toward Svartevo
their keen eyes detect in shadows incidents and messa
of life, histories that would fill volumes. The shadov
long or short, clear-cut or vague, dark or light, blue
purple, violet or black. Each phase of it has a spe

significance. It presages luck or ill-luck on the chase, sickness and death in the future, the presence or unrest of the souls of parted friends. Even the souls of the living sometimes get mixed. Then there is love or intrigue. All the passions of wild life can be read from the shadows. The most pathetic shadows had been the vague, ghastly streaks of black that followed the body about a week before sunset in October. At that time all the Arctic world is sad, and tears come easily.

The shadow does not quickly come back with the returning sun. Continuous storms so screen the sunbeams that only a vague, diffused light reaches the long night-blackened snows. When the joy of seeing the first shadows exploded among my companions I did not know just what intoxication infected the camp. With full stomachs of newly acquired musk ox loins, we had slept. Suddenly the sun burst through a maze of burning clouds and made our snow palace glow with electric darts. The temperature was very low. Only half-dressed, the men rushed out, dancing with joy.

Their shadows were long, sharp-cut, and of a deep, purple blue. They danced with them. This brought them back to the normal life of Eskimo hilarity. Then followed the pleasures of the thrill of the sunny days of crystal air and blinding sparkle during never-to-be forgotten days of the enervating chill of zero's lowest at −83° F.

In the northward progress, for a long time the shadows did not perceptibly shorten or brighten to my eyes. The natives, however, on our subsequent marches, got from these shadows a never-ending variety of topics to talk about. They foretold storms, located game, and

read the story of respective home entanglements of t
Adamless Eden which we had left far away on t
Greenland shore.

Our bear adventures took us on an advance tr
over which progress was easy. Beyond, the snow i
creased rapidly in depth with every mile. Snowsh
were lashed to our feet for the first mile. We halted
our march at noon, attacked suddenly by five wolv
The rifles were prepared for defense. No shots were
be fired, however, unless active battle was commence
The creatures at close range were slightly cream-colore
with a little gray along their backs, but at a greater d
tance they seemed white. They came from the mou
tains, with a chilling, hungry howl that brought shive
The dogs were interested, but made no offer to gi
chase.

The wolves passed the advancing sledges at a d
tance, and gathered about the rear sledge, which w
separated from the train. The driver turned his tea
to help in the fight. As the sledges neared, the tea
were stopped, the wolves sat down and delivered a ma
dening chorus of chagrin. The dogs were restless, b
only wiggled their tails. The men stood still, wi
rifles pointed. The chorus ended. The battle was d
clared off. Seeing that they were outnumbered, t
howling creatures turned and dashed up the snow
slopes, from which they had come, with a storming rus
The train was lined up, and through the deep snow
plowed westward.

In two difficult marches we reached Eure
Sound.

Wolves continued on our trail nearly every d

along the west coast of Acpohon, and also along North Devon.

In the extreme North, the wolf, like the fox, is pure white, with black points to the ears, and spots over the eyes. In the regions farther south his fur is slightly gray. In size, he is slightly larger than the Eskimo dog, his body longer and thinner, and he travels with his tail down. Like the bear, he is a ceaseless wanderer during all seasons of the year.

In winter, wolves gather in groups of six or eight, and attack musk ox, or anything in their line of march. But in summer they travel in pairs, and become scavengers. The wolf is alert in estimating the number of his combatants and their fighting qualities. Men and dogs in numbers he never approaches within gunshot, contenting himself by howling piercingly from mountains at a long distance. When a single sledge was separated from the others, he would approach to an uncomfortable range.

Bear tracks were also numerous. We were, however, too tired to give chase. Close to a cape where we paused, on Eureka Sound, to cut snow-blocks for igloos attached to the sledges, E-tuk-i-shook noted two bears wandering over the lands not far away. Watching for a few moments with the glasses, we noted that they were stalking a sleeping musk ox. Now we did not care particularly for the bears, but the musk ox was regarded as our own game, and we were not willing to divide it unknowingly. The packs were pitched into the snow, and the dogs rushed through deep snow, over hummocks and rocks, to the creeping bears.

As the bears turned, the rear attack seemed to offer

sport, and they rose to meet us. But as one team aft the other bounced over the nearest hills, their hea turned and they rushed up the steep slopes. We no saw twenty musk oxen asleep in scattered group These interested us more than the bears. The do were seemingly of the same mind, for they required urging to change the noses from the bears to t musk oxen.

As we wound around the hill upon which the rested, all at once arose, shook off the snow, rubbed the horns on their knees, and then formed a huge star. a short time the entire herd was ours. The meat w dressed, wrapped in skins, the dogs lightly fed, and t carcasses hauled to camp. Then we completed o igloos. Bears and wolves wandered about camp night, but with one hundred dogs, whose eyes were the swelled larder, there was no danger from wi brutes.

Early in the morning of March 4 we were awaken by a furious noise from the dogs. Koo-loo-ting-w peeked out and saw a bear in the act of taking a choi strip of tenderloin from the meat. With a deft cut of t knife, a falling block of snow made a window, a through it the rifle was leveled at the animal. He w big, fat, and gave us just the blubber required for o lamps.

A holiday was declared. It would take time stuff the dogs with twenty musk oxen and a bear. Fu thermore, our clothing needed attention. Boots, mi tens, and stockings had to be dried and mended. So of our garments were torn in places, permitting win to enter. Much of the dog harness required fixin

The Eskimos' sledges had been slightly broken. Later, the same day, another herd of twenty musk oxen were seen. Now even the Eskimo's savage thirst for blood was satisfied. The pot was kept boiling, and the igloos rang with chants of primitive joys.

On March 7 we began a straight run to the Polar sea, a distance of one hundred and seventy miles. The weather was superb and the ice again free of heavy snow.

In six marches we reached Schei Island, which we found to be a peninsula. We halted here and a feast day was declared. Twenty-seven musk oxen and twenty-four hares were secured in one after-dinner hunt. This meat guaranteed a food supply to the shores of the Polar sea. A weight was lifted from my load of cares, for I had doubted the existence of game far enough north to count on fresh meat to the sea. The temperature was still low (—50° F.), but the nights were brightening, and the days offered twelve hours of good light. Our outlook was hopeful indeed.

In the Polar campaign, the bear was unconsciously our best friend, and also consciously our worst enemy. There were times when we admired him, although he was never exactly friendly to us. There were other times when we regarded him with a savage wrath. Only beyond the range of life in the utmost North were we free from his attacks. In other places he nosed our trail with curious persistence. He had attacked the first party that was sent out to explore a route, under cover of night and storms. One man was wounded, another lost the tail of his coat and a part of his anatomy.

In our march of glory through the musk ox land,

the bear came as a rival, and disputed not only our rig to the chase, but also our right to the product from o own catch. But we had guns and dogs, and the be fell easily. We were jealous of the quest of the mu ox. It seemed properly to belong to the domain man's game. We were equal at the time to the ta and did not require the bear's help.

The bears were good at figures, and quickly re ized ours was a superior fighting force. So they join the ranks in order that they might share in the divisi of the spoils. The bear's goodly mission was alwa regarded with suspicion. We could easily spare t bones of our game, which he delighted to pick. We we perfectly able to protect our booty with one hundr dogs, whose dinners depended on open eyes. But t bear did not always understand our tactics. We aft wards learned that we did not always understand h for he drove many prizes into our arms. But man i short-sighted critic—he sees only his side of the game.

In the northern march a much more friendly spi was developed. We differed on many points of eth with bruin, and our fights, successful or otherwise, we too numerous and disagreeable to relate fully. On one of these battles will be recorded here, to save t reputation of man as a superior fighting animal.

We had made a long march of about forty mil Already the dull purple of twilight was resting heav on darkening snows. The temperature was —8 There was no wind. The air was semi-liquid with s pended crystals. When standing still we were perfec comfortable, although jets of steam from our nostr arranged frost crescents about our faces.

We had been advancing towards a group of musk oxen for more than an hour. We were now in the habit of living from catch to catch, filling up on meat at the end of each successful hunt, and waiting for pot-luck for the next meal. The sledges were too heavily loaded to carry additional weight. Furthermore, the temperature was too low to split up frozen meat. Indeed, most of our axes had been broken in trying to divide meat as dog food. It was plainly an economy of axes and fuel to fill up on warm meat as the skin was removed, and wait for the next plunder.

We had been two days without setting eyes on an appetizing meal of steaming meat. Not a living speck had crossed our horizon; and, therefore, when we noted the little cloud of steam rise from a side hill, and guessed that under it were herds of musk ox, our palates moistened with anticipatory joys. A camping place was sought. Two domes of snow were erected as a shelter.

Through the glasses we counted twenty-one musk oxen. Some were digging up snow to find willows; others were sleeping. All were unsuspecting. After the experience we had in this kind of hunting, we confidently counted the game as ours. A holiday was declared for the morrow, to dispose of the surplus. Nourishment in prospect, one hundred dogs started with a jump, under the lashes of ten Eskimos. Our sledges began shooting the boreal shoots. After rushing over minor hills, the dog noses sank into bear tracks. A little farther along, we realized we had rivals. Two bears were far ahead, approaching the musk oxen.

The dogs scented their rivals. The increased

bounding of the sledges made looping-the-loop seem tame. But we were too late; the bears ran into the bunch of animals, and spoiled our game with no advantage to themselves. Giving a half-hearted chase, they rose to a bank of snow, deliberately sat down, and turned to a position to give us the laugh.

The absence of musk ox did not slacken the pace of the dogs. The bears were quick to see the force of our intent. They scattered and climbed. A bear is an expert Alpinist; he requires no ice axe and no lantern. The moon came out, and the snow slopes began to glare with an electric incandescence.

In this pearly light, the white bear seemed black and was easily located. One bear slipped into a ravine and was lost. All attention was now given to the other which was ascending an icy ridge to a commanding precipice. We cut the dogs from the sledges. They soared up the white slope as if they had wings. The bear gained the crest in time to cuff away each rising antagonist. The dogs tumbled over each other, down several hundred feet into a soft snow-padded gully. Other dogs continued to rise on the ridge to keep the bear guessing. The dogs in the pit discovered a new route, and made a combined rear attack. Bruin was surprised, and turned to face his enemies. Backing from a sudden assault, he stepped over a precipice, and tum bled in a heap into the dog-strewn pit. The battle was now on in full force. Finding four feet more useful than one mouth, the bear turned on his back and sent his paws out with telling effect. The dogs, although not giving up the battle, scattered, for the swing of the creature's feet did not suit their battle methods. Sit

ting on curled tails, they filled the air with murderous howls and raised clouds of frozen breath in the flying snow.

We were on the scene at a safe distance, each with a tight grip on his gun, expecting the bear to make a sudden plunge. But he was not given a choice of movement, and we could not shoot into the darting pit of dogs without injuring them. At this moment Ah-we-lah, youngest of the party, advanced. Leaving his gun, he descended through the dog ranks into the pit, with the spiked harpoon shaft. The bear threw back its head to meet him. A score of dogs grabbed the bear's feet. Ah-we-lah raised his arm. A sudden savage thrust sank the blunt steel into the bear's chest. Cracking whips, we scattered the guarding dogs The prize was quickly divided.

On our advance to the Polar sea, I found that there is considerable art in building snowhouses. The casual observer is likely to conclude that it is an easy problem to pile up snow-blocks, dome-shaped, but to do this properly, so that the igloo will withstand wind, requires adept work. From the lessons of my companions in this art I now became more alert to learn, knowing the necessity of protection on our Polar dash.

The first problem is to find proper snow. One has often to seek for banks where the snow is just hard enough. If it is too hard, it cannot be easily cut with knives. If it is too soft, the blocks will crush, and cause the house to cave in. Long knives are the best instruments—one of fifteen inches and another about ten. From sixty to seventy-five blocks, fifteen by twenty-four inches, are required to make a house ten feet by ten.

The blocks are cut according to the snow, but fifteen b twenty-four by eight inches is the best size.

The lower tiers of blocks are set in slight notches i the snow, to prevent the blocks from slipping out. slight tilt begins from the first tiers; the next tier til still more, and so the next. The blocks are set so th the upper blocks cover the breaks in the lower tier. Th fitting is done mostly with the blocks in position, th knife being passed between the blocks to and fro, wit a pressure on the blocks with the other hand. Th hardest task is to make the blocks stick without holdin in the upper tiers. This is done by deft cuts with th knife and a slight thump of the blocks.

The dome is the most difficult part to build. I doing this all blocks are leveled and carefully set to arc the roof.

When the structure is completed, a candle is lit an the cracks are stuffed by cutting the edges off the nea est blocks, and pressing the broken snow into the crac with the mittens. After this process, the interior a rangement is worked out. The foot space is first cu out in blocks. If the snow is on a slope, as it often hap pens, these blocks are raised and the upper slopes a cut down to a level plane.

The foot space is a very important matter, first fo the comfort of sitting, and also to let off the carbon acid gas, which quickly settles in these temperatures an extinguishes the fires. It, of course, has also an impo tant bearing on human breathing.

Inhalation of very cold air at this time forced a unconscious expenditure of very much energy. Th extent of this tax can be gauged only by the enormo

difference between the temperature of the body and that of the air. One day it was —72° F. The difference was, therefore, 170°. It is hard to conceive of normal breathing under such difficulties; but when properly clothed and fed, no great discomfort or ill-effects are noted. The membranes of the air passages are, however, overflushed with blood. The chest circulation is forced to its limits, and the heart beats are increased and strengthened. The organs of circulation and respiration, which do ninety per cent. of the work of the body, are taxed with a new burden that must be counted in estimating one's day's task. This loss of power in breathing extreme frost is certain to reduce working time and bodily force.

The land whose coast we were following to the shores of the Polar sea is part of the American hemisphere, and one of the largest islands of the world, spreading 30° longitude and rising 7° of latitude. What is its name? The question must remained unanswered, for it not only has no general name, but numerous sections are written with names and outlines that differ to a large extent with the caprice of the explorers who have been there.

The south is called Lincoln Land; above it, Ellesmere Land. Then comes Schley Land, Grinnell Land, Arthur Land, and Grant Land, with other lands of later christening by Sverdrup and others.

No human beings inhabit the island. No nation assumes the responsibility of claiming or protecting it. The Eskimo calls the entire country Acpohon, or "the Land of Guillemots," which are found in great abundance along the southeast point. I have, therefore, to

avoid conflictions, affixed the name of Acpohon as th general designation.

We had now advanced beyond the range of a primitive life. No human voice broke the frigid silenc The Eskimos had wandered into the opening of th musk ox pass. Sverdrup had mapped the channels o the west coast. But here was no trace of modern or abo riginal residence. There is no good reason why me should not have followed the musk oxen here, but th nearest Eskimos on the American side are those on Lan caster Sound.

I found an inspiration in being thus alone at th world's end. The barren rocks, the wastes of snow fields, the mountains stripped of earlier ice-sheets, an every phase of the landscape, assured a new interes There was a note of absolute abandon on the part o nature. If our own resources failed, or if a calamit overtook us, there would be no trace to mark icy grave forever hidden from surviving loved ones.

My Eskimo comrades were enthusiastic explorers The game trails gave a touch of animation to their steps which meant much to the progress of the expedition We not only saw musk oxen in large herds, but track of bears and wolves were everywhere in line with ou course. On the sea-ice we noted many seal blow-holes Already the natives talked of coming here on the fo lowing year to cast their lot in the new wilds.

The picturesque headland of Schie we found to b a huge triassic rock of the same general formation a that indicated along Eureka Sound. Its west offered series of grassy slopes bared by persistent winds, upo which animal life found easy access to the winter-cure

grass. A narrow neck of land connected what seemed like an island with the main land. Here caches of fur and fuel were left for the return. In passing Snag's Fiord the formation changed. Here, for several marches, game was scarce. The temperature rose as we neared the Polar sea. The snow became much deeper but it was hardened by stronger winds and increased humidity. High glacier-abandoned valleys with gradual slopes to the water's edge, gave the Heiberg shores on Nansen Sound a different type of landscape from that of the opposite shores. Here and there we found pieces of lignite coal, and as we neared Svartevoeg the carboniferous formation became more evident.

Camping in the lowlands just south of Svartevoeg Cliffs we secured seven musk oxen and eighty-five hares. Here were immense fields of grass and moss bared by persistent winter gales. By a huge indentation here, through which we saw the sea-level ice of the west, the shores seemed to indicate that the point of Heiberg is an island, but of this we were not absolutely sure. To us it was a great surprise that here, on the shores of the Polar sea, we found a garden spot of plant luxuriance and animal delight. For this assured, in addition to the caches left en route, a sure food supply for the return from our mission to the North.

THE TRANS-BOREAL DASH BEGINS

BY FORCED EFFORTS AND THE USE OF AXES SPEED IS MAI OVER THE LAND-ADHERING PACK ICE OF POLAR SEA— THE MOST DIFFICULT TRAVEL OF THE PROPOSE JOURNEY SUCCESSFULLY ACCOMPLISHED—REGRET FUL PARTING WITH THE ESKIMOS

XIII

Five Hundred Miles From the Pole

Svartevoeg is a great cliff, the northernmost poin of Heiberg Land, which leaps precipitously into th Polar sea. Its negroid face of black scarred rock frowns like the carven stone countenance of some hide ously mutilated and enraged Titan savage. It ex presses, more than a human face could, the unendurabl sufferings of this region of frigid horrors. It is fiv hundred and twenty miles from the North Pole.

From this point I planned to make my dash in a straight a route as might be possible. Starting fron our camp at Annoatok late in February, when the cur tain of night was just beginning to lift, when the chi of the long winter was felt at its worst, we had force progress through deep snows, over land and frozen sea braving the most furious storms of the season and trav eling despite baffling darkness, and had covered in les than a month about four hundred miles—nearly hal

the distance between our winter camp and the Pole.

Arriving at land's end my heart had cause for gratification. We had weathered the worst storms of the year. The long bitter night had now been lost. The days lengthened and invaded with glitter the decreasing nights. The sun glowed more radiantly daily, rose higher and higher to a continued afterglow in cheery blues, and sank for periods briefer and briefer in seas of running color. Our hopes, like those of all mankind, had risen with the soul-lifting sun. We had made our progress mainly at the expense of the land which we explored, for the game en route had furnished food and clothing.

The supplies we had brought with us from Annoatok were practically untouched. We had stepped in overfed skins, were fired by a resolution which was recharged by a strength bred of feeding upon abundant raw and wholesome meat. Eating to repletion on unlimited game, our bodies were kept in excellent trim by the exigencies of constant and difficult traveling.

As a man's mental force is the result of yesteryears' upbuilding, so his strength of to-day is the result of last week's eating. With the surge of ambition which had been formulating for twenty years, and my body in best physical shape for the supreme test, the Pole now seemed almost near.

As the great cliffs of Svartevoeg rose before us my heart leaped. I felt that the first rung in the ladder of success had been climbed, and as I stood under the black cliffs of this earth's northernmost land I felt that I looked through the eyes of long experience. Having reached the end of Nansen Sound, with Svartevoeg on my left, and the tall, scowling cliffs of Lands-Lokk on

my right, I viewed for the first time the rough and heav
ice of the untracked Polar sea, over which, knowing th
conditions of the sea ice, I anticipated the most difficu
part of our journey lay. Imagine before you fields
crushed ice, glimmering in the rising sunlight with shoo
ing fires of sapphire and green; fields which have bee
slowly forced downward by strong currents from th
north, and pounded and piled in jagged mountainou
heaps for miles about the land. Beyond this difficult ic
as I knew, lay more even fields, over which travelin
saving the delays of storms and open leads, would
comparatively easy. To encompass this rough prospe
was the next step in reaching my goal. I felt that
time must be lost. At this point I was now to emba
upon the Polar sea; the race for my life's ambition w
to begin here; but first I had finally to resolve on th
details of my campaign.

I decided to reduce my party to the smallest po
sible number consistent with the execution of the pro
lem in hand. In addition, for greater certainty
action over the unknown regions beyond, I now de
nitely resolved to simplify the entire equipment. A
extra sled was left at the cache at this point to insu
a good vehicle for our return in case the two sleds whi
we were to take should be badly broken en route.
decided to take only two men on the last dash. I ha
carefully watched and studied every one of my part
and had already selected E-tuk-i-shook and Ah-we-la
two young Eskimos, each about twenty years old, as be
fitted to be my sole companions in the long run
destiny.

Twenty-six of the best dogs were picked, and up

two sleds were to be loaded all our needs for a trip estimated to last eighty days.

To have increased this party would not have enabled us to carry supplies for a greater number of days.

The sleds might have been loaded more heavily, but I knew this would reduce the important progress of the first days.

With the character of ice which we had before us, advance stations were impossible. A large expedition and a heavy equipment would have been imprudent. We must win or lose in a prolonged effort at high pressure. Therefore, absolute control and ease of adaptability to a changing environment was imperative.

From past experience I knew it was impossible to control adequately the complex human temperament of white men in the Polar wilderness. But I felt certain the two Eskimo boys could be trusted to follow to the limit of my own endurance. So our sleds were burdened only with absolute necessaries.

Because of the importance of a light and efficient equipment, much care had to be taken to reduce every ounce of weight. The sleds were made of hickory, the lightest wood consistent with great endurance, and every needless fibre was gouged out. The iron shoes were ground thin, and up to the present had stood the test of half the Polar battle.

Eliminating everything not actually needed, but selecting adequate food, I made the final preparations.

The camp equipment selected included the following articles: One blow fire lamp (jeuel), three aluminum pails, three aluminum cups, three aluminum teaspoons, one tablespoon, three tin plates, six pocket

knives, two butcher knives (ten inches), one saw kni
(thirteen inches), one long knife (fifteen inches), o
rifle (Sharp's), one rifle (Winchester .22), one hundr
and ten cartridges, one hatchet, one Alpine axe, ext
line and lashings, and three personal bags.

The sled equipment consisted of two sleds weig
ing fifty-two pounds each; one twelve-foot folding ca
vas boat, the wood of which formed part of a sled; o
silk tent, two canvas sled covers, two reindeer skin slee
ing bags, floor furs, extra wood for sled repairs, screw
nails and rivets.

My instruments were as follows: One field glas
one pocket compass; one liquid compass; one aluminu
surveying compass, with azimuth attachment; o
French surveyor's sextant, with radius 7½, divided
silver to 10′, reading by Vernier to 10″ (among the ext
attachments were a terrestrial and an astronomical tel
scope, and an extra night telescope mounted in alum
num, and also double refracting prisms, thermometer
etc.—the instrument was made by Hurleman of Fran
and bought of Keuffel & Esser); one glass artifici
horizon; three Howard pocket chronometers; one Ti
fany watch; one pedometer; map-making material a
instruments; three thermometers; one aneroid baro
eter; one camera and films; notebook and pencils.

The personal bags contained four extra pairs
kamiks, with fur stockings, a woolen shirt, three pairs
sealskin mittens, two pairs of fur mittens, a piece
blanket, a sealskin coat (netsha), extra fox tails and d
harness, a repair kit for mending clothing, and mu
other necessary material.

On the march we wore snow goggles, blue fox coa

(kapitahs) and birdskin shirts (Ah-tea), bearskin pants (Nan-nooka), sealskin boots (Kam-ik), hare-skin stockings (Ah-tee-shah), and a band of fox tails under the knee and about the waist.

The food supply, as will be seen by the following list, was mostly pemmican:

Eight hundred and five pounds of beef pemmican, one hundred and thirty pounds of walrus pemmican, fifty pounds of musk ox tenderloin, twenty-five pounds of musk ox tallow, two pounds of tea, one pound of coffee, twenty-five pounds of sugar, forty pounds of condensed milk, sixty pounds of milk biscuit, ten pounds of pea soup powdered and compressed, fifty pounds of surprises, forty pounds petroleum, two pounds of wood alcohol, three pounds of candles and one pound of matches.

We planned our future food supply with pemmican as practically the sole food; the other things were to be mere palate satisfiers. For the eighty days the supply was to be distributed as follows:

For three men: Pemmican, one pound per day for eighty days, two hundred and forty pounds. For six dogs: Pemmican, one pound per day for eighty days, four hundred and eighty pounds. This necessitated a total of seven hundred and twenty pounds of pemmican.

Of the twenty-six dogs, we had at first figured on taking sixteen over the entire trip to the Pole and back to our caches on land, but in this last calculation only six were to be taken. Twenty, the least useful, were to be used one after the other, as food on the march, as soon as reduced loads and better ice permitted. This, we counted, would give one thousand pounds of fresh

meat over and above our pemmican supply. W
carried about two hundred pounds of pemmic
above the expected consumption, and in the final wo
ing out the dogs were used for traction purposes long
than we anticipated. But, with a cautious saving, t
problem was solved somewhat more economically th
any figuring before the start indicated.

Every possible article of equipment was made to
double service; not an ounce of dead weight was carri
which could be dispensed with.

After making several trips about Svartevoeg, *
ranging caches for the return, studying the ice and la
I decided to make the final start on the Polar sea
March 18, 1908.

The time had come to part with most of our faith
Eskimo companions. Taking their hands in my mann
of parting, I thanked them as well as I could for th
faithful service to me. *"Tigishi ah yaung-uluk!"* (T
big nail!), they replied, wishing me luck.

Then, in a half gale blowing from the northwest a
charged with snow, they turned their backs upon me a
started upon the return track. They carried little b
ammunition, because we had learned that plenty of ga
was to be provided along the return courses.

Even after they were out of sight in the drifti
snowstorm their voices came cheerily back to me. T
faithful savages had followed me until told that I co
use them no longer; and it was not only for their simp
pay of knives and guns, but because of a real desire
be helpful. Their parting enforced a pang of lonelines

*A great deal of careful search and study was prosecuted al
Svartevoeg, for here Peary claims to have left a cache, the alleged pla

With a snow-charged blast in our faces it was impossible for us to start immediately after the Eskimos returned. Withdrawing to the snow igloo, we entered our bags and slept a few hours longer. At noon the horizon cleared. The wind veered to the southwest and came with an endurable force. Doubly rationed the night before, the dogs were not to be fed again for two days. The time had come to start. We quickly loaded our sleds. Hitching the dogs, we let the whips fall, and with bounds they leaped around deep ice grooves in the great paleocrystic floes.

Our journey was begun. Swept of snow by the force of the preceding storm, the rough ice crisply racked under the swift speed of our sleds. Even on this uneven surface the dogs made such speed that I kept ahead of them only with difficulty. Their barking pealed about us and re-echoed from the black cliffs behind. Dashing about transparent ultramarine gorges, and about the base of miniature mountains of ice, we soon came into a region of undulating icy hills. The hard irregularity of the ice at times endangered our sleds. We climbed over ridges like walls. We jumped dangerous crevasses, keeping slightly west by north; the land soon sank in the rear of us. Drifting clouds and wind-driven snows soon screened the tops of black mountains. Looking behind, I saw only a swirling, moving scene of dull white and nebulous gray. On every side ice hummocks heaved their backs and writhed by. Be-

f which he has used as a pretext for attempting to take from the map he name of Svartevoeg, given by Sverdrup, when he discovered it, to the orthern part of Heiberg Land. Peary, coming later, put on his map the ame Cape Thomas Hubbard, for one who had put easy money in his ands. But no such cache was found, and I doubt very much if Peary ever eached this point, except through a field-glass at very long range.

hind me followed four snugly loaded sleds, drawn
forty-four selected dogs, under the lash of four exp
Eskimo drivers. The dogs pranced; the joyous cries
the natives rose and fell. My heart leaped; my s
sang. I felt my blood throb with each gallop of the le
ing dog teams. The sound of their feet pattering on
snow, the sight of their shaggy bodies tossing forwa
gave me joy. For every foot of ice covered, every m
ute of constant action, drew me nearer, ever nearer,
my goal.

Our first run was auspicious; it seemed to aug
success. By the time we paused to rest we had cove
twenty-six miles.

We pitched camp on a floeberg of unusual heig
about us were many big hummocks, and to the lee
these banks of hardened snow. Away from land it
always more difficult to find snow suitable for cutt
building blocks. There, however, was an abundan
We busily built, in the course of an hour, a comforta
snow igloo. Into it we crept, grateful for shelter fr
the piercing wind.

The dogs curled up and went to sleep without a c
as if they knew that there would be no food until tom
row. My wild companions covered their faces with th
long hair and sank quietly into slumber. For me sl
was impossible. The whole problem of our campa
had again to be carefully studied, and final plans ma
not only to reach our ultimate destination, but for
two returning Eskimos and for the security of the thi
left at Annoatok, and also to re-examine the caches
en route for our return. These must be protected
well as possible against the bears and wolves.

Already I had begun to think of our return to land. It was difficult at this time even to approximate any probable course. Much would depend upon conditions to be encountered in the northward route. Although we had left caches of supplies with the object of returning along Nansen Sound, into Cannon Fiord and over Arthur Land, I entertained grave doubts of our ability to return this way. I knew that if the ice should drift strongly to the east we might not be given the choice of working out our own return. For, in such an event, we should perhaps be carried helplessly to Greenland, and should have to seek a return either along the east or the west coast.

This drift, in my opinion, would not necessarily mean dangerous hardships, for the musk oxen would keep us alive to the west, and to the east it seemed possible to reach Shannon Island, where the Baldwin-Zeigler expeditions had abandoned a large cache of supplies. It appeared not improbable, also, that a large land extension might offer a safe return much further west. I fell asleep while pondering over these things. By morning the air was clear of frost crystals. It was intensely cold, not only because of a temperature of 56° below zero, Fahrenheit, but a humid chill which pierced to the very bones. A light breeze came from the west. The sun glowed in a freezing field of blue.

Hitching our dogs, we started. For several hours we seemed to soar over the white spaces. Then the ice changed in character, the expansive, thick fields of glacier-like ice giving way to floes of moderate size and thickness. These were separated by zones of troublesome crushed ice thrown into high-pressure lines, which

offered serious barriers. Chopping the pathway wit an ice axe, we managed to make fair progress. W covered twenty-one miles of our second run on the Pol sea. I expected, at the beginning of this final effor to send back by this time the two extra men, Koo-lo ting-wah and In-u-gi-to, who had remained to help u over the rough pack-ice. But progress had not been a good as I had expected; so, although we could hardl spare any food to feed their dogs, the two volunteere to push along for another day without dog food.

Taking advantage of big, strong teams and the fi of early enthusiasm, we aimed to force long distanc through the extremely difficult ice jammed here again the distant land. The great weight of the supplies i tended for the final two sleds were now distributed ov four sleds. With axe and compass in hand, I led th way. With prodigious effort I chopped opening through barriers after barriers of ice. Sled after sl was passed over the tumbling series of obstacles by m companions while I advanced to open a way through th next. With increasing difficulties in some troublesom ice, we camped after making only sixteen miles. A though weary, we built a small snowhouse. I prepare over my stove a pot of steaming musk ox loins and bro and a double brew of tea. After partaking of this o two helpers prepared to return. To have taken the farther would have necessitated a serious drain on o supplies and an increased danger for their lives in longer return to land.

By these men I sent back instructions to Rudol Francke to remain in charge of my supplies at Annoat until June 5th, 1908, and then, if we should not have r

DASHING FORWARD EN ROUTE TO THE POLE

DEPARTURE OF SUPPORTING PARTY

A BREATHING SPELL

POLEWARD!

turned by that date, to place Koo-loo-ting-wah in charge and go home either by a whaler or some Danish ship. I knew that, should we get in trouble, he could offer no relief to help us, and that his waiting an indefinite time alone would be a needless hardship.

The way before Koo-loo-ting-wah and In-u-gi-to, who had so cheerfully remained to the last possible moment that they could be of help, was not an entirely pleasant one. Their friends were by now well on their journey toward Annoatok, and they had to start after them with sleds empty of provisions and dogs hungry for food.

They hoped to get back to land and off the ice of the Polar sea in one long day's travel of twenty-four hours. Even this would leave their fourth day without food for their dogs. In case of storms or moving of the ice, other days of famine might easily fall to their lot. However, they faced possible dangers cheerfully rather than ask me to give them anything from the stores that were to support their two companions, myself and our dogs on our way onward to the Pole and back. I was deeply touched by this superlative devotion. They assured me too (in which they were right) that they had an abundance of possible food in the eighteen dogs they took with them. If necessary, they could sacrifice a few at any time for the benefit of the others, as must often be done in the Northland.

There were no formalities in our parting on the desolate ice. Yet, as the three of us who were left alone gazed after our departing companions, we felt a poignant pang in our hearts. About us was a cheerless waste of crushed wind-and-water-driven ice. A sharp

wind stung our faces. The sun was obscured by clou
which piled heavily and darkly about the horizon. T
cold and brilliant jeweled effects of the frozen sea we
lost in a dismal hue of dull white and sombre gray. C
the horizon, Svartevoeg, toward which the returnin
Eskimos were bound, was but a black speck. To t
north, where our goal lay, our way was untrodden, u
known. The thought came to me that perhaps w
should never see our departing friends. With it can
a pang of tenderness for the loved ones I had left behi
me. Although our progress so far had been successfu
and half the distance was made, dangers u
known and undreamed of existed in the way before u
My Eskimos already showed anxiety—an anxiety whi
every aboriginal involuntarily feels when land disa
pears on the horizon. Never venturing themselves f
onto the Polar sea, when they lose sight of land a pan
overcomes them. Before leaving us one of the depar
ing Eskimos had pointed out a low-lying cloud to t
north of us. "Noona" (land), he said, nodding to t
others. The thought occurred to me that, on our tri
I could take advantage of the mirages and low clou
on the horizon and encourage a belief in a constant nea
ness to land, thus maintaining their courage and cheer

Regrets and fears were not long-lasting, howeve

*On their return to Etah, and after I had left for Upernavik,
Eskimos, questioned by Mr. Peary, who was anxious to secure anyth
that might serve towards discrediting me, answered innocently that t
had been only a few sleeps from land. This unwilling and naive admiss
was published in a pretentious statement, the purpose of which was to c
doubt on my claim. Other answers of my Eskimos, to the effect tha
had instruments and had made constant observations, it is curious to no
were suppressed by Mr. Peary and his party on their return. Ev
insinuation was made to the effect that I had had no instruments, had c
sequently taken no observations, and had, therefore, no means of ascerta
ing the Pole even had I wished to do so.

for the exigencies of our problem were sufficiently imperative and absorbing. To the overcoming of these we had now to devote our entire attention and strain every fibre.

We had now advanced, by persistent high-pressure efforts, over the worst possible ice conditions, somewhat more than sixty miles. Of the 9° between land's end and the Pole, we had covered one; and we had done this without using the pound of food per day allotted each of us out of the eighty days' supply transported.

POLAR BEAR

OVER THE POLAR SEA TO THE BIG LEA

WITH TWO ESKIMO COMPANIONS, THE RACE POLEWA
CONTINUES OVER ROUGH AND DIFFICULT ICE—T
LAST LAND FADES BEHIND—MIRAGES LEAP IN
BEING AND WEAVE A MYSTIC SPELL—A SWIRLI
SCENE OF MOVING ICE AND FANTASTIC EFFECTS
STANDING ON A HILL OF ICE, A BLACK, WRITHI
SNAKY CUT APPEARS IN THE ICE BEYOND—THE
LEAD—A NIGHT OF ANXIETY—FIVE HUNDRED MI
ALREADY COVERED—FOUR HUNDRED TO THE POL

XIV

To Eighty-Third Parallel

Our party, thus reduced to three, went onwa
Although the isolation was more oppressive, there w
the advantages of the greater comfort, safety, speed a
convenience that came from having only a small ba
The large number of men in a big expedition alw
increases responsibilities and difficulties. In the ea
part of a Polar venture this disadvantage is elimina
by the facilities to augment supplies by the game
route and by ultimate advantages of the law of the s
vival of the fittest. But after the last supporting sl
return, the men are bound to each other for protect
and can no longer separate. A disabled or unfit

og can be fed to his companions, but an injured or eak man cannot be eaten nor left alone to die. An xploring venture is only as strong as its weakest mem- er, and increased numbers, like increased links in a hain, reduce efficiency.

Moreover, personal idiosyncrasies and inconven- nces always shorten a day's march. And, above all, a umerous party quickly divides into cliques, which are lways opposed to each other, to the leader, and in- ariably to the best interests of the problem in hand. With but two savage companions, to whom this arduous sk was but a part of an accustomed life of frost, I did ot face many of the natural personal barriers which con- ibuted to the failure of former Arctic expeditions.

In my judgment, when you double a Polar party s chances for success are reduced one-half; when you vide it, strength and security are multiplied.

We had been traveling about two and one-half miles r hour. By making due allowances for detours and lts at pressure lines, the number of hours traveled ve us a fair estimate of the day's distance. Against is the pedometer offered a check, and the compass ve the course. Thus, over blank charts, our course as marked.

By this kind of dead reckoning our position on Iarch 20 was: Latitude, 82° 23′; Longitude, 95° 14′. study of our location seemed to indicate that we had assed beyond the zone of ice crushed by the influence f land pressure. Behind were great hummocks and nall ice; ahead was a cheerful expanse of larger, clearer elds, offering a promising highway.

Our destination was now about four hundred and

sixty miles beyond. Our life, with its pack enviro
ment, assumed another aspect. Previously we p
mitted ourselves some luxuries. A pound of coal
and a good deal of musk ox tallow were burned each d
to heat the igloo and to cook abundant food. Ex
meals were served when occasion called for them, a
for each man there had been all the food and drink
desired. If the stockings or the mittens were wet th
was fire enough to dry them out. All of this had n
to be changed.

Hereafter there was to be a short daily allowa
of food and fuel—one pound of pemmican a day for
dogs, about the same for the men, with just a taste
other things. Fortunately, we were well provided w
fresh meat for the early part of the race by the lucky r
through game lands. Because of the need of f
economy we now cut our pemmican with an axe. La
it split the axe.

At first no great hardship followed our chang
routine. We filled up sufficiently on two cold me
daily and also depended on superfluous bodily tiss
It was no longer possible to jump on the sled for
occasional breathing spell, as we had done along
land.

Such a journey as now confronted us is a lo
continued, hard, difficult, sordid, body-exhausting thi
Each day some problem presents some peculiar con
tion of the ice or state of the weather. The effort,
instance, to form some shield from intense cold gi
added interest to the game. That one thing after
other is being met, with always the anticipation of n
day's struggle, adds a thrill to the conquest, spurs

to greater and ever greater feats, and really constitues the actual victory of such a quest. With overloaded sleds the drivers must now push and pull at them to aid the dogs. My task was to search the troubled ice for easy routes, cutting away here and there with the ice-axe to permit the passing of the sleds.

Finally stripping for the race, man and dog must walk along together through storms and frost for the elusive goal. Success or failure must depend mostly upon our ability to transport nourishment and to keep up the muscular strength for a prolonged period.

As we awoke on the morning of March 21 and peered out of the eye-port of the igloo, the sun edged along the northeast. A warm orange glow suffused the ice and gladdened our hearts. The temperature was 33° below zero, Fahrenheit; the barometer was steady and high. There was almost no wind. Not a cloud lined the dome of pale purple blue, but a smoky streak along the west shortened our horizon in that direction and marked a lead of open water.

Our breakfast consisted of two cups of tea, a watch-sized biscuit, a chip of frozen meat and a boulder of pemmican. Creeping out of our bags, our shivering legs were pushed through bearskin cylinders which served as trousers. We worked our feet into frozen boots and then climbed into fur coats. Next we kicked the front out of the snowhouse and danced about to stimulate heart action.

Quickly the camp furnishings were tossed on the sleds and securely lashed. We gathered the dog traces into the drag lines, vigorously snapped the long whips, and the willing creatures bent to the shoulder straps.

The sleds groaned. The unyielding snows gave a metallic ring. The train moved with a cheerful pace.

"Am-my noona terronga dosangwah" (Perhaps land will be out of sight today), we said to one another.* But the words did not come with serious intent. In truth, each in his own way felt keenly that we were leaving a world of life and possible comfort for one of torment and suffering. Axel Heiberg Land, to the south, was already only a dull blue haze, while Grant Land, on the eastward, was making fantastic figures of its peaks and ice walls. The ice ran in waves of undulating blue, shimmering with streams of gold, before us. Behind, the last vestiges of jagged land rose and fell like marionettes dancing a wild farewell. Our heart-pulls were backward, our mental kicks were forward.

Until now this strange white world had been one of grim reality. As though some unseen magician had waved his wand, it was suddenly transformed into a land of magic. Leaping into existence, as though from realms beyond the horizon, huge mirages wove a web of marvelous delusional pictures about the horizon. Peaks of snow were transformed into volcanoes, belching smoke; out of the pearly mist rose marvelous cities with

---

*My enemies credit me with a journey of two thousand miles, which is double Peary's greatest distance; but then, to deny my Polar attainment, they keep me sitting here, on a sterile waste of ice, for three months. Would any man sit down there and shiver in idleness, when the reachable glory of Polar victory was on one side and the get-at-able gastronomic joy of game land on the other? Only a crazy man would do that, and we were too busy to lose our mental balance at that time. When leg-force controls human destiny, and a half-filled stomach clears the brain for action, for a long time, at least, insanity is very remote. Furthermore, the Eskimo boys said we traveled on the ice-pack for seven moons, and that we reached a place where the sun does not dip at night; where the day and night shadows were of equal length. Has Mr. Peary reached that point? If so, neither he nor his Eskimos have noted it.

fairy-like castles; in the color-shot clouds waved golden and rose and crimson pennants from pinnacles and domes of mosaic-colored splendor. Huge creatures, misshapen and grotesque, writhed along the horizon and performed amusing antics.

Beginning now, and rarely absent, these spectral denizens of the North accompanied us during the entire journey; and later, when, fagged of brain and sapped of bodily strength, I felt my mind swimming in a sea of half-consciousness, they filled me almost with horror, impressing me as the monsters one sees in a nightmare.

At every breathing spell in the mad pace our heads low turned to land. Every look was rewarded by a new prospect. From belching volcanoes to smoking ities of modern bustle, the mirages gave a succession of triking scenes which filled me with awed and marveling elight. A more desolate line of coast could not be nagined. Along its edge ran low wind-swept and ind-polished mountains. These were separated by alleys filled with great depths of snow and glacial ice.

Looking northward, the sky line was clear of the miliar pinnacles of icebergs. In the immediate icinity many small bergs were seen; some of these were grounded, and the pack thus anchored was thrown in uge uplifts of pressure lines and hummocks. The sea, s is thereby determined, is very shallow for a long dis- ance from land.

This interior accumulation of snow moves slowly to he sea, where it forms a low ice wall, a glacier of the Malaspina type. Its appearance is more like that of eavy sea ice; hence the name of the paleocrystic ice, ragments from this glacier, floebergs, which, seen in

Lincoln Sea and resembling old floes, were supposed t
be the product of the ancient upbuilding of the ice o
the North Polar Sea.

Snapping our whips and urging the dogs, we trav
eled until late in the afternoon, mirages constantl
appearing and melting about us. Now the land sud
denly settled downward as if by an earthquake. Th
pearly glitter, which had raised and magnified it, dark
ened. A purple fabric fell over the horizon and merge
imperceptibly into the lighter purple blue of the uppe
skies. We saw the land, however, at successive period
for several days. This happened whenever the atmos
phere was in the right condition to elevate the terrestria
contour lines by refracting sun rays.

Every condition favored us on this march. Th
wind was not strong and struck us at an angle, permit
ting us to guard our noses by pushing a mitten unde
our hoods or by raising a fur-clad hand.

We had not been long in the field, however, whe
the wind, that ever-present dragon guardian of the un
seen northern monarch's demesne, began to suc
strength from our bodies. Shortly before Grant Lan
entirely faded the monster fawned on us with gentl
breathing.

The snow was hard, and the ice, in fairly larg
fields separated by pressure lines, offered little resist
ance. On March 21, at the end of a forced effort o
fourteen hours, the register indicated a progress o
twenty-nine miles.

Too weary to build an igloo, we threw ourselve
thoughtlessly upon the sleds for a short rest, and fe
asleep. I was awakened from my fitful slumber by

feeling of compression, as if stifling arms hideously gripped me. It was the wind. I breathed with difficulty. I struggled to my feet, and about me hissed and wailed the dismal sound. It was a sharp warning to us that to sleep without the shelter of an igloo would probably mean death.

On the heavy floe upon which we rested were several large hummocks. To the lee of one of these we found suitable snow for a shelter.

Lines of snowy vapor were rushing over the pack. The wind came with rapidly increasing force. We erected the house, however, before we suffered severely from the blast. We crept into it out of the storm and nested in warm furs.

The wind blew fiercely throughout the night. By the next morning, March 22, the storm had eased to a steady, light breeze. The temperature was 59° below zero. We emerged from our igloo at noon. Although the cheerless gray veil had been swept from the frigid dome of the sky, to the north appeared a low black line over a pearly cloud which gave us much uneasiness. This was a narrow belt of "water-sky," which indicated open water or very thin ice at no great distance.

The upper surface of Grant Land was now a mere thin pen line on the edge of the horizon. But a play of land clouds above it attracted the eyes to the last known rocks of solid earth. We now felt keenly the piercing cold of the Polar sea. The temperature gradually rose to 46° F. below zero, in the afternoon, but there was a deadly chill in the long shadows which increased with the swing of the lowering sun.

A life-sapping draught, which sealed the eyes and

bleached the nose, still hissed over the frozen sea. We had hoped that this would soften with the midday sun. Instead, it came with a more cutting sharpness. In the teeth of the wind we persistently pursued a course slightly west of north. The wind was slightly north of west. It struck us at a painful angle and brought tears. Our moistened lashes quickly froze together as we winked, and when we rubbed them and drew apart the lids the icicles broke the tender skin. Our breath froze on our faces. Often we had to pause, uncover our hands and apply the warm palms to the face before it was possible to see.

Every minute thus lost filled me with impatience and dismay. Minutes of traveling were as precious as bits of gold to a hoarding miser.

In the course of a brief time our noses became tipped with a white skin and also required nursing. My entire face was now surrounded with ice, but there was no help for it. If we were to succeed the face must be bared to the cut of the elements. So we must suffer. We continued, urging the dogs and struggling with the wind just as a drowning man fights for life in a storm at sea.

About six o'clock, as the sun crossed the west, we reached a line of high-pressure ridges. Beyond these the ice was cut into smaller floes and thrown together into ugly irregularities. According to my surmises, an active pack and troubled seas could not be far away. The water-sky widened, but became less sharply defined.

We laboriously picked a way among hummocks and pressure lines which seemed impossible from a distance. Our dogs panted with the strain; my limbs ached. In a

few hours we arrived at the summit of an unusual uplift of ice blocks. Looking ahead, my heart pained as if in the grip of an iron hand. My hopes sank within me. Twisting snake-like between the white field, and separating the packs, was a tremendous cut several miles wide, which seemed at the time to bar all further progress. It was the Big Lead, that great river separating the land-adhering ice from the vast grinding fields of the central pack beyond, at which many heroic men before me had stopped. I felt the dismay and heartsickness of all of them within me now. The wind, blowing with a vengeful wickedness, laughed sardonically in my ears.

Of course we had our folding canvas boat on the leds. But in this temperature of 48° below zero I knew no craft could be lowered into water without fatal results. All of the ice about was firmly cemented together, and over it we made our way toward the edge of the water line.

Passing through pressure lines, over smaller and more troublesome fields, we reached the shores of the Big Lead. We had, by two encouraging marches, covered fifty miles. The first hundred miles of our journey on the Polar pack had been covered. The Pole was four hundred miles beyond!

Camp was pitched on a secure old ice field. Cutting through huge ice cliffs, the dark crack seemed like a long river winding between palisades of blue crystal. A thin sheet of ice had already spread over the mysterious deep. On its ebony mirrored surface a profusion of fantastic frost crystals arranged themselves in bunches resembling white and saffron-colored flowers.

Through the apertures of this young ice dar vapors rose like steam through a screen of porous fabri and fell in feathers of snow along the sparkling shore After partaking of a boulder of pemmican, E-tuk-shook went east and I west to examine the lead of wat for a safe crossing. There were several narrow place while here and there floes which had been adrift in th lead were now fixed by young ice. Ah-we-lah remaine behind to make our snowhouse comfortable.

For a long time this huge separation in the pac had been a mystery to me. At first sight there seeme to be no good reason for its existence. Peary had foun a similar break north of Robeson Channel. It wa likely that what we saw was an extension of the sam following at a distance the general trend of the nort ernmost land extension.

This is precisely what one finds on a smaller sca when two ice packs come together. Here the pack the central polar sea meets the land-adhering ic The movement of the land pack is intermittent an usually along the coast. The shallows, grounded ic and projecting points interfere with a steady drift. Th movement of the central pack is quite constant, almost every direction, the tides, currents and wind each giving momentum to the floating mass. The lea is thus the breaking line between the two bodies of ic It widens as the pack separates, and narrows or wider with an easterly or westerly drift, according to th pressure of the central pack. Early in the season, whe the pack is crevassed and not elastic, it is probably wid later, as the entire sea of ice becomes active, it may di appear or shift to a line nearer the land.

In low temperature new ice forms rapidly. This offers an obstruction to the drift of the old ice. As the heavy central pack is pressed against the unyielding and pack the small ice is ground to splinters, and even heavy floes are crushed. This reduced mass of small ice is pasted and cemented along the shores of the Big Lead, leaving a broad band of troublesome surface as a serious barrier to sled travel. It seems quite probable that this lead, or a condition similar to it, extends entirely around the Polar sea as a buffer between the land and the middle pack.

In exploring the shore line, a partially bridged place was found about a mile from camp, but the young ice was too elastic for a safe track. The temperature, however, fell rapidly with the setting sun, and the wind was just strong enough to sweep off the heated vapors. I knew better atmospheric condition could not be afforded quickly to thicken the young ice.

Returning to camp that night, we surprised our stomachs by a little frozen musk ox tenderloin and tallow, the greatest delicacy in our possession. Then we retired. Ice was our pillow. Ice was our bed. A dome of snow above us held off the descending liquid air of frost. Outside the wind moaned. Shudderingly, the deep howl of the dogs rolled over the ice. Lying on the sheeted deep, beneath my ears I heard the noise of the moving, grinding, crashing pack. It sounded terrifyingly like a distant thunder of guns. I could not sleep. Sick anxiety filled me. Could we cross the dreadful river on the morrow? Would the ice freeze? Or might the black space not hopelessly widen during the night? I lay awake, shivering with cold. I felt

within me the blank loneliness of the thousands of deso
late miles about me.

One hundred miles of the unknown had been cov
ered; five hundred miles of the journey from our winte
camp were behind us. Beyond, to the goal, lay fou
hundred unknown miles. Nothing dearly desired o
man ever seemed so far away.

ESKIMO TORCH

CROSSING MOVING SEAS OF ICE

CROSSING THE LEAD—THE THIN ICE HEAVES LIKE A SHEET OF RUBBER—CREEPING FORWARD CAUTIOUSLY, THE TWO DANGEROUS MILES ARE COVERED—BOUNDING PROGRESS MADE OVER IMPROVING ICE—THE FIRST HURRICANE—DOGS BURIED AND FROZEN INTO MASSES IN DRIFTS OF SNOW—THE ICE PARTS THROUGH THE IGLOO—WAKING TO FIND ONE'S SELF FALLING INTO THE COLD SEA.

XV

The First Steps Over the Grinding Central Pack

Ill at ease and shivering, we rose from our crystal berths on March 23 and peeped out of a pole-punched porthole. A feeble glow of mystic color came from everywhere at once. Outside, toward a sky of dull purple, columns of steam-like vapor rose from open ice water, resembling vapors from huge boiling cauldrons. We sank with chattering teeth to our cheerless beds and quivered with the ghostly unreality of this great vibrating unknown.

Long before the suppressed incandescent night changed to the prism sparkle of day we were out seeking a way over the miles of insecure young ice separating us from the central pack. On our snowshoes, with an easy tread, spread feet and with long life lines

tied to each other, we ventured to the opposite shores of that dangerous spread of young ice. Beyond, the central pack glittered in moving lines and color, like quicksilver shot with rainbow hues.

The Big Lead was mottled and tawny colored, like the skin of a great constrictor. As we stood and looked over its broad expanse to the solid floes, two miles off, there came premonitions to me of impending danger. Would the ice bear us? If it broke, and the life line was not quickly jerked, our fate would almost certainly be sure death. Sontag, the astronomer of Dr. Hay's Expedition, thus lost his life. Many others have in like manner gone to the bottomless deep. On two occasions during the previous winter I had thus gone through, but the life line had saved me. What would be our fate here? But, whatever the luck, we must cross. I knew delay was fatal, for at any time a very light wind or a change in the drift might break the new ice and delay us long enough to set the doom of failure upon our entire venture.

Every precaution was taken to safeguard our lives. The most important problem was to distribute the weight so that all of it would not be brought to bear on a small area. We separated our dog teams from the sleds, holding to long lines which were fastened about our bodies and also to the sleds. The sleds were hitched to each other by another long line.

With bated breath and my heart thumping, I advanced at the end of a long line which was attached to the first sled, and picked my way through the crushed and difficult ice along shore. With the life-saving line fastened to each one of us, we were insured against

possible dangers as well as forethought could provide. Running from sled to sled, from dog to dog, and man to man, it would afford a pulling chance for life should anyone break through the ice. It seemed unlikely that the ice along the entire chain would break at once, but its cracking under the step of one of us seemed probable.

I knew, as I gently placed my foot upon the thin yellowish surface, that at any moment I might sink into an icy grave. Yet a spirit of bravado thrilled my heart. I felt the grip of danger, and also that thrill of exultation which accompanies its terror.

Gently testing the ice before me with the end of my axe, with spread legs, on snowshoes, with long, sliding steps, I slowly advanced.

A dangerous cracking sound pealed in every direction under my feet. The Eskimos followed. With every tread the thin sheet ice perceptibly sank under me, and waved, in small billows, like a sheet of rubber.

Stealthily, as though we were trying to filch some victory, we crept forward. We rocked on the heaving ice as a boat on waves of water. Now and then we stepped upon sheets of thicker ice, and hastily went forward with secure footing. None of us spoke during the dangerous crossing. I heard distinctly the panting of the dogs and the patter of their feet. We covered the two miles safely, yet our snail-like progress seemed to cover many anxious years.

I cannot describe the exultation which filled me when the crossing was accomplished. It seemed as though my goal itself were stretching toward me. I experienced a sense of unbounded victory. I could have cheered with joy. Intoxicated with it, I and my com-

panions leaped forward, new cheer quickening our steps. The dangers to come seemed less formidable now, and as we journeyed onward it was the mastering of these, as did our accomplishment in crossing the Big Lead, which gave us a daily incentive to continue our way and ever to apply brain and muscle to the subduing of even greater difficulties with zest.

It was in doing this that the real thrill, the real victory—the only thrill and victory, indeed—of reaching the North Pole lay. The attaining of this mythical spot did not then, and does not now, seem in itself to mean anything; I did not then, and do not now, consider it the treasure-house of any great scientific secrets. The only thing to be gained from reaching the Pole, the triumph of it, the lesson in the accomplishment, is that man, by brain power and muscle energy, can subdue the most terrific forces of a blind nature if he is determined enough, courageous enough, and undauntedly persistent despite failure.

On my journey northward I felt the ever constant presence of those who had died in trying to reach the goal before me. There were times when I felt a startling nearness to them—a sense like that one has of the proximity of living beings in an adjoining room. I felt the goad of their hopes within me; I felt the steps of their dead feet whenever my feet touched the ice. I felt their unfailing determination revive me when I was tempted to turn back in the days of inhuman suffering that were to come. I felt that I, the last man to essay this goal, must for them justify humanity; that I must crown three centuries of human effort with success.

With the perilous Big Lead behind us, a bounding

ourse was set to reach the eighty-fifth parallel on the inety-seventh meridian. What little movement was noted on the ice had been easterly. To allow for this drift we aimed to keep a line slightly west of the Pole.

We bounded northward joyously. Under our speeding feet the ice reverberated and rumbled with the echo of far-away splitting and crashing.

The sun sank into a haze like mother-of-pearl. Our pathway glowed with purple and orange. We paused only when the pale purple blue of night darkened the pack.

Starting forward in the afternoon of March 24, we crossed many small floes with low-pressure lines separated by narrow belts of new ice. Our speed increased. At times we could hardly keep pace with our dogs. The temperature rose to forty-one below zero. The western sky cleared slightly. Along the horizon remained misty appearances resembling land. This low-lying fog continued during our entire second hundred miles over the Polar basin. Under it we daily expected to see new land.

But Nature did not satisfy our curiosity for a long time. Both Ah-we-lah and E-tuk-i-shook were sure of a constant nearness to land. Because of the native panic out of its reassuring sight, I encouraged this belief, as I did concerning every other possible sign of land further northward. I knew that only by encouraging a delusion of nearness to land could I urge them ever farther in the face of the hardships that must inevitably come.

An altitude of the sun at noon on March 24 gave our position as latitude 83° 31′. The longitude was

estimated at 96° 27′. The land clouds of Grant Lan were still visible. The low bank of mist in the wes occasionally brightened. For a while I believed this t be an indication of Crocker Land.

Until midday I took observations and endeavore to study the appearances of land. Our dogs sniffed th air as if scenting game. After a diligent search, on seal blow-hole was located, and later we saw an old bea track. No algæ or other small life was detected in th water between the ice crevices. At the Big Lead a fe algæ had been gathered. But here the sea seeme sterile. Signs of seal and bear, however, were encour aging to us as possible future food supply. In return ing, I calculated the season would be more advanced and it was possible that life might move northward, thu permitting an extension of the time allowance of ou rations.

Although the heat of the sun was barely felt, it rays began to pierce our eyes with painful effects. Re flected from the spotless surface of the storm-drive snows, the bright light could not long be endured with out some protection, even by the Eskimos. Now cam the time to test a simple expedient that had occurred t me at Annoatok. Amber-colored goggles, darkened o smoked glasses and ordinary automobile goggles had a been tried with indifferent results. They failed for on reason or another, mostly because of an insufficien range of vision or because of a faulty construction tha made it impossible to proceed more than a few minute without removing the accumulated condensation withi them. At Annoatok I had made amber-colored gog gles from the glass of my photographic supplies. B

adjusting them I soon found they were a priceless discovery. They entirely eliminated one of the greatest torments of Arctic travel.

While effectually screening the active rays that would have injured the eye, these amber glasses at the same time possessed the inestimable advantage of not interfering with the range of vision.

Relieved of the snow glare, the eye was better enabled to see distant objects than through field glasses. It is frequently extremely difficult to detect icy surface irregularities on cloudy days. The amber glass dispelled this trouble perfectly, enabling the eye to search carefully every nook and crevice through the vague incandescence which blinds the observer in hazy weather. The glasses did not reduce the *quantity* of light, as do smoked glasses, but the *quality;* the actinic rays, which do the greatest harm, were eliminated. We were not only relieved of the pain and fatigue of eye strain, but the color imparted a touch of cheer and warmth to our chilled blue horizon. The usual snow goggles add to the ugly gray-blue of the frozen seas, which alone sends frosty waves through the nervous fibers.

So thoroughly delighted were we with these goggles that later we wore them even in igloos while asleep, with the double object of screening the strong light which passes through the eyelids and of keeping the forehead warm.

On our march in the early part of the afternoon of the 24th the weather proved good. The ice, though newly crevassed, improved as we advanced. The late start spread our day's work close to the chill of midnight. When we started the wind blew kindly. With

glad hearts we forged forward without delays. On the ice I heard the soft patter of swift dog feet and the dashing, cutting progress of the sleds. As a scene viewed from a carousel, the field of ice swept around me in our dizzy, twisting progress. We swept resistlessly onward for twenty-three miles. As we had taken a zigzag course to follow smooth ice, I therefore recorded only eighteen miles to our credit.

The night was beautiful. The sun sank into a purple haze. Soon, in the magic of the atmosphere, appeared three suns of prismatic colors. These settled slowly into the frozen sea and disappeared behind that persistent haze of obscuring mist which always rests over the pack when the sun is low. During the night a narrow band of orange was flung like a ribbon across the northern skies. The pack surface glowed with varying shades of violet, lilac and pale purplish blue. Many such splendid sights are to be constantly seen in the Arctic. Although I reveled in it now, the time was soon to come when weariness and hunger numbed my faculties into a dreary torpor in which the splendor was not seen.

Signs appeared of a gale from the west before we were quite ready to camp. Little sooty clouds with ragged edges suddenly began to cover the sky, scurrying at an alarming pace. Beyond us a huge smoky volume of cloud blackened the pearly glitter.

Suitable camping ice was sought. In the course of an hour we built an igloo. We made the structure stronger than usual on account of the threatening storm. We constructed double tiers of snow blocks to the windward. A little water was thrown over the top to cement

the blocks. We fastened the dogs to the lee of hummocks. The sleds were securely lashed and fastened to the ice.

We expected a hurricane, and had not to wait to taste its fury. Before we were at rest in our bags the wind lashed the snows with a force inconceivable. With rushing drift, the air thickened. Dogs and sleds in a few minutes were buried under banks of snow and great drifts encircled the igloo. The cemented blocks of our dome withstood the sweep of the blast well. Yet, now and then, small holes were burrowed through the snow wall by the sharp wind. Drift entered and covered us. I lay awake for hours. I felt the terrible oppression of that raging, life-sucking vampire force sweeping over the desolate world. Disembodied things—the souls of those, perhaps, who had perished here—seemed frenziedly calling me in the wind. I felt under me the surge of the sweeping, awful sea. I felt the desolation of this stormy world within my shuddering soul; but, withal, I throbbed with a determination to assert the supremacy of living man over these blind, insensate forces; to prove that the living brain and palpitating muscle of a finite though conscious creature could vanquish a hostile Nature which creates to kill. I burned to justify those who had died here; to fulfill by proxy their hopes; to set their calling souls at rest. The storm waked in me an angry, challenging determination.

Early in the morning of the 25th the storm ceased as suddenly as it had come. A stillness followed which was appalling. It seemed as if the storm had heard my thoughts and paused to contemplate some more dreadful onslaught. The dogs began to howl desperately, as if

attacked by a bear. We rushed out of our igloo, seek ing guns. There was no approaching creature. I was, however, a signal of serious distress that we hac heard. The dogs were in acute misery. The storm driven snows had buried and bound them in unyielding ice. They had partly uncovered themselves. Unitec by trace and harness, they were imprisoned in frozer masses. Few of them could even rise and stretch. They were in severe torment.

We hurriedly freed their traces and beat th cemented snows from their furs with sticks. Released they leaped about gladly, their cries, curling tails anc pointed noses telling of gratitude. While we dancec about, stretching our limbs and rubbing our hands to ge up circulation, the sun rose over the northern blue, flush ing the newly driven snows with warm tones. The tem perature during the storm had risen to only 26° below but soon the thermometer sank rapidly below 40°. Th west was still smoky and the weather did not seem quit settled. As it was still too early to start, we agai slipped into the bags and sought quiet slumber.

As yet the dreadful insomnia which was to rob m of rest on my journey had not come, and I slept with th blissful soundness of a child. I must have been aslee several hours, when, of a sudden, I opened my eyes.

Terror gripped my heart. Loud explosive noise reverberated under my head. It seemed as thoug bombs were torn asunder in the depths of the cold se beneath me. I lay still, wondering if I were dreaming The sounds echoingly died away. Looking about th igloo, I detected nothing unusual. I saw Ah-we-la and E-tuk-i-shook staring at me with wide-open fright

ened eyes. I arose and peeped through the eye port. The fields of ice without reflected the warm light of the rising sun in running waves of tawny color. The ice was undisturbed. An unearthly quiet prevailed. Concluding that the ice was merely cracking under the sudden change of temperature, in quite the usual harmless manner, I turned over again, reassuring my companions, and promptly fell asleep.

Out of the blankness of sleep I suddenly wakened again. Half-dazed, I heard beneath me a series of echoing, thundering noises. I felt the ice floor on which I lay quivering. I experienced the sudden giddiness one feels on a tossing ship at sea. In the flash of a second I saw Ah-we-lah leap to his feet. In the same dizzy instant I saw the dome of the snowhouse open above me; I caught a vision of the gold-streaked sky. My instinct at the moment was to leap. I think I tried to rise, when suddenly everything seemed lifted from under me; I experienced the suffocating sense of falling, and next, with a spasm of indescribable horror, felt about my body a terrific tightening pressure like that of a chilled and closing shell of steel, driving the life and breath from me.

In an instant it was clear what had happened. A crevasse had suddenly opened through our igloo, directly under the spot whereon I slept; and I, a helpless creature in a sleeping bag, with tumbling snow blocks and ice and snow crashing about and crushing me, with the temperature 48° below zero, was floundering in the opening sea!

LAND DISCOVERED

FIGHTING PROGRESS THROUGH CUTTING COLD AND TERRIFIC STORMS—LIFE BECOMES A MONOTONOUS ROUTINE OF HARDSHIP—THE POLE INSPIRES WITH ITS IRRESISTLESS LURE—NEW LAND DISCOVERED BEYOND THE EIGHTY-FOURTH PARALLEL—MORE THAN TWO HUNDRED MILES FROM SVARTEVOEG—THE FIRST SIX HUNDRED MILES COVERED

XVI

Three Hundred Miles to the Apex of the World

I think I was about to swoon when I felt hands beneath my armpits and heard laughter in my ears. With an adroitness such as only these natives possess my two companions were dragging me from the water. And while I lay panting on the ice, recovering from my fright, I saw them expeditiously rescue our possessions.

It seemed that all this happened so quickly that I had really been in the water only a few moments. My two companions saw the humor of the episode and laughed heartily. Although I had been in the water only a brief time, a sheet of ice surrounded my sleeping bag. Fortunately, however, the reindeer skin was found to be quite dry when the ice was beaten off. The experience, while momentarily terrifying, was instruc-

tive, for it taught us the danger of spreading ice, especially in calms following storms.

Gratitude filled my heart. I fully realized how narrow had been the escape of all of us. Had we slept a few seconds longer we should all have disappeared in the opening crevasse. The hungry Northland would again have claimed its human sacrifice.

The ice about was much disturbed. Numerous black lines of water opened on every side; from these oozed jets of frosty, smoke-colored vapor. The difference between the temperature of the sea and that of the air was 76°. With this contrast, the open spots of ice-water appeared to be boiling.

Anxious to move along, away from the troubled angle of ice, our usual breakfast was simplified. Melting some snow, we drank the icy liquid as an eye-opener, and began our ration of a half-pound boulder of pemmican. But with cold fingers, blue lips and no possible shelter, the stuff was unusually hard. To warm up, we prepared the sleds. Under our lashes the dogs jumped into harness with a bound. The pemmican, which we really found too hard to eat, had to be first broken into pieces with an axe. We ground it slowly with our molars as we trudged along. Our teeth chattered while the stomach was thus being fired with durable fuel.

As we advanced the ice improved to some extent. With a little search safe crossings were found over new crevices. A strong westerly wind blew piercingly cold.

Good progress was made, but we did not forget at any time that we were invading the forbidden domains of a new polar environment.

Henceforth, one day was to be much like another.

Beyond the eighty-third parallel life is devoid of an pleasure. The intense objective impressions of col and hunger assailing the body rob even the mind of in spiration and exhilaration. Even the best day of su and gentle wind offers no balm.

One awakes realizing the wind has abated and see the cheerless sun veering about the side of the ice shelte One kicks the victim upon whom, that morning, duty ha fixed the misfortune to be up first—for we tried to b equals in sharing the burdens of life. And upon hir to whose lot falls this hardship there is a loss of tw hours' repose. He chops ice, fills the kettles, light the fire, and probably freezes his fingers in doing so Then he wiggles back into his bag, warms his icy hand on the bare skin of his own stomach; or, if he is in a two man bag, and the other fellow is awake, Arctic courtes permits the icy hands on the stomach of his bedfellow.

In due time the blood runs to the hand and he set about tidying up the camp. First, the hood of his ow bag. It is loaded with icicles and frost, the result o the freezing of his breath while asleep. He brushes of the ice and snow. The ice has settled in the kettles i the meantime. More ice must be chopped and put int the kettle. The chances are that he now breaks commandment and steals what to us is a great luxury— a long drink of water to ease his parched throat. Be cause of the need of fuel economy, limit is placed o drinks.

Then the fire needs attention; the flame is imperfec and the gas hole needs cleaning. He thoughtlessl grips the little bit of metal to the end of which the prim ing needle is attached. That metal is so cold that i

burns, and he leaves a piece of his skin on it. Then the breakfast ration of pemmican must be divided. It is not frozen, for it contains no water. But it is hard. The stuff looks like granite. Heat would melt it —but there is no fuel to spare. The two slumberers are given a thump, and their eyes open to the stone-like pemmican. Between yawns the teeth are set to grind the pemmican. The water boils, the tea is tossed in it and the kettle is removed.

We rise on elbows, still in the bags, to enjoy the one heavenly treat of our lives, the cup of tea which warms the hand and the stomach at once.

Then we dress. It is remarkable how cold compels speed in dressing.

The door of the snowhouse is now kicked out—all tumble about to warm up and stop chattering teeth. Breaking camp is a matter of but a minute, for things fall almost automatically into convenient packs. The sledges are loaded and lashed in a few minutes. Then the teams are gathered to the pulling lines, and off we go with a run. The pace for dog and man is two and a half miles an hour, over good ice or bad ice, hard snow or soft snow, or tumbling over neckbreaking irregularities. There is no stop for lunch, no riding, or rest, or anything else. It is drive—drive.

At times it was impossible to perspire, and the toxin of fatigue, generating unearthly weariness, filled the brain with fag. When perspiration oozed from our pores, as we forced forward, step by step, it froze in the garments and the warmer portions of our bodies were fringed with snow. Daily, unremittingly, this was our agony.

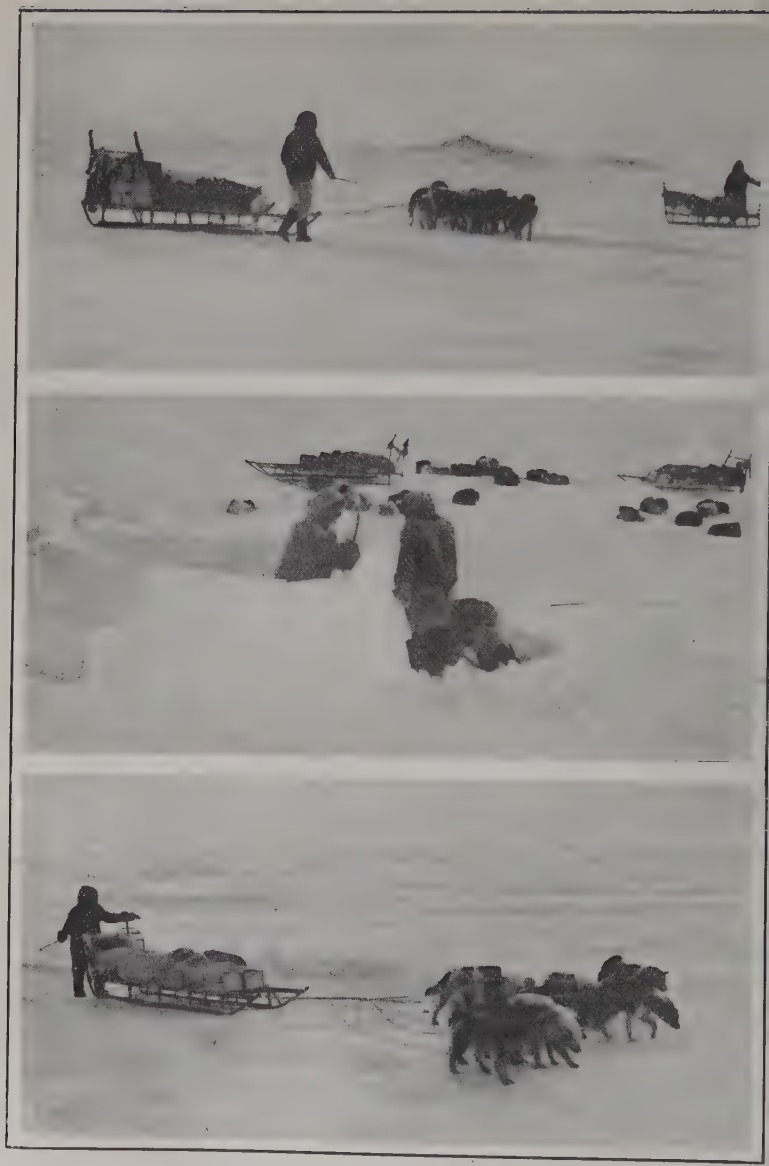
In starting before the end of the winter night, an camping on the open ice fields in the long northwar march, we had first accustomed our eyes to frigid dark ness and then to a perpetual glitter. This proved to h the coldest season of the year, and we ought to hav been hardened to all kinds of Arctic torment. But ma gains that advantage only when his pulse ceases to bea

Continuing the steady stride of forward marche far from land, far from life, there was nothing to arous a warming spirit. Along the land there had been calm and gales and an inspiring contrast, even in the dar days and nights, but here the frigid world was felt at it worst. The wind, which came persistently from th west—now strong, now feeble, but always sharp—in flicted a pain to which we never became accustomed.

The worst torture inflicted by the wind and humi air of an Arctic pack came from a mask of ice about th face. It was absurdly picturesque but painful. Ever bit of exhaled moisture condensed and froze either t the facial hair or to the line of fox tails about the hood It made comical caricatures of us.

Frequent turns in our course exposed both sides o the face to the wind and covered with icicles every hai offering a convenient nucleus. These lines of crysta made an amazing dash of light and color as we looked a each other. But they did not afford much amusemen to the individual exhibiting them. Such hairs as ha not been pulled from the lips and chin were firs weighted, and then the wind carried the breath to th long hair with which we protected our heads, and left mass of dangling frost. Accumulated moisture fro the eyes coated the eyelashes and brows. The humidit

BRADLEY LAND DISCOVERED
SUBMERGED ISLAND OF POLAR SEA
GOING BEYOND THE BOUNDS OF LIFE



SWIFT PROGRESS OVER SMOOTH ICE

BUILDING AN IGLOO

A LIFELESS WORLD OF COLD AND ICE

escaping about the forehead left a crescent of snow above, while that escaping under the chin, combined with falling breath, formed there a semi-circle of ice. The most uncomfortable icicles, however, were those that formed on the coarse hair within the nostrils. To keep the face free, the Eskimos pull the facial hair out by the roots, the result of which is a rarity of mustaches and beards. Thus, with low temperature and persistent winds, life was one of constant torture on the march; but cooped in snowhouses, eating dried beef and tallow, and drinking hot tea, some animal comforts were occasionally to be gained in the icy camps.

We forced the dogs onward during two days of cheery bluster, with encouraging results. At times we ran before the teams, calling and urging the brutes to leaping progress. On the evening of March 26, with a pedometer and other methods of dead reckoning for position, we found ourselves at latitude 84° 24′, longitude 96° 53′.

The western horizon remained persistently dark. A storm was gathering, and slowly moving eastward. Late in the evening we prepared for the anticipated blast. We built an igloo stronger than usual, hoping that the horizon would be cleared with a brisk wind by the morrow and afford us a day of rest. The long, steady marches, without time for recuperation, necessarily dampened our enthusiam for a brief period of physical depression, which, however, was of short duration.

Daily we had learned to appreciate more and more the joy of the sleeping bag. It was the only animal comfort which afforded a relief to our life of frigid hardship, and often with the thought of it we tried to

force upon the weary body in the long marches a pleasing anticipation.

In the evening, after blocks of snow walled a dome in which we could breathe quiet air, the blue-flame lamp sang notes of gastronomic delights. We first indulged in a heaven-given drink of ice-water to quench the intense thirst which comes after hours of exertion and perspiration. Then the process of undressing began, one at a time, for there was not room enough in the igloo for all to undress at once.

The fur-stuffed boots were pulled off and the bear-skin pants were stripped. Then half of the body was quickly pushed into the bag. A brick of pemmican was next taken out and the teeth were set to grind on this bone-like substance. Our appetites were always keen, but a half pound of cold withered beef and tallow changes a hungry man's thoughts effectually.

The tea, an hour in making, was always welcome, and we rose on elbows to take it. Under the influence of the warm drink, the fur coat with its mask of ice was removed. Next the shirt, with its ring of ice about the waist, would come off, giving the last sense of shivering. Pushing the body farther into the bag, the hood was pulled over the face, and we were lost to the world of ice.

The warm sense of mental and physical pleasure which follows is an interesting study. The movement of others, the sting of the air, the noise of torturing winds, the blinding rays of a heatless sun, the pains of driving snows and all the bitter elements are absent. One's mind, freed of anxiety and suffering, wanders to home and better times under these peculiar circumstances

here comes a pleasurable sensation in the touch of one's wn warm skin, while the companionship of the arms nd legs, freed from their cumbersome furs, makes a ew discovery in the art of getting next to one's self.

Early on March 27, a half gale was blowing, but at noon the wind ceased. The bright sun and rising temperature were too tempting to let us remain quiescent. Although the west was still dark with threatening clouds we hitched the dogs to the sleds. We braced ourselves. "Huk! Huk!" we called, and bounded away among the wind-swept hummocks. The crevices of the ice wound like writhing snakes as we raced on. We had not gone many miles before the first rush of the storm struck us. Throwing ourselves over the sleds, we waited the passing of the icy blast. No suitable snow with which to begin the erection of a shelter was near. A few miles northward, as we saw, was a promising area for a camp. This we hoped to reach after a few moments' rest. The squall soon spent its force. In the wind which followed good progress was made without suffering severely. The temperature was 41° below zero, Fahrenheit, and the barometer 29.05.

Once in moving order, the drivers required very little encouragement to prolong the effort to a fair day's march despite the weather. As the sun settled in the western gloom the wind increased in fury and forced us to camp. Before the igloo was finished a steady, gasping wind brushed the hummocks and piled the snow in large dunes about us, like the sand of home shores.

The snowhouse was not cemented as usual with water, as was our custom when weather permitted. The tone of the wind did not seem to indicate danger, and

furthermore, there was no open sea water near. B
cause of the need of fuel economy we did not deem
prudent to use oil for fire to melt snow, excepting f
water to quench thirst.

Not particularly anxious about the outcome of t
storm, and with senses blunted by overwork and h
numbed with cold, we sought the comfort of the bag
Awakened in the course of a few hours by drifts
snow about our feet, I noted that the wind had burrow
holes at weak spots through the snow wall. We we
bound, however, not to be cheated of a few hours' slee
and with one eye open we turned over. I was awaken
by falling snow blocks soon after.

Forcing my head out of my ice-encased fur hoo
I saw the sky, cloud-swept and grey. The dome of t
igloo had been swept away. We were being quick
buried under a dangerous weight of snow. In some w
I had tossed about sufficiently during sleep to keep
top of the accumulating drift, but my companions we
nowhere to be seen. About me for miles the whi
spaces were vacant. With dread in my heart I uttered
loud call, but there came no response.

A short frenzied search revealed a blowhole in t
snow. In response to another call, as from some su
terranean place came muffled Eskimo shouts. Tearin
and burrowing at the fallen snow blocks I made viole
efforts to free them, buried as they were in their bag
But to my dismay the soft snow settled on them tight
with each tussle.

I was surprised, a few moments later, as I w
working to keep their breathing place open, to feel the
burrowing through the snow. They had entered the

bags without undressing. Half clothed in shirt and pants, but with bare feet, they writhed and wriggled through the bags and up through the breathing hole.

After a little digging their boots were uncovered, and then, with protected feet, the bag was freed and placed at the side of the igloo.

Into it the boys crept, fully dressed, with the exception of coats. I rolled out beside them in my bag. We lay in the open sweep of furious wind, impotent to move, for twenty-nine hours. Only then the frigid blast eased enough to enable us to creep out into the open. The air came in hissing spouts, like jets of steam from an engine.

Soon after noon of March 29 the air brightened. It became possible to breathe without being choked with floating crystals, and as the ice about our facial airs was broken, a little blue patch was detected in the west. We now freed the dogs of their snow entanglement and fed them. A shelter was made in which to melt snow and brew tea. We ate a double ration.

Hitching the dogs we raced off. The monotonous fields of snow swept under us. Soon the sun burst through separating clouds and upraised icy spires before us. The wind died away. A crystal glory transfigured the storm-swept fields. We seemed traveling over fields of diamonds, scintillant as white fire, which shimmered dazzlingly about us. It is curious to observe an intense fiery glitter and glow, as in the North, which gives absolutely no impression of warmth. Fire here seems cold. With full stomachs, fair weather and a much needed rest, we moved with renewed inspiration. The dogs ran with tails erect, ears pricked. I and my com-

panions ran behind with the joy of contestants in a rac
Indeed, we felt refreshed as one does after a cold bat

Considerable time and distance, however, were lo
in seeking a workable line of travel about obstructio
and making detours. Camping at midnight, we ha
made only nine miles by a day's effort. The condition
under which this second hundred miles were force
proved to be in every respect the most exciting of th
run of five hundred miles over the Polar sea. The me
human satisfaction of overcoming difficulties was a dail
incentive to surmount obstacles and meet bafflin
problems. The weather was unsettled. Sudden storm
broke with spasmodic force, the barometer was unstead
and the temperature ranged from 20° below zero to 6
below zero. The ice showed signs of recent agitation.

New leads and recent sheets of new ice combine
with deep snow made travel difficult. Persistently o
ward, pausing at times, we would urge the dogs to th
limit. One dog after another went into the stomach
of the hungry survivors. Camps were now swept b
storms. The ice opened out under our bodies, shelte
was often a mere hole in the snow bank. Each of u
carried painful wounds, frost bites; and the ever chron
emptiness of half-filled stomachs brought a gastric ca
for food, impossible to supply. Hard work and stron
winds sent unquenched thirst tortures to burning throat
and the gloom of ever clouded skies sent despair to i
lowest reaches.

But there was no monotony; our tortures cam
from different angles, and from so many sources, tha
we were ever aroused to a fighting spirit. With a pus
at the sled or a pull at the line we helped the wind-tease

dogs to face the nose cutting drift that swept the pack mile after mile. Day after day we plunged farther and farther along into the icy despair and stormy bluster.

Throughout the entire advance northward I found there was some advantage in my Eskimo companions having some slight comprehension of the meaning of my aim. Doubtless through information and ideas that had sifted from explorers to Eskimos for many generations past, the aborigines had come to understand that here is a point at the top of the globe, which is somehow the very top of the world, and that at this summit here is something which white men have long been anxious to find—a something which the Eskimo describe s the "big nail." The feeling that they were setting ut with me in the hope of being the first to find this big nail"—for, of course, I had told them of the possiility—helped to keep up the interest and courage of y two companions during long days of hardship.

Naturally enough, I could not expect their interest the Pole itself to be great. Their promised reward or accompanying me, a gun and knife for each, maintained a lively interest in them. After a ceaseless warare lasting seven days, on March 30 the eastern sky roke in lines of cheering blue. Whipped by low winds he clouds broke and scurried.

Soon the western heavens, ever a blank mystery, leared. Under it, to my surprise, lay a new land. I hink I felt a thrill such as Columbus must have felt hen the first green vision of America loomed before is eye.

My promise to the good, trusty boys of nearness to nd was unwittingly on my part made good, and the

delight of eyes opened to the earth's northernmost rock dispelled all the physical torture of the long run o storms. As well as I could see, the land seemed an in terrupted coast extending parallel to the line of marc for about fifty miles, far to the west. It was sno covered, ice-sheeted and desolate. But it was real lan with all the sense of security solid earth can offer. T us that meant much, for we had been adrift in a movin sea of ice, at the mercy of tormenting winds. Now cam of course, the immediate impelling desire to set foo upon it, but to do so I knew would have side-tracke us from our direct journey to the Polar goal. In an case, delay was jeopardous, and, moreover, our foo supply did not permit our taking time to inspect th new land.*

* After my return to Copenhagen I was widely quoted as declaring th I had discovered and traversed 30,000 square miles of new land. What did report was that in my journey I had passed through an area where it was possible to declare 30,000 square miles—a terrestrial unknown water and ice—cleared from the blank of our charts. I have been quot as describing this land as "a paradise for hunters" and criticised on t ground that animal life does not exist so far north. Whether animal li existed there, I do not know, for the impetus of my quest left no time investigate. I passed the last game at Heiberg Land.

In my diary of the day's doings, only the results of observations we written down. The detail calculations were made on loose sheets of pap and in other note books—wherein was recorded all instrumental data. Lat all my observations were reduced in the form in which they were to finally presented. Therefore, these field papers with their miscellaneo notes had served their purpose, as had the instruments; and for this reas most of the material was left with Harry Whitney. A few of the i portant calculations were kept more as a curiosity. These will be pr sented as we go along. Those left I thought might later be useful for re-examination of the results; but it never occurred to me that Whitn would be forced to bury the material, as he was by Peary. I do not rega those buried notes as being proof or as being particularly valuable, exce as proving Peary to be one of the most ungracious and selfish characte in history.

In the subsequent excitement, because Peary cried fraud on the ve papers which he had buried for me, an agitated group of American ar chair explorers came to the conclusion against the dictates of history th the proof of the Polar quest was to be found in the re-examination of t figures of the observations for position.

This new land was never clearly seen. A low mist, seemingly from open water, hid the shore line. We saw the upper slopes only occasionally from our point of observation. There were two distinct land masses. The most southern cape of the southern mass bore west by south, but still further to the south there were vague indications of land. The most northern cape of the same mass bore west by north. Above it there was a

---

Part of mine were buried. Peary had his. Thus handicapped, because blocks of my field calculations were absent, with the instruments and chronometer corrections, I rested my case at Copenhagen on a report, the original notes giving the brief tabulations of the day's doings, and the complete set of reduced observations.

My friends have criticised me for not sending the data given below and similar observations to Copenhagen to prove my claim, but I did not deem it worth while to present more, taking the ground that if in this there was not sufficient material to explain the movement step by step of the Polar quest, then no academic examination could be of any value. This viewpoint, as I see it at present, was a mistake. I am now presenting every scrap of paper and every isolated fact, not as proof but as part of the record of the expedition, with due after-thought, and the better perspective afforded by time. Every explorer does this. Upon such a record history has always given its verdict of the value of an explorer's work. It will do the same in estimating the relative merits of the Polar quest.

Observation as figured out in original field paper for March 30, 1908: Longitude 95.36. Bar. 30.10 had risen from 29.50 in 2 hours. Temp. —34°. Wind 2. Mag. N. E. Clouds Mist W.-Water bands E.

95½	Noon, 0	18—46—10
4	0	18—48—20
60 | 382		2 | 37—34—30
6—22		18—47—15
	I. E.	+2
		2 | 18—49—15
58		9—24—38
6½ h.		—16— 2
29		9— 8—36
348	R. & P.	— 9
60 | 377		8—59—36
6—17		90
3—43—15		81—00—24
3—49—32		3—49—32
		84—49—56

Shadows 39 ft. (of tent pole 6 ft. above snow).
(Directions Magnetic.)

distinct break for 15 or 20 miles, and beyond the nort
ern mass extended above the eighty-fifth parallel to th
northwest. The entire coast was at this time placed o
our charts as having a shore line along the one hundre
and second meridian, approximately parallel to our lin
of travel. At the time the indications suggested tw
distinct islands. Nevertheless, we saw so little o
the land that we could not determine whether it con
sisted of islands or of a larger mainland. The lowe
coast resembled Heiberg Island, with mountains an
high valleys. The upper coast I estimated as bein
about one thousand feet high, flat, and covered with
thin sheet ice. Over the land I write "Bradley Land
in honor of John R. Bradley, whose generous help ha
made possible the important first stage of the exped
tion. The discovery of this land gave an electric im
petus of driving vigor at just the right moment t
counterbalance the effect of the preceding week o
storm and trouble.

Although I gazed longingly and curiously at th
land, to me the Pole was the pivot of ambition. M
boys had not the same northward craze, but I told the
to reach the land on our return might be possible. W

Because of the impossibility of making correct allowances for refra
tion, I have made a rough allowance of —9′ for refraction and parall
in all my observations.

The tent pole was a hickory floor slat of one of the sledges. It w
6 ft. 6 ins. high, 2 ins. wide, and ½ in. thick. This stick was marked
feet and inches, to be used as a measuring stick. It also served as
paddle and steering oar for the boat.

By pressing this tent pole 6 ins. into the snow, it served as a 6
pole to measure the shadows. These measurements were recorded on t
observation blanks. Absolute accuracy for the measurements is n
claimed, because of the difficulty of determining the line of demarcati
in long, indistinct shadows; but future efforts will show that my shad
measurements are an important check on all sun observations by whi
latitude and longitude are determined.

never saw it again. This new land made a convenient mile-post, for from this time on the days were counted to and from it. A good noon sight fixed the point of observation to 84° 50′, longitude 95° 36″. We had forced beyond the second hundred miles from Svartevoeg. Before us remained about three hundred more miles, to my alluring, mysterious goal.

ARCTIC FOX

BEYOND THE RANGE OF LIFE

WITH A NEW SPRING TO WEARY LEGS BRADLEY LAND IS LEFT BEHIND—FEELING THE ACHING VASTNESS OF THE WORLD BEFORE MAN WAS MADE—CURIOUS GRIMACES OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN—SUFFERINGS INCREASE—BY PERSISTENT AND LABORIOUS PROGRESS ANOTHER HUNDRED MILES IS COVERED

XVII

Two Hundred Miles From The Pole

A curtain of mist was drawn over the new land in the afternoon of March 31, and, although we gazed westward longingly, we saw no more of it. Day after day we now pushed onward in desperate northward efforts. Strong winds and fractured, irregular ice, increased our difficulties. Although progress was slow for several days we managed to gain a fair march between storms during each twenty-four hours. During occasional spells of icy stillness mirages spread screens of fantasy out for our entertainment. Curious cliffs, odd-shaped mountains and inverted ice walls were displayed in attractive colors.

Discoveries of new land seemed often made. But with a clearing horizon the deception was detected.

The boys believed most of these signs to be indications of real land—a belief I persistently encouraged,

because it relieved them of the panic of the terror of the unknown.

On April 3, the barometer remained steady and the thermometer sank. The weather became settled and fairly clear, the horizon was freed of its smoky vapors, the pack assumed a more permanent aspect of glittering color. At noon there was now a dazzling light, while at night the sun kissed the frozen seas behind screens of mouse-colored cloud and haze. At the same moment the upper skies flushed with the glow of color of the coming double-days of joy.

As we advanced north of Bradley Land the pack disturbance of land-divided and land-jammed ice disappeared. The fields became larger and less troublesome, the weather improved, the temperature ranged from 20° to 50° below zero, the barometer rose and remained steady, the day sky cleared with increasing color, but a low haze blotted out much of the night glory which attended the dip of the nocturnal sun. With dogs barking and rushing before speeding sleds, we made swift progress. But the steady drag and monotony of the never changing work and scene reduced interest in life.

The blankness of the mental desert which moved about us as we ran along was appalling. Nothing changed materially. The horizon moved. Our footing was seemingly a solid stable ice crust, which was, however, constantly shifting eastward. All the world on which we traveled was in motion. We moved, but we took our landscape with us.

At the end of the day's march we were often too tired to build snow houses, and in sheer exhaustion we

bivouacked in the lee of hummocks. Here the over-worked body called for sleep, but my mind refused to close the eyes. My boys had the advantage of sleep; I envied them. Anyone who has suffered from insomnia may be able in a small degree to gauge my condition when sleep became impossible. To reach the end of my journey became the haunting, ever-present goading thought of my wakeful existence.

As I lay painfully trying to coax slumber, my mind worked like the wheels of a machine. Dizzily the journey behind repeated itself; I again crossed the Big Lead, again floundered in an ice-cold open sea. Dangers of all sorts took form to harass me. Instead of sleep, a delirium of anxiety and longing possessed me.

Beyond the eighty-fourth parallel we had passed the bounds of visible life. Lying wakeful in that barren world, with my companions asleep, I felt what few men of cities, perhaps, ever feel—the tragic isolation of the human soul—a thing which, dwelt upon, must mean madness. I think I realized the aching vastness of the world after creation, before man was made.

For many days we had not seen a suggestion of animated nature. There were no longer animal trails to indicate life; no breath spouts of seal escaped from the frosted bosom of the sea. Not even the microscopic life of the deep was longer detected under us. We were alone—alone in a lifeless world. We had come to this blank space of the earth by slow but progressive stages. Sailing from the bleak land of the fisher folk along the out-posts of civilization, the complex luxury of metropolitan life was lost. Beyond, in the half savage wilderness of Danish Greenland, we partook of a new life

of primitive simplicity. Still farther along, in the Ultima Thule of the aborigines, we reverted to a prehistoric plane of living. Advancing beyond the haunts of men, we reached the noonday deadliness of a world without life.

As we pushed beyond into the sterile wastes, with eager eyes we constantly searched the dusky plains of frost, but there was no speck of life to grace the purple run of death.*

During these desolate marches, my legs working mechanically, my mind with anguish sought some object upon which to fasten itself. My eyes scrutinized the horizon. I saw, every day, every sleeping hour, hills of ice, vast plains of ice, now a deadly white, now a dull gray, now a misty purple, sometimes shot with gold or gleaming with lakes of ultramarine, moving towards and by me, an ever-changing yet ever-monotonous panorama which wearied me as does the shifting of unchanging scenery seen from a train window. As I paced the weary marches, I fortunately became unconscious of the painful movement of my legs. Although I walked I had a sensation of being lifted involuntarily onward.

The sense of covering distance gave me a dull, pleasurable satisfaction. Only some catastrophe, some sudden and overwhelming obstacle would have aroused me to an intense mental emotion, to a passionate despair, to the anguish of possible defeat.

I was now becoming the unconscious instrument of

---

* Peary claims to have seen life east of this position. This is perfectly possible, for Arctic explorers have often noted when game trails were abundant one year, none were seen the next. In these tracks of foxes and bears, as noted by Baldwin, are positive proofs of the position of Bradley Land—for such animals work only from a land base.

my ambition; almost without volition my body was bei carried forward by a subconscious force which h fastened itself upon a distant goal. Sometimes t wagging of a dog's tail held my attention for lo minutes; it afforded a curious play for my morbid obsessed imagination. In an hour I would forget wh I had been thinking. To-day I cannot remember t vague, fanciful illusions about curiously insignifica things which occupied my faculties in this dead wor The sun, however, did relieve the monotony, and c ated in the death-chilled world skies filled with elysi flowers and mirages of beauty undreamed of by Aladdi

My senses at the time, as I have said, were vague benumbed. While we traveled I heard the sound the moving sledges. Their sharp steel runners cut t ice and divided the snow like a cleaving knife. I b came used to the first shudder of the rasping sound. the dead lulls between wind storms I would listen wi curious attention to the soft patter of our dogs' fe At times I could hear their tiny toe nails grasping forward ice ridges in order to draw themselves forwa and, strangely—so were all my thoughts interwov with my ambition—this clenching, crunching, grit sound gave me a delighted sense of progress, a sense ever covering distance and nearing, ever nearing t Pole.

In this mid-Polar basin the ice does not readi separate. It is probably in motion at all times of t year. In this readjustment of fields following moti and expansion, open spaces of water appear. The during most months, are quickly sheeted with new ice.

In these troubled areas I had frequent opportu

ties to measure ice-thickness. From my observation I had come to the conclusion that ice does not freeze to a depth of more than twelve or fifteen feet during a single year. Occasionally we crossed fields fifty feet thick. These invariably showed signs of many years of surface upbuilding.

It is very difficult to estimate the amount of submerged freezing after the first year's ice, but the very uniform thickness of Antarctic sea ice suggests that a limit is reached the second year, when the ice, with its cover of snow, is so thick that very little is added afterward from below.

Increase in size after that is probably the result mostly of addition to the superstructure. Frequent falls of snow, combined with alternate melting and freezing in summer, and a process similar to the upbuilding of glacial ice, are mainly responsible for the growth in thickness of the ice on the Polar sea.

The very heavy, undulating fields, which give character to the mid-Polar ice and escape along the east and west coasts of Greenland, are, therefore, mostly augmented from the surface.

Continuing north, at no time was the horizon perfectly clear. But the weather was good enough to permit frequent nautical observations. Our course was lined on uninteresting blank sheets. There were elusive signs of land frequent enough to maintain an exploring enthusiasm, which helped me also in satisfying my companions. For thus they were encouraged to believe in a nearness to terrestrial solidity. At every breathing spell, when we got together for a little chat, Ah-welah's hand, with pointed finger, was directed to some

spot on the horizon or some low-lying cloud, with th shout of *"Noona?"* (land), to which I always replied i the affirmative; but, for me, the field-glasses and late positions dispelled the illusion.

Man, under pressure of circumstances, will adap himself to most conditions of life. To me the other world environment of the Polar-pack, far from con tinental fastness, was beginning to seem quite natural.

We forced marches day after day. We travele until dogs languished or legs failed. Ice hills rose an fell before us. Mirages grimaced at our dashing team with wondering faces. Daily the incidents and our posi tion were recorded, but our adventures were promptl forgotten in the mental bleach of the next day's effort.

Night was now as bright as day. By habit, w emerged from our igloos later and later. On the 5t and 6th we waited until noon before starting, to ge observations; but, as was so often the case, when the su was watched, it slipped under clouds. This late star brought our stopping time close to midnight, and in fused an interest in the midnight sun; but the persisten haze which clouded the horizon at night when the su was low denied us a glimpse of the midnight luminary.

The night of April 7 was made notable by th swing of the sun at midnight, above the usual obscurin mist, behind which it had, during previous days, sun with its night dip of splendor. For a number of night it made grim faces at us in its setting. A tantalizin mist, drawn as a curtain over the northern sea at mid night, had afforded curious advantages for celestia staging. We were unable to determine sharply th advent of the midnight sun, but the colored cloud an

haze into which it nightly sank produced a spectacular play which interested us immensely.

Sometimes the great luminary was drawn out into an egg-shaped elongation with horizontal lines of color drawn through it. I pictured it as some splendid fire-colored lantern flung from the window of Heaven. Again, it was pressed into a basin flaming with magical fires, burning behind a mystic curtain of opalescent frosts. Blue at other times, it appeared like a huge vase of luminous crystal, such as might be evoked by the weird genii of the Orient, from which it required very little imagination to see purple, violet, crimson and multi-colored flowers springing beauteously into the sky.

These changes took place quickly, as by magic. Usually the last display was of distorted faces, some animal, some semi-human—huge, grotesque, and curiously twitching countenances of clouds and fire. At times they appallingly resembled the hideous teeth-gnashing deities of China, that, with gnarled arms uplifted, holding daggers of flame and surrounded by smoke, were rising toward us from beyond the horizon.

Sometimes in our northward progress these faces laughed, again they scowled ominously. What the actual configurations were I do not know; I suppose two men see nothing exactly alike in this topsy-turvy world.

Rushing northward with forced haste, unreal beauties took form as if to lure us to pause. Clouds of steam rising from frozen seas like geysers assumed the aspects of huge fountains of iridescent fire. As the sun rose, lines of light like quicksilver quivered and writhed about the horizon, and in swirling, swimming

circles closed and narrowed about us on the increasingl color-burned but death-chilled areas of ice over whic we worked. Setting amid a dance of purple radiance the sun, however, instead of inspiring us, filled us wit a sick feeling of giddiness. What beauty there was i these spectacles was often lost upon our benumbe senses.

Nowhere in the world, perhaps, are seen suc spectacles of celestial glory. The play of light on cloud and ice produces the illusion of some supernatural realn

We had now followed the sun's northward ad vance—from its first peep, at midday, above the south ern ice of the Polar gateway, to its sweep over the north ern ice at midnight. From the end of the Polar nigh late in February, to the first of the double days and th midnight suns, we had forced a trail through darkne and blood-hardening temperature, and over leg-breal ing irregularities of an unknown world of ice, to a spo almost exactly two hundred miles from the Pole! T this point our destiny had been auspiciously protecte Ultimate success seemed within grasp. But we wer not blind to the long line of desperate effort still r quired to push over the last distance.

Now that we had the sun unmistakably at mi night, its new glory before us was an incentive to onwar efforts. Previous to this the sun had been undoubted above the horizon, but, as is well known, when the sun low and the atmospheric humidity is high, as it alway is over the pack, a dense cloud of frost crystals rests o the ice and obscures the horizon. During the previo days the sun sank into this frosty haze and was lost f several hours.

Observations on April 8* placed camp at latitude 86° 36′, longitude 94° 2′. Although we had made long marches and really great speed, we had advanced only ninety-six miles in the nine days. Much of our hard work had been lost in circuitous twists around troublesome pressure lines and high, irregular fields of very old ice. The drift ice was throwing us to the east with sufficient force to give us some anxiety, but with eyes closed to danger and hardships, double days of fatigue and double days of glitter quickly followed one another.

*Observation on April 8, from original field-papers. April 8, 1908. Longitude 94°-2′. Bar. 29.80, rising. Temp. —31°. Wind 2, Mag. N. E. Clouds St. 3.

94°
4′
60 | 376′
6-16
56″
x6¼
14
336
60 | 350
5—50
7— 9—33
7—15—23

I. E.

0.....21°—59′—30″
0.....21 —08 —20
2 | 43 — 7 —50
21 —33 —55
+2
2 | 21 —35 —50
10 —47 —55
—9
10 —38 —55
90—
79 —21 — 5
7 —15 —23
86 —36 —28

Shadows 32 ft. (of pole 6 ft. above snow).

Everything was now in our favor, but here we felt most of the accumulating effect of long torture, in a

world where every element of Nature is hostile. Human endurance has distinct limits. Bodily abuse will long be counterbalanced by man's superb recuperative power but sooner or later there comes a time when out-worn cells call a halt.

We had lived for weeks on a steady diet of withered beef and tallow. There was no change, we had no hot meat, and never more to eat than was absolutely necessary to keep life within the body. We became indifferent to the aching vacant pain of the stomach. Every organ had been whipped to serve energy to the all important movement of our legs. The depletion of energy, the lassitude of overstrained limbs, manifested themselves. The Eskimos were lax in the swing of the whip and indifferent in urging on the dogs. The dogs displayed the same spirit by lowered tails, limp ears and drooping noses, as their shoulders dragged the sleds farther, ever farther from the land of life.

A light life-sapping wind came from the west. We battled against it. We swung our arms to fight it and maintain circulation, as a swimmer in water. Veering a little at times, it always struck the face at a piercing angle. It froze the tip of my nose so often that that feature felt like a foreign bump on my face. Our cheeks had in like manner been so often bleached in spots that the skin was covered with ugly scars. Our eyes were often sealed by frozen eyelashes. The tear sack made icicles. Every particle of breath froze as it left the nostrils, and coated the face in a mask of ice.

The sun at times flamed the clouds, while the snow glowed in burning tones. In the presence of all this we suffered the chill of death. All Nature exulted in

wave of hysteria. Delusions took form about us—in mirages, in the clouds. We moved in a world of delusions. The heat of the sun was a sham, its light a torment. A very curious world this, I thought dumbly, as we pushed our sleds and lashed our lagging dogs. Our footing was solid; there was no motion. Our horizon was lined with all the topographic features of a solid land scene, with mountains, valleys and plains, rivers of open water; but under it all there was the heaving of a restless sea. Although nothing visibly moved, it was all in motion. Seemingly a solid crust of earth, it imperceptibly drifts in response to every wind. We moved with it, but ever took our landscape with us.

Of the danger of this movement, of the possibility of its hopelessly carrying us away from our goal, and the possibility of ultimate starvation, I never lost consciousness. Although the distance may seem slight, now that we had gone so far, the last two hundred miles seemed hopelessly impossible. With aching, stiffened legs we started our continuing marches without enthusiasm, with little ambition. But marches we made—distance leaped at times under our swift running feet.

It sometimes now seems that unknown and subtle forces of which we are not cognizant supported me. I could almost believe that there were unseen beings there, whose voices urged me in the wailing wind; who, in my success, themselves sought soul peace, and who, that I might obtain it, in some strange, mysterious way succored and buoyed me.

OVER POLAR SEAS OF MYSTERY

THE MADDENING TORTURES OF A WORLD WHERE ICE WATER SEEMS HOT, AND COLD KNIVES BURN ONE'S HANDS—ANGUISHED PROGRESS ON THE LAST STRETCH OF TWO HUNDRED MILES OVER ANCHORED LAND ICE—DAYS OF SUFFERING AND GLOOM—THE TIME OF DESPAIR—"IT IS WELL TO DIE," SAYS AH-WE-LAH "BEYOND IS IMPOSSIBLE."

XVIII

One Hundred Miles From the Pole

We pushed onward. We cracked our whips to urge the tiring dogs. We forced to quick steps weary leg after weary leg. Mile after mile of ice rolled under our feet. The maddening influence of the shifting desert of frost became almost unendurable in the daily routine. Under the lash of duty interest was forced, while the merciless drive of extreme cold urged physical action. Our despair was mental and physical—the result of chronic overwork.

Externally there was reason for rejoicing. The sky had cleared, the weather improved, a liquid charm of color poured over the strange other-world into which we advanced. Progress was good, but the soul refused to open its eyes to beauty or color. All was a lifeless

waste. The mind, heretofore busy in directing arm and foot, to force a way through miniature mountains of uplifted floes, was now, because of better ice, relieved of that strain, but it refused to seek diversion.

The normal run of hardship, although eased, now piled up the accumulated poison of overwork, and when I now think of the terrible strain I fail to see how a workable balance was maintained.

As we passed the eighty-sixth parallel, the ice increased in breadth and thickness. Great hummocks and pressure lines became less frequent. A steady progress was gained with the most economical human drain possible. The temperature ranged between 36° and 40° below zero, Fahrenheit, with higher and lower midday and midnight extremes. Only spirit thermometers were useful, for the mercury was at this degree of frost either frozen or sluggish.

Although the perpetual sun gave light and color to the cheerless waste we were not impressed with any appreciable sense of warmth. Indeed, the sunbeams by their contrast seemed to cause the frost of the air to pierce with a more painful sting. In marching over the golden glitter, snow scalded our faces, while our noses were bleached with frost. The sun rose into zones of fire and set in burning fields of ice, but, in pain, we breathed the chill of death.

In camp a grip of the knife left painful burns from cold metal. To the frozen fingers ice cold water was hot. With wine-spirits the fire was lighted, while oil delighted the stomach. In our dreams Heaven was hot, the other place was cold. All Nature was false; we seemed to be nearing the chilled flame of a new Hades.

We now changed our working hours from day to night, beginning usually at ten o'clock and ending at seven. The big marches and prolonged hours of travel with which fortune favored us earlier were no longer possible. Weather conditions were more important in determining a day's run than the hands of the chronometers.

That I must steadily keep up my notes and the records of observations was a serious addition to my daily task. I never permitted myself to be careless in regard to this, for I never let myself forget the importance of such data in plotting an accurate course.

I kept my records in small notebooks, writing very fine with a hard pencil on both sides of the paper. At the beginning of the journey I had usually set down the day's record by candle light, but later, when the sun was shining both day and night, I needed no light even inside the walls of the igloo, for the sunlight shone strongly enough through the walls of snow. Shining brilliantly at times, I utilized the opportunity it afforded, every few marches, to measure our shadows. The daily change marked our advance Poleward.

When storms threatened, our start was delayed. In strong gales the march was shortened. But in one way or another we usually found a few hours in each turn of the dial during which a march could be forced between winds. It mattered little whether we traveled night or day—all hours and all days were alike to us—for we had no accustomed time to rest, no Sundays, no holidays, no landmarks, or mile-posts to pass.

To advance and expend the energy accumulated during one sleep at the cost of one pound of pemmican

was our sole aim in life. Day after day our legs were driven onward. Constantly new but similar panoramas rolled by us.

Our observations on April 11, gave latitude 87° 20′, longitude 95° 19′. The pack disturbance of the new land was less and less noted as we progressed in the northward movement. The fields became heavier, larger and less crevassed. Fewer troublesome old floes and less crushed new ice were encountered. With the improved conditions, the fire of a racing spirit surged up for a brief spell.

We had now passed the highest reaches of all our predecessors. The inspiration of the Farthest North for a brief time thrilled me. The time was at hand, however, to consider seriously the possible necessity of an early return.

Nearly half of the food allowance had been used. In the long marches supplies had been more liberally consumed than anticipated. Now our dog teams were much reduced in numbers. Because of the cruel law of the survival of the fittest, the less useful dogs had gone into the stomachs of their stronger companions. With the lessening of the number of dogs had come at the same time a reduction of the weight of the sledge loads, through the eating of the food. Now, owing to food limitations and the advancing season, we could not prudently continue the onward march a fortnight longer.

We had dragged ourselves three hundred miles over the Polar sea in twenty-four days. Including delays and detours, this gave an average of nearly thirteen miles daily on an airline in our course. There remained an unknown line of one hundred and sixty miles to the

Pole. The same average advance would take us to the Pole in thirteen days. There were food and fuel enough to risk this adventure. With good luck the prize seemed within our grasp. But a prolonged storm, a deep snow fall, or an active ice-pack would mean failure.

In new cracks I measured the thickness of the ice I examined the water for life. The technical details for the making and breaking of ice were studied, and some attention was given to the altitude of uplifted and submerged irregularities. Atmospheric, surface water and ice temperatures were taken, the barometer was noted the cloud formations, weather conditions and ice drift were tabulated. There was a continuous routine of work, but like the effort of the foot in the daily drive it became more or less automatic.

Running along over seemingly endless fields of ice the physical appearances now came under more careful scrutiny. I watched daily for possible signs of failing in the strength of any of us, because a serious disability would now mean a fatal termination. A disabled man could neither continue nor return. Each new examination gave me renewed confidence and was another reason to push human endurance to the limit of straining every fibre and cell.

As a matter of long experience I find life in the extreme North is healthful so long as there is sufficient good food, so long as exertion is not overdone. A weakling would easily be killed, but a strong man is splendidly hardened and kept in perfect physical trim by sledging and tramping in this germless air. But as I have said, sufficient food and not too much exertion are requisites to full safety, and in our case we were

working to the limit, with rations running low. Still, the men responded superbly.

Our tremendous exertion in forcing daily rushing marches, under occasional bursts of burning sunbeams, provoked intense thirst. Following the habit of the camel, we managed to take enough water before starting to keep sufficient liquid in the stomach and veins for the ensuing day's march. Yet it was painful to await the melting of ice at camping time.

In two sittings, evening and morning, each of us took an average of three quarts of water daily. This included tea and also the luxury of occasional soup. Water was about us everywhere in heaps, but before the thirst could be quenched, several ounces of precious fuel, which had been sledged for hundreds of miles, must be used. And yet, this water, so expensive and so necessary to us, became the cause of our greatest discomfort. It escaped through pores of the skin, saturated the boots, formed a band of ice under the knee and a belt of frost about the waist, while the face was nearly always encased in a mask of icicles from the moist breath. We learned to take this torture philosophically.

With our dogs bounding and tearing onward, from the eighty-seventh to the eighty-eighth parallel we passed for two days over old ice without pressure lines or hummocks. There was no discernible line of demarcation to indicate separate fields, and it was quite impossible to determine whether we were on land or sea ice. The barometer indicated no perceptible elevation, but the ice had the hard, wavering surface of glacial ice, with only superficial crevasses. The water obtained

from this was not salty. All of the upper surface of old hummock and high ice of the Polar sea resolves into unsalted water. My nautical observations did not seem to indicate a drift, but nevertheless my combined tabulations do not warrant a positive assertion of either land or sea; I am inclined, however, to put this down as ice on low or submerged land.

The ice presented an increasingly cheering prospect. A plain of purple and blue ran in easy undulations to the limits of vision without the usual barriers of uplifted blocks. Over it a direct air-line course was possible. Progress, however, was quite as difficult as over the irregular pack. The snow was crusted with large crystals. An increased friction reduced the sled speed, while the snow surface, too hard for snowshoes was also too weak to give a secure footing to the unprotected boot. The loneliness, the monotony, the hardship of steady, unrelieved travel were keenly felt.

Day after day we pushed along at a steady pace over plains of frost and through a mental desert. As the eye opened at the end of a period of shivering slumber, the fire was lighted little by little, the stomach was filled with liquids and solids, mostly cold—enough to last for the day, for there could be no halt or waste of fuel for midday feeding. We next got into harness and, under the lash of duty, paced off the day's pull we worked until standing became impossible.

As a man in a dream I marched, set camp, ate and tried to rest. I took observations now without interest under those conditions no man could take an interest in mathematics. Eating became a hardship, for the pemmican, tasteless and hard as metal, was cold. Our

eet were numb—it seemed fortunate they no longer ven ached.

The arduous task of building a snowhouse meant hysical hardship. In this the eyes, no longer able to ink, quickly closed. Soon the empty stomach com- lained. Then the gastric wants were half served. Vith teeth dropping to the spasm of cold and skins in a electric wave of shivers to force animal heat, the boys ll to unconscious slumbers, but my lids did not easily ose. The anxiety to succeed, the eagerness to draw it our food supply and the task of infusing courage to my savage helpers kept the mind active while the nderfed blood filled the legs with new power.

There was no pleasurable mental recreation to re- ve us; there was nothing to arouse the soul from its y inclosure. To eat, to sleep, endlessly to press one ot ahead of the other—that was all we could do. We ere like horses driven wearily in carts, but we had not eir advantages of an agreeable climate and a com- rtable stable at night. Daily our marches were much e same. Finishing our frigid meal, we hitched the gs and lashed the sleds.

In the daily routine of our onward struggle, there as an inhuman strain which neither words nor pictures uld adequately describe. The maddening influence f the sameness of Polar glitter, combined as it was with tter winds and extreme cold and overworked bodies, urned our eyes and set our teeth to a chronic chatter- g. To me there was always the inspiration of ulti- ate success. But for my young savage companions, was a torment almost beyond endurance. They were, owever, brave and faithful to the bitter end, seldom

allowing hunger or weariness or selfish ambition fierce passions seriously to interfere with the effort the expedition. We suffered, but we covered distance

On the morning of April 13, the strain of agitati torment reached the breaking point. For days the had been a steady cutting wind from the west, whi drove despair to its lowest reaches. The west aga blackened, to renew its soul-despairing blast. The fros burn of sky color changed to a depressing gray, streak with black. The snow was screened with ugly vapo The path was absolutely cheerless. All this was a di premonition of storm and greater torture.

No torment could be worse than that never-ceasi rush of icy air. It gripped us and sapped the life fr us. Ah-we-lah bent over his sled and refused to mo I walked over and stood by his side. His dogs turn and looked inquiringly at us. E-tuk-i-shook came ne and stood motionless, like a man in a trance, stari blankly at the southern skies. Large tears fell fr Ah-we-lah's eyes and froze in the blue of his o shadow. Not a word was uttered. I knew that t dreaded time of utter despair had come. The do looked at us, patient and silent in their misery. Silent in the descending gloom we all looked over the treme dous dead-white waste to the southward. With a tea streaked and withered face, Ah-we-lah slowly said, wi a strangely shrilling wail, *"Unne-sinig-po—Oo-ah-to i-o-doria—Ooh-ah-tonie i-o-doria!"* ("It is well to die Beyond is impossible—Beyond is impossible!")

"TOO WEARY TO BUILD IGLOOS WE USED THE SILK TENT"
"ACROSS SEAS OF CRYSTAL GLORY TO THE BOREAL CENTRE"

TO THE POLE—THE LAST HUNDRED MILES

OVER PLAINS OF GOLD AND SEAS OF PALPITATING COLOR THE DOG TEAMS, WITH NOSES DOWN, TAILS ERECT, DASH SPIRITEDLY LIKE CHARIOT HORSES—CHANTING LOVE SONGS THE ESKIMOS FOLLOW WITH SWINGING STEP—TIRED EYES OPEN TO NEW GLORY—STEP BY STEP, WITH THUMPING HEARTS THE EARTH'S APEX IS NEARED—AT LAST! THE GOAL IS REACHED! THE STARS AND STRIPES ARE FLUNG TO THE FRIGID BREEZES OF THE NORTH POLE!

XIX

Boreal Center is Pierced

I shall never forget that dismal hour. I shall never forget that desolate drab scene about us—those endless stretches of gray and dead-white ice, that drab dull sky, that thickening blackness in the west which entered into and made gray and black our souls, that ominous, eerie and dreadful wind, betokening a terrorizing Arctic storm. I shall never forget the mournful group before me, in itself an awful picture of despair, of man's ambition failing just as victory is within his grasp. Ah-welah, a thin, half-starved figure in worn furs, lay over his sled, limp, dispirited, broken. In my ears I can now

hear his low sobbing words, I can see the tears on H yellow fissured face. I can see E-tuk-i-shook standin gaunt and grim, and as he gazed yearningly onward the south, sighing pitifully, shudderingly for the hom the loved one, An-na-do-a, left behind, whom, I cou tell, he did not expect to see again.

It was a critical moment. Up to this time, durin the second week of April, we had, by intense ment force, goaded our wearied legs onward to the limit endurance. With a cutting wind in our faces, feelin with each step the cold more severely to the marrow our bones, with our bodily energy and our bodily he decreasing, we had traveled persistently, suffering i tolerable pains with every breath. Despite increasin despair, I had cheered my companions as best I coul I had impressed upon them the constant nearing of m goal. I had encouraged in them the belief of nearne of land; each day I had gone on, fearing what had no come, the utter breaking of their spirits.

"Unne-sinikpo-ashuka." (Yes, it is well to die.)

"Awonga-up-dow-epuksha!" (Yesterday I, to felt that way), I said to myself. The sudden extinctio of consciousness, I thought, might be indeed a bless relief. But as long as life persisted, as long as huma endurance could be strained, I determined to continu Desperate as was my condition, and suffering helli tortures, the sight of the despair of my companions r aroused me. Should we fail now, after our long endu ance, now, when the goal was so near?

The Pole was only one hundred miles beyond. T attainment seemed almost certain.

"Accou-ou-o-toni-ah-younguluk" (Beyond to-mo

row it will be better), I urged, trying to essay a smile. *"Igluctoo!"* (Cheer up!)

Holding up one hand, with a reach Poleward, bending five fingers, one after the other, I tried to convey the idea that in five sleeps the "Big Nail" would be reached, and that then we would turn (pointing with my fingers) homeward.

"Noona-me-neulia-capa—ahmisua" (For home, sweethearts and food in abundance), I said.

"Noona-terronga, neuliarongita, ootah—peterongito" (Land is gone; loved ones are lost; signs of life have vanished).

"Tig-i-lay-waongacedla—nellu ikah-amisua" (Return will I, the sky and weather I do not understand. It is very cold), said Ah-we-lah.

"Attuda-emongwah-ka" (A little farther come), I pleaded. *Attudu-mikisungwah"* (Only a little further).

"Sukinut-nellu" (The sun I do not understand), said E-tuk-i-shook.

This had been a daily complaint for some days—the approaching equality of the length of shadows for night and day puzzled them. The failing night dip of the sun left them without a guiding line to give direction. They were lost in a landless, spiritless world, in which the sky, the weather, the sun and all was a mystery.

I knew my companions were brave. I was certain of their fidelity. Could their mental despair be alleviated, I felt convinced they could brace themselves for another effort. I spoke kindly to them; I told them what we had accomplished, that they were good and brave, that their parents and their sweethearts would

be proud of them, and that as a matter of honor w must not now fail.

"Tigishu-conitu," I said. (The Pole is near.)

"Sinipa tedliman dossa-ooahtonie tomongma a youngulok tigilay toy hoy." (At the end of five sleep it is finished, beyond all is well, we return thereafte quickly.)

"Seko shudi iokpok. Sounah ha-ah!" they replied (On ice always is not good. The bones ache.)

Then I said, "The ice is flat, the snow is good, th sky is clear, the Great Spirit is with us, the Pole is near!"

Ah-we-lah dully nodded his head. I noticed, how ever, he wiped his eyes.

"Ka-bishuckto-emongwah" (Come walk a littl further), I went on. *"Accou ooahtoni-ahningahna matluk-tigilay-Inut-noona."* (Beyond to-morrow withi two moons we return to Eskimo lands.)

"K i s a h iglucto-tima-attahta-annona-neuliasing wah," said Ah-we-lah. (At last, then it is to laugh There we will meet father and mother and little wives!

"Ashuka-alningahna-matluk," I returned. (Yes in two moons there will be water and meat and all i plenty.)

E-tuk-i-shook gazed at me intently. His eye brightened.

As I spoke my own spirits rose to the final effort my lassitude gave way to a new enthusiasm. I felt th fire kindling for many years aglow within me. Th goal was near; there remained but one step to the ape of my ambition. I spoke hurriedly. The two sat u and listened. Slowly they became inspired with m intoxication. Never did I speak so vehemently.

E-tuk-i-shook gripped his whip. *"Ka, aga"* (Come, go!) he said.

Ah-we-lah, determined but grim, braced his body and shouted to the dogs—*"Huk, Huk, Huk,"* and then to us he said, *"Aga-Ka!"* (Go-come).

With snapping whip we were off for that last hundred miles.

The animals pricked their ears, re-curled their tails, and pulled at the traces. Shouting to keep up the forced enthusiasm, we bounded forward on the last lap. A sort of wild gratification filled my heart. I knew that only mental enthusiasm would now prevent the defeat which might yet come from our own bodies refusing to go farther. Brain must now drive muscle. Fortunately the sense of final victory imparted a supernormal mental stimulus.

Gray ice hummocks sped by us. My feet were so tired that I seemed to walk on air. My body was so light from weakness that I suppose I should hardly have been surprised had I floated upward from the ice in a gust of wind. I felt the blood moving in my veins and stinging like needles in my joints as one does when suffering with neurasthenia. I swung my axe. The whip of my companions cut the air. The dogs leaped over the ice, with crunching progress they pulled themselves over hummocks much as cats climb trees. Distance continued to fade behind us.

On April 14, my observations gave latitude, 88° 21′; longitude, 95° 52′. The wind came with a satanic cut from the west. There had been little drift. But with a feeling of chagrin I saw that the ice before us displayed signs of recent activity. It was more ir-

regular, with open cracks here and there. These we had to avoid, but the sleds glided with less friction, and the weary dogs maintained a better speed.

With set teeth and newly sharpened resolutions, we continued mile after mile of that last one hundred. More dogs had gone into the stomachs of their hungry companions, but there still remained a sufficient pull of well-tried brute force for each sled. Although their noisy vigor had been gradually lost in the long drag, they still broke the frigid silence with an occasional outburst of howls. Any fresh enthusiasm from the drivers was quickly responded to by canine activity.

We were in good trim to cover distance economically. Our sledges were light, our bodies were thin. We had lost, since leaving winter camp, judging from appearances, from twenty-five to forty pounds each. All our muscles had shriveled. The dogs retained strength that was amazing. Stripped for the last lap, one horizon after another was lifted.

From original field papers.—Observations of April 14, 1908. Long 95-52. Bar. 29.90 Falling. Temp. —44°. Clouds Cu. St. & Alt. St. 4. Wind 1-3. Mag. E.

Noon 0.....=22—02—05

96
4
60 | 384
6—24

54
6½
27
324
60 | 351
5—51
9—21—50
9—27—41

0.....=22—56—20
2 | 44—58—25
22—29—12
+2
2 | 22—31—12
11—15—36
—9
11— 6—36
90
78—53—24
9—27—41
88—21— 5

Shadow 30½ ft. (of tent pole 6 ft. above snow.)

In the forced effort which followed we frequently ecame overheated. The temperature was steady at 44° low zero, Fahrenheit. Perspiration came with ease, id with a certain amount of pleasure. Later followed train of suffering for many days. The delight of the rdskin shirt gave place to the chill of a wet blanket. ir coats and trousers hardened to icy suits of armor. became quite impossible to dress after a sleep without tening the stiffened furs with the heat of our bare n. Mittens, boots and fur stockings became quite eless until dried out.

Fortunately, at this time the rays of the sun were rm enough to dry the furs in about three days, if hed to the sunny side of a sled as we marched along, d strangely enough, the furs dried out without ap- rent thawing. In these last days we felt more keenly pangs of perspiration than in all our earlier ad- ntures. We persistently used the amber-colored ggles. They afforded protection to the eyes, but in te of every precaution, our distorted, frozen, burned d withered faces lined a map in relief, of the hard- ps endured en route.

We were curious looking savages. The perpetual tter of the snows induced a squint of our eyes which storted our faces in a remarkable manner. The strong ht reflected from the crystal surface threw the muscles out the eyes into a state of chronic contraction. The s was reduced to a mere pin-hole.

The strong winds and drifting snows necessitated e habit of peeping out of the corners of the eyes. ature, in attempting to keep the ball from hardening, shed it at all times with blood. To keep the seeing

windows of the mind open required a constant exert
of will power. The effect was a set of expressions
hardship and wrinkles which might be called the bor
squint.

This boreal squint is a part of the russet-bro
physiognomy which falls to the lot of every Arc
explorer. The early winds, with a piercing temperatu
start a flush of scarlet, while frequent frostbites lea
figures in black. Later the burning sun browns
skin; subsequently, strong winds sap the moistu
harden the skin and leave open fissures on the face. T
human face takes upon itself the texture and configu
tion of the desolate, wind-driven world upon which
looks.

Hard work and reduced nourishment contract
muscles, dispel the fat and leave the skin to shrivel
folds. The imprint of the goggles, the set expres
of hard times, and the mental blank of the envir
ment remove all spiritual animation. Our faces
sumed the color and lines of old, withering, russet app
and would easily pass for the mummied countenances
the prehistoric progenitors of man.

In enforced efforts to spread out our stiffened l
over the last reaches, there was left no longer suffici
energy at camping times to erect snow shelters. C
silk tent was pressed into use. Although the tempe
ture was still very low, the congenial rays pierced the
fabric and rested softly on our eye lids closed in hea
slumber. In strong winds it was still necessary to e
a sheltering wall, whereby to shield the tent.

As we progressed over the last one hundred m
step, my mind was divested of its lethargy. U

consciously I braced myself. My senses became more keen. With a careful scrutiny I now observed the phenomena of the strange world into which fortune had pressed us—first of all men.

Step by step, I invaded a world untrodden and unknown. Dulled as I was by hardship, I thrilled with the sense of the explorer in new lands, with the thrill of discovery and conquest. "Then," as Keats says, "felt I like some watcher of the skies, when a new planet swims into his ken." In this land of ice I was master, I was sole invader. I strode forward with an undaunted glory in my soul.

Signs of land, which I encouraged my companions to believe were real, were still seen every day, but I knew, of course, they were deceptive. It now seemed to me that something unusual must happen, that some line must cross our horizon to mark the important area into which we were passing.

Through vapor-charged air of crystal, my eyes ran over plains moving in brilliant waves of running colors toward dancing horizons. Mirages turned things topsy-turvy. Inverted lands and queer objects ever rose and fell, shrouded in mystery. All of this was due to the atmospheric magic of the continued glory of midnight suns in throwing piercing beams of light through superimposed strata of air of varying temperature and density.

Daily, by careful measurements, I found that our night shadows shortened and became more uniform during the passing hours of the day, as the shadow dial was marked.

With a lucky series of astronomical observations

our position was fixed for each stage of progress

Nearing the Pole, my imagination quickened. A restless, almost hysterical excitement came over all o us. My boys fancied they saw bears and seals. I ha new lands under observation frequently, but with change in the direction of light the horizon cleared. W became more and more eager to push further into th mystery. Climbing the long ladder of latitudes, ther was always the feeling that each hour's work was bring ing us nearer the Pole—the Pole which men had sough for three centuries, and which, fortune favoring, shoul be mine!

Yet, I was often so physically tired that my min was, when the momentary intoxications passed, in sense, dulled. But the habit of seeing and of notin what I had seen, had been acquired. The habit, yes, o putting one foot in front of the other, mile after mile through the wild dreariness of ice, the habit of observing even though with aching, blurred eyes, and noting methodically, however wearily, what the tired eyes ha seen.

From the eighty-eighth to the eighty-ninth paralle the ice lay in large fields, the surface was less irregula than formerly. In other respects it was about the sam as below the eighty-seventh. I observed here also, a increasing extension of the range of vision. I seemed t scan longer distances, and the ice along the horizon ha a less angular outline. The color of the sky and the ic changed to deeper purple-blues. I had no way of check ing these impressions by other observations; the eage ness to find something unusual may have fired my imag ination, but since the earth is flattened at the Pole, pe

aps a widened horizon would naturally be detected ere.

At eight o'clock on the morning of April 19, we mped on a picturesque old field, with convenient hum- ocks, to the top of which we could easily rise for the equent outlook which we now maintained. We pitched r tent, and silenced the dogs by blocks of pemmican. ew enthusiasm was aroused by a liberal pot of pea- up and a few chips of frozen meat. Then we bathed life-giving sunbeams, screened from the piercing air the strands of the silk-walled tent.

The day was beautiful. Had our sense of appreciation not been blunted by accumulated fatigue we should ve greatly enjoyed the play of light and color in the er-changing scene of sparkle. But in our condition was but an inducement to keep the eyes open and to olong interest long enough to dispel the growing com- aint of aching muscles.

Ah-we-lah and E-tuk-i-shook were soon lost in pro- und sleep, the only comfort in their hard lives. I re- ined awake, as had been my habit for many preced- g days, to get nautical observations. My longitude lculations lined us at 94° 3′. At noon the sun's alti- de was carefully set on the sextant, and the latitude, ickly reduced, gave 89° 31′. The drift had carried us o far east, but our advance was encouraging.

I put down the instrument, wrote the reckonings in y book. Then I gazed, with a sort of fascination, at e figures. My heart began to thump wildly. Slowly y brain whirled with exultation. I arose jubilant. e were only 29 miles from the North Pole!

I suppose I created quite a commotion about the

little camp. E-tuk-i-shook, aroused by the noise, awo
and rubbed his eyes. I told him that in two avera
marches we should reach the *"tigi-shu"*—the big n
He sprang to his feet and shouted with joy. He kick
Ah-we-lah, none too gently, and told him the glad ne

Together they went out to a hummock, and throu
glasses, sought for a mark to locate so important a pla
as the terrestrial axis! If but one sleep ahead, it must
visible! So they told me, and I laughed. The sensati
of laughing was novel. At first I was quite startled.
had not laughed for many days. Their idea was amu
ing, but it was eminently sensible from their standpoi
and knowledge.

I tried to explain to them that the Pole is not visi
to the eye, and that its position is located only by a
peated use of the various instruments. Although t
was quite beyond their comprehension the explanati
entirely satisfied their curiosity. They burst out in hu
rahs of joy. For two hours they chanted, danced a
shouted the passions of wild life. Their joy, howev
was in the thought of a speedy turning back homewa
I surmised.

This, however, was the first real sign of pleasure
rational emotion which they had shown for seve
weeks. For some time I had entertained the fear that
no longer possessed strength to return to land. T
unbridled flow of vigor dispelled that idea. My hea
throbbed with gladness. A font of new strength seem
to gush forth within me. Considering through what
had gone, I now marvel at the reserve forces latent
us, and I sometimes feel that I should write, not
human weakness, but a new gospel of human strengt

With the Pole only twenty-nine miles distant, more sleep was quite impossible. We brewed an extra pot of tea, prepared a favorite broth of pemmican, dug up a surprise of fancy biscuits and filled up on good things to the limit of the allowance for our final feast days. The dogs, which had joined the chorus of gladness, were given an extra lump of pemmican. A few hours more were agreeably spent in the tent. Then we started out with new spirit for the uttermost goal of our world.

Bounding joyously forward, with a stimulated mind, I reviewed the journey. Obstacle after obstacle had been overcome. Each battle won gave a spiritual thrill, and courage to scale the next barrier. Thus had been ever, and was still, in the unequal struggles between human and inanimate nature, an incentive to go onward, ever onward, up the stepping-stones to ultimate success. And now, after a life-denying struggle in a world where every element of Nature is against the life and progress of man, triumph came with steadily measured reaches of fifteen miles a day!

We were excited to fever heat. Our feet were light on the run. Even the dogs caught the infectious enthusiasm. They rushed along at a pace which made it difficult for me to keep a sufficient advance to set a good course. The horizon was still eagerly searched for something to mark the approaching boreal center. But nothing unusual was seen. The same expanse of moving seas of ice, on which we had gazed for five hundred miles, swam about us as we drove onward.

Looking through gladdened eyes, the scene assumed a new glory. Dull blue and purple expanses were transfigured into plains of gold, in which were

lakes of sapphire and rivulets of ruby fire. Engirdl
this world were purple mountains with gilded cre
It was one of the few days on the stormy pack when
Nature smiled with cheering lights.

As the day advanced beyond midnight and
splendor of the summer night ran into a clearer c
tinued day, the beams of gold on the surface sno
assumed a more burning intensity. Shadows of hu
mocks and ice ridges became dyed with a deeper purp
and in the burning orange world loomed before us Tit
shapes, regal and regally robed.

From my position, a few hundred yards ahead
the sleds, with compass and axe in hand, as usual
could not resist the temptation to turn frequently to
the movement of the dog train with its new fire.
this backward direction the color scheme was revers
About the horizon the icy walls gleamed like bea
gold set with gem-spots of burning colors; the pla
represented every shade of purple and blue, and o
them, like vast angel wings outspread, shifted gold
pinions. Through the sea of palpitating color, the d
came, with spirited tread, noses down, tails erect a
shoulders braced to the straps, like chariot horses.
the magnifying light they seemed many times their n
mal size. The young Eskimos, chanting songs of lo
followed with easy, swinging steps. The long w
was swung with a brisk crack. Over all arose a clo
of frosted breath, which, like incense smoke, became
vered in the light, a certain signal of efficient mot
power.

With our destination reachable over smooth ice,
these brighter days of easier travel our long chilled bl

was stirred to double action, our eyes opened to beauty and color, and a normal appreciation of the wonders of this new strange and wonderful world.

As we lifted the midnight's sun to the plane of the midday sun, the shifting Polar desert became floored with a sparkling sheen of millions of diamonds, through which we fought a way to ulterior and greater glory.

Our leg cramps eased and our languid feet lifted buoyantly from the steady drag as the soul arose to effervescence. Fields of rich purple, lined with running liquid gold, burning with flashes of iridescent colors, gave a sense of gladness long absent from our weary life. The ice was much better. We still forced a way over large fields, small pressure areas and narrow leads. But, when success is in sight, most troubles seem lighter. We were thin, with faces burned, withered, frozen and torn in fissures, with clothes ugly from overwear. Yet men never felt more proud than we did, as we militantly strode off the last steps to the world's very top!

Camp was pitched early in the morning of April 20. The sun was northeast, the pack glowed in tones of lilac, the normal westerly air brushed our frosty faces. Our surprising burst on enthusiasm had been nursed to its limits. Under it a long march had been made over average ice, with the usual result of overpowering fatigue. Too tired and sleepy to wait for a cup of tea, we poured melted snow into our stomach and pounded the pemmican with an axe to ease the task of the jaws. Our eyes closed before the meal was finished, and the world was lost to us for eight hours. Waking, I took observations which gave latitude 89° 46′.

Late at night, after another long rest, we hitche the dogs and loaded the sleds. When action began, th feeling came that no time must be lost. Feverish in patience seized me.

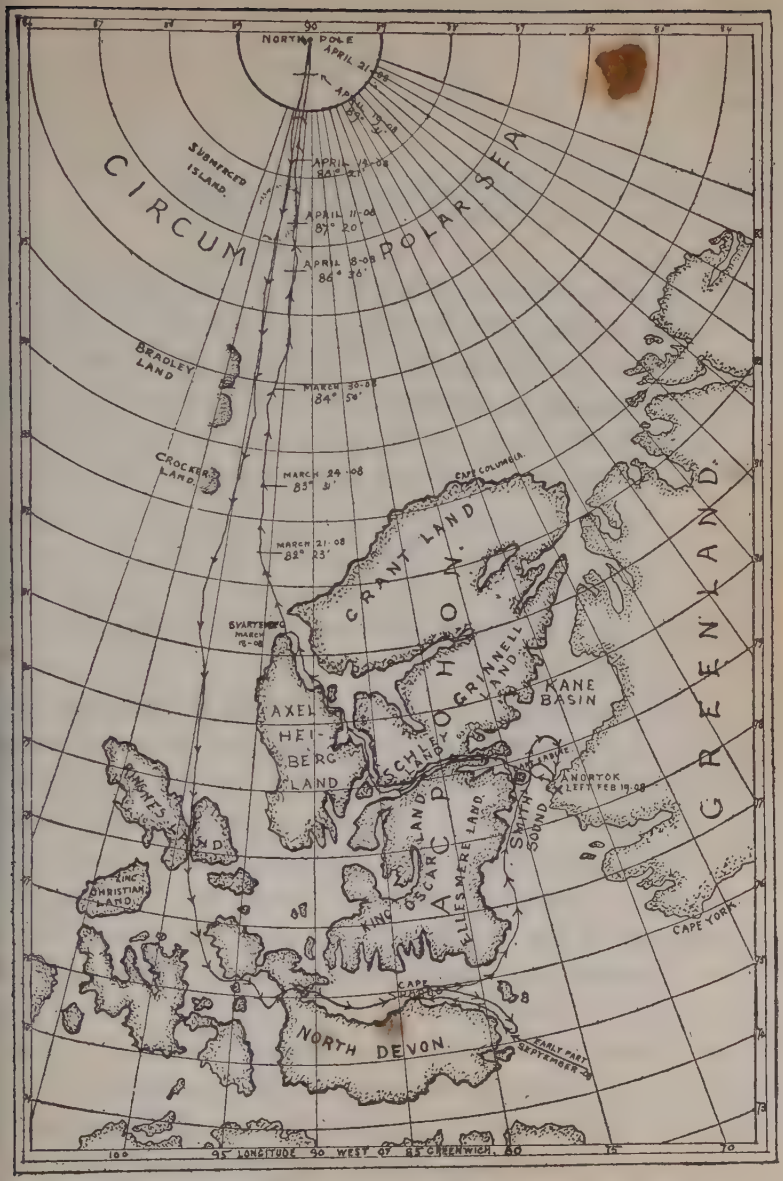
Cracking our whips, we bounded ahead. The boy sang. The dogs howled. Midnight of April 21 ha just passed.

Over the sparkling snows the post-midnight su glowed like at noon. I seemed to be walking in som splendid golden realms of dreamland. As we bounde onward the ice swam about me in circling rivers of gol

E-tuk-i-shook and Ah-we-lah, though thin an ragged, had the dignity of the heroes of a battle whic had been fought through to success.

We all were lifted to the paradise of winners as w stepped over the snows of a destiny for which we ha risked life and willingly suffered the tortures of an ic hell. The ice under us, the goal for centuries of brav heroic men, to reach which many had suffered terribl and terribly died, seemed almost sacred. Constantl and carefully I watched my instruments in recordin this final reach. Nearer and nearer they recorded ou approach. Step by step, my heart filled with a strang rapture of conquest.

At last we step over colored fields of sparkle, climb ing walls of purple and gold—finally, under skies c crystal blue, with flaming clouds of glory, we touc the mark! The soul awakens to a definite triumph there is sunrise within us, and all the world of night darkened trouble fades. We are at the top of the world The flag is flung to the frigid breezes of the Nort Pole!



ROUTE TO THE POLE AND RETURN

A triangle of 30,000 square miles cut out of the mysterious unknown

AT THE NORTH POLE

OBSERVATIONS AT THE POLE—METEOROLOGICAL AND AS
TRONOMICAL PHENOMENA—SINGULAR STABILIT
AND UNIFORMITY OF THE THERMOMETER AN
BAROMETER—A SPOT WHERE ONE'S SHADOW IS TH
SAME LENGTH EACH HOUR OF THE TWENTY-FOUR—
EIGHT POLAR ALTITUDES OF THE SUN

XX

Full and Final Proofs of the Attainment

Looking about me, after the first satisfactory ob
servation, I viewed the vacant expanse. The first rea
ization of actual victory, of reaching my lifetime's goa
set my heart throbbing violently and my brain aglow
I felt the glory which the prophet feels in his visio
with which the poet thrills in his dream. About th
frozen plains my imagination evoked aspects of gra
deur. I saw silver and crystal palaces, such as we
never built by man, with turrets flaunting "pinions gl
rious, golden." The shifting mirages seemed like th
ghosts of dead armies, magnified and transfigured, hug
and spectral, moving along the horizon and bearing th
wind-tossed phantoms of golden blood-stained banners

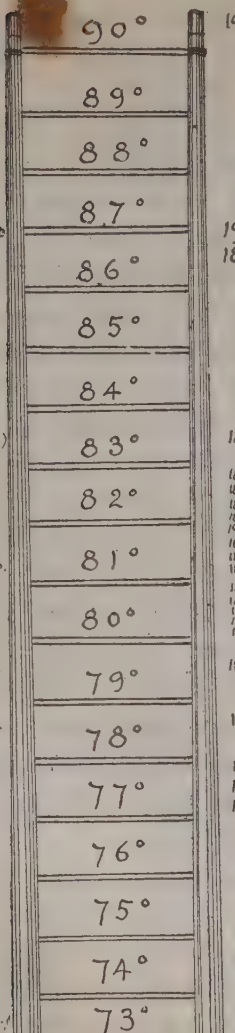
The low beating of the wind assumed the throb
martial music. Bewildered, I realized all that I ha

suffered, all the pain of fasting, all the anguish of long weariness, and I felt that this was my reward. I had scaled the world, and I stood at the Pole!

By a long and consecutive series of observations and mental tabulations of various sorts on our journey northward, continuing here, I knew, beyond peradventure of doubt, that I was at a spot which was as near as possible, by usual methods of determination, five hundred and twenty miles from Svartevoeg, a spot toward which men had striven for more than three centuries—a spot known as the North Pole, and where I stood first of white men. In my own achievement I felt, that dizzy moment, that all the heroic souls who had braved the rigors of the Arctic region found their own hopes' fulfilment. I had realized their dream. I had culminated with success the efforts of all the brave men who had failed before me. I had finally justified their sacrifices, their very death; I had proven to humanity humanity's supreme triumph over a hostile, death-dealing Nature. It seemed that the souls of these dead exulted with me, and that in some sub-strata of the air, in notes more subtle than the softest notes of music, they sang a pæan in the spirit with me.

We had reached our destination. My relief was indescribable. The prize of an international marathon was ours. Pinning the Stars and Stripes to a tent-pole, I asserted the achievement in the name of the ninety millions of countrymen who swear fealty to that flag. And I felt a pride as I gazed at the white-and-crimson barred pinion, a pride which the claim of no second victor has ever taken from me.

My mental intoxication did not interfere with the



CLIMBING THE LADDER OF LATITUDES

routine work which was now necessary. Having reached the goal, it was imperative that all scientific observations be made as carefully as possible, as quickly as possible. To the taking of these I set myself at once, while my companions began the routine work of unloading the sledges and building an igloo.

Our course when arriving at the Pole, as near as it was possible to determine, was on the ninety-seventh meridian. The day was April 21, 1908. It was local noon. The sun was 11° 55″ above the magnetic northern horizon. My shadow, a dark purple-blue streak with ill-defined edges, measured twenty-six feet in length. The tent pole, marked as a measuring stick, was pushed into the snow, leaving six feet above the surface. This gave a shadow twenty-eight feet long.

Several sextant observations gave a latitude a few seconds below 90°, which, because of unknown refraction and uncertain accuracy of time, was placed at 90°. (Other observations on the next day gave similar results, although we shifted camp four miles toward magnetic south.) A broken hand-axe was tied to the end of a life-line; this was lowered through a fresh break in the ice, and the angle which it made with the surface indicated a drift toward Greenland. The temperature, gauged by a spirit thermometer, was 37.7°, F. The mercury thermometer indicated —36°. The atmospheric pressure by the aneroid barometer was at 29.83. It was falling, and indicated a coming change in the weather. The wind was very light, and had veered from northeast to south, according to the compass card.

The sky was almost clear, of a dark purple blue, with a pearly ice-blink or silver reflection extending east, and a smoky water-sky west, in darkened, ill-defined streaks, indicating continuous ice or land toward Bering Sea, and an active pack, with some open water, toward Spitzbergen. To the north and south were wine-colored gold-shot clouds, flung in long banners, with ragged-pointed ends along the horizon. The ice about was nearly the same as it had been continuously since leaving the eighty-eighth parallel. It was slightly more active, and showed, by news cracks and oversliding, young ice signs of recent disturbance.

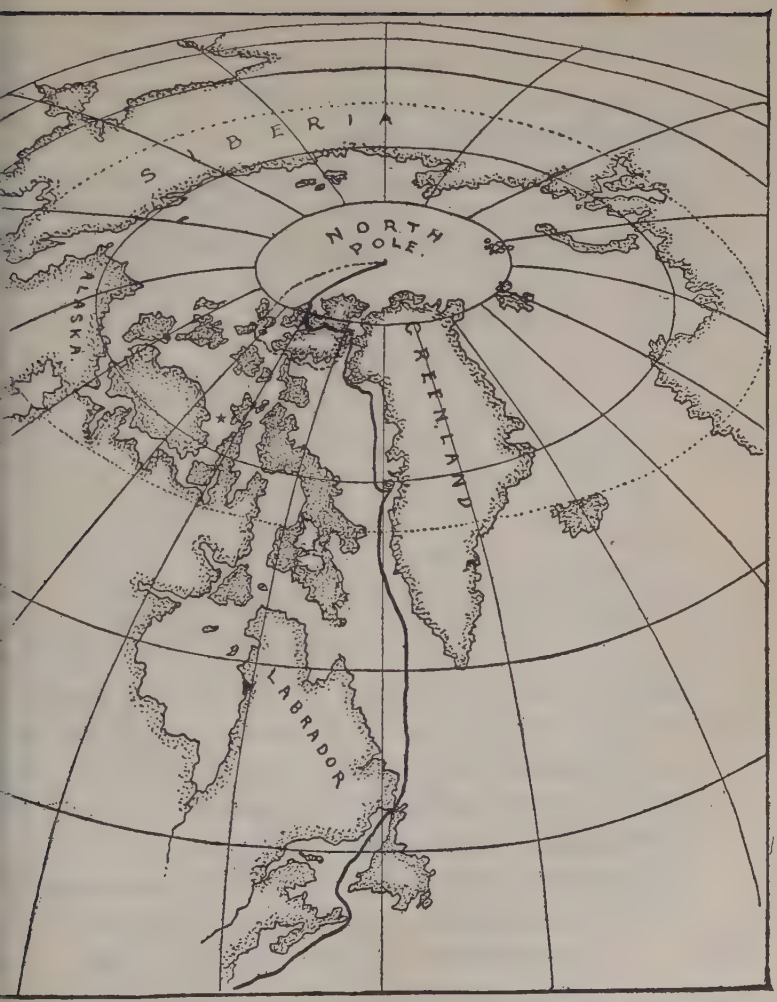
The field upon which we camped was about three miles long and two miles wide. Measured at a new crevasse, the ice was sixteen feet thick. The tallest hummock measured twenty-eight feet above water. The snow lay in fine feathery crystals, with no surface crust.

About three inches below the soft snow was a subsurface crust strong enough to carry the bodily weight. Below this were other successive crusts, and a porous snow in coarse crystals, with a total depth of about fifteen inches.

Our igloo was built near one edge in the lee of an old hummock about fifteen feet high. Here a recent bank of drift snow offered just the right kind of material from which to cut building blocks. While a shelter was thus being walled, I moved about constantly to read my instruments and to study carefully the local environment.

In a geographic sense we had now arrived at a point where all meridians meet. The longitude, therefore, was zero. Time was a negative problem. There being no longitude, there can be no time. The hour lines of Greenwich, of New York, of Peking, and of all the world here run together. Figuratively, if this position is the pin-point of the earth's axis, it is possible to have all meridians under one foot, and therefore it should be possible to step from midnight to midday, from the time of San Francisco to that of Paris, from one side of the globe to the other, as time is measured.

Here there is but one day and but one night in each year, but the night of six monhs is relieved by about one hundred days of continuous twilight. Geographically, there was here but one direction. It was south on every line of the dial of longitude—north, east and west had vanished. We had reached a point where true direction became a paradox and a puzzle. It was south before us, south behind us, and south on every side. But the compass, pointing to the magnetic Pole along the ninety-



WHERE ALL MERIDIANS MEET AND EVERY DIRECTION IS SOUTH

The Pivotal Point on which the earth turns.
*Magnetic Pole

seventh meridian, was as useful as ever. (To avo statements easily misunderstood, all our directions abo the Pole will be given as taken from the compass, a without reference to the geographer's anomaly of i being south in every direction.)

My first noon observations gave the following result, which is cop from the original paper, as it was written at the Pole and reproduc photographically on another page. April 21, 1908: Long., 97-W.; B 29-83; Temp.,—37.7; Clouds Alt., St., 1; Wind, 1; Mag., S.; Iceblink Water Sky W.

Noon Alt. 0

50
6½
25
300
60 | 325
5—25
11—48—58
11—54—23

23—33—25
+2
2 | 23—35—25
11—47—42 5
+15—56
12— 3—38
—9
11—54—38
90
78— 5—22
11—54—23
89—59—45

Shadows 28 ft. (of 6 ft. pole).

Taking advantage of our brief stay, the boys s up the ice-axe and drying sticks, and hung upon the their perspiration-wetted and frosted furs to d Hanging out wet clothes and an American flag at t North Pole seemed an amusing incongruity.

The puzzled standpoint of my Eskimos was amu ing. They tried hard to appreciate the advantages finding this suppositious *"tigi shu"* (big nail), b actually here, they could not, even from a sense of defe ence to me and my judgment, entirely hide their feeli of disappointment.

On the advance I had told them that an actual "b nail" would not be found—only the point where it oug

to be. But I think they really hoped that if it had actually disappeared they should find that it had come back into place after all!

In building our igloo the boys frequently looked about expectantly. Often they ceased cutting snow-blocks and rose to a hummock to search the horizon for something which, to their idea, must mark this important spot, for which we had struggled against hope and all the dictates of personal comforts. At each breathing spell their eager eyes picked some sky sign which to them meant land or water, or the play of some god of land or sea. The naive and sincere interest which the Eskimos on occasions feel in the mystery of the spirit-world gives them an imaginative appreciation of nature often in excess of that of the more material and skeptical Caucasian.

Arriving at the mysterious place where, they felt, something should happen, their imagination now forced an expression of disappointment. In a high-keyed condition, all their superstitions recurred to them with startling reality.

In one place the rising vapor proved to be the breath of the great submarine god—the *"Ko-Koyah."* In another place, a motionless little cloud marked the land in which dwelt the *"Turnah-huch-suak,"* the great Land God, and the air spirits were represented by the different winds, with sex relations.

Ah-we-lah and E-tuk-i-shook, with the astuteness of the aborigine, who reads Nature as a book, were sharp enough to note that the high air currents did not correspond to surface currents; for, although the wind was blowing homeward, and changed its force and direc-

tion, a few high clouds moved persistently in a different direction.

This, to them, indicated a warfare among the air spirits. The ice and snow were also animated. To them the whole world presented a rivalry of conflicting spirits which offered never-ending topics of conversation.

As the foot pressed the snow, its softness, its rebound, or its metallic ring indicated sentiments of friendliness or hostility. The ice, by its color, movement or noise, spoke the humor of its animation, or that of the supposed life of the restless sea beneath it. In interpreting these spirit signs, the two expressed considerable difference of opinion. Ah-we-lah saw dramatic situations and became almost hysterical with excitement; E-tuk-i-shook saw only a monotone of the normal play of life. Such was the trend of interest and conversation as the building of the igloos was completed.

Contrary to our usual custom, the dogs had been allowed to rest in their traces attached to the sleds. Their usual malicious inquisitiveness exhausted, they were too tired to examine the sleds to steal food. But now, as the house was completed, holes were chipped with a knife in ice-shoulders, through which part of a trace was passed, and each team was thus securely fastened to a ring cut in ice-blocks. Then each dog was given a double ration of pemmican. Their pleasure was expressed by an extra twist of the friendly tails and an extra note of gladness from long-contracted stomachs. Finishing their meal, they curled up and warmed the snow, from which they took an occasional bite to furnish liquid for their gastric economy. Almost two

ays of rest followed, and this was the canine celebra-
on of the Polar attainment.

We withdrew to the inside of the dome of snow-
locks, pulled in a block to close the doors, spread out
ır bags as beds on the platform of leveled snow, pulled
ff boots and trousers, and slipped half-length into the
istling reindeer furs. We then discussed, with
ummy congratulations, the success of our long drive
the world's end.

While thus engaged, the little Juel stove piped the
eer of the pleasure of ice-water, soon to quench our
ronic thirst. In the meantime, Ah-we-lah and E-tuk-
hook pressed farther and farther into their bags,
lled over the hoods, and closed their eyes to an over-
wering fatigue. But my lids did not easily close. I
tched the fire. More ice went into the kettle. With
e satisfaction of an ambition fulfilled, I peeped out
casionally through the pole-punched port, and noted
e horizon glittering with gold and purple.

Quivers of self-satisfying joy ran up my spine and
lieved the frosty mental bleach of the long-delayed
olar anticipation.

In due time we drank, with grateful satisfaction,
rge quantities of ice-water, which was more delicious
an any wine. A pemmican soup, flavored with musk
tenderloins, steaming with heat—a luxury seldom
joyed in our camps—next went down with warming,
tisfying gulps. This was followed by a few strips
f frozen fresh meat, then by a block of pemmican.
ater, a few squares of musk ox suet gave the taste of
weets to round up our meal. Last of all, three cups
f tea spread the chronic stomach-folds, after which we

reveled in the sense of fulness of the best meal many weeks.

With full stomachs and the satisfaction of a worth task well performed, we rested.

We had reached the zenith of man's Ultima Thul which had been sought for more than three centurie In comfortable berths of snow we tried to sleep, turnin with the earth on its northern axis.

But sleep for me was impossible. At six o'cloc or six hours after our arrival at local noon, I arose, we out of the igloo, and took a double set of observation Returning, I did some figuring, lay down on my ba and at ten o'clock, or four hours later, leaving Ah-we-la to guard the camp and dogs, E-tuk-i-shook joined me make a tent camp about four miles to the magnet south. My object was to have a slightly different pos tion for subsequent observations.

Placing our tent, bags and camp equipment on sled, we pushed it over the ice field, crossed a narro lead sheeted with young ice, and moved on to anoth field which seemed to have much greater dimension We erected the tent not quite two hours later, in tim for a midnight observation. These sextant readings the sun's altitude were continued for the next twent four hours.

In the idle times between observations, I went ov to a new break between the field on which we we camped and that on which Ah-we-lah guarded the dog Here the newly-formed sheets of ice slid over each oth as the great, ponderous fields stirred to and fro. peculiar noise, like that of a crying child, arose. came seemingly from everywhere, intermittently,

successive crying spells. Lying down, and putting my fur-cushioned ear to the edge of the old ice, I heard a distant thundering noise, the reverberations of the moving, grinding pack, which, by its wind-driven sweep, was drifting over the unseen seas of mystery. In an effort to locate the cry, I searched diligently along the lead. I came to a spot where two tiny pieces of ice served as a mouthpiece. About every fifteen seconds there were two or three sharp, successive cries. With the ice-axe I detached one. The cries stopped; but other cries were heard further along the line.

The time for observations was at hand, and I returned to take up the sextant. Returning later to the lead, to watch the seas breathe, the cry seemed stilled. The thin ice-sheets were cemented together, and in an open space nearby I had an opportunity to study the making and breaking of the polar ice.

That tiny film of ice which voiced the baby cries spreads the world's most irresistible power. In its making we have the nucleus for the origin of the polar pack, that great moving crust of the earth which crunches ships, grinds rocks, and sweeps mountains into the sea. Beginning as a mere microscopic crystal, successive crystals, by their affinity for each other, unite to make a disc. These discs, by the same law of cohesion, assemble and unite. Now the thin sheet, the first sea ice, is complete, and either rests to make the great field of ice, or spreads from floe to floe and from field to field, thus spreading, bridging and mending the great moving masses which cover the mid-polar basin.

Another law of nature was solved by a similar insignificant incident. In spreading our things out to

air and dry (for things will dry in wind and sun, eve
at a very low temperature), two pieces of canvas we
thrown on a hummock. It was a white canvas sle
cover and a black strip of canvas, in which the boat fi
tings were wrapped. When these strips of canvas we
lifted it was found that under the part of the blac
canvas, resting on a slope at right angles to the su
the snow had melted and recongealed. Under the whi
canvas the snow had not changed. The temperatu
was —41°; we had felt no heat, but this black canv
had absorbed enough heat from a feeble sun to me
the snow beneath it. This little lesson in physics beg
to interest me, and on the return many similar exper
ments were made. As the long, tedious marches we
made, I asked myself the questions: Why is sno
white? Why is the sky blue? And why does blac
burn snow when white does not?

Little by little, in the long drive of monotony, sa
isfactory answers came to these questions. Thus,
seeking abstract knowledge, the law of radiation w
thoroughly examined. In doing this, there came to n
slowly the solution of various problems of animal li
and eventually there was uncovered what to me prov
a startling revelation in the incidents that led up
animal coloring in the Arctic. For here I found th
the creatures' fur and feathers were colored in acco
with their needs of absorbing external heat or of co
serving internal heat. The facts here indicated will
presented later, when we deal with the snow-fitted cre
tures at close range.

One of the impressions which I carried with me
this night march was that the sun seemed low—low

indeed, than that of midday, which, in reality, was not true, for the observations placed it nine minutes higher. This was an indication of the force of habit. In the northward march we had noted a considerable relative difference in the height of the night sun and that of the day. Although this difference had vanished now, the mind at times refused to grasp the remarkable change.*

At the Pole I was impressed by a peculiar uniformity in the temperature of the atmosphere throughout the twenty-four hours, and also by a strange monotone in color and light of sea and sky. I had begun to observe this as I approached the boreal center. The strange equability of light and color, of humidity and of air temperatures extended an area one hundred miles about the Pole. This was noted both on my coming and going over this district.

Approaching the Pole, and as the night sun gradually lifted, an increasing equalization of the temperature of night and day followed. Three hundred miles from the Pole the thermometer at night had been from 10° to 20° lower than during the day. There the shivering chill of midnight made a strong contrast to the burning, heatless glitter of midday. At the Pole the thermometer did not rise or fall appreciably for certain fixed hours of the day or night, but remained almost uniform during the entire twenty-four hours.

* After trying to explain this impression fifteen months later to a Swiss professor, who spoke little English, he quoted me as saying that the sun at night about the Pole was much lower than at noon. No such ridiculous remark was ever made. In reality the eye did not detect any difference in the distance between the sun and the horizon through the next twenty-four hours. There was no visible rise or set, the night dip of the nocturnal swing of the sun was entirely eliminated. We had, however, several ways of checking this important phenomena, which will be introduced later.

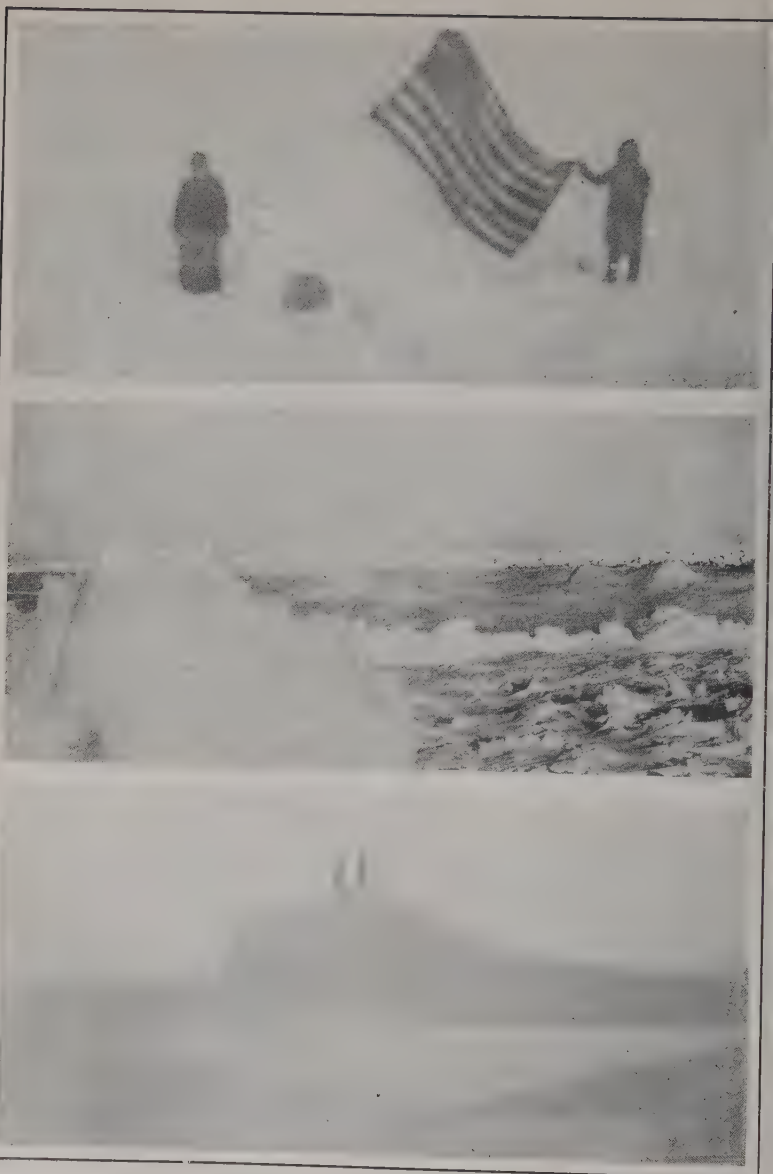
This, to a less notable extent, was true also of th barometer. Farther south there had been a differenc in the day and night range of the barometer. Her although the night winds continued more actively tha those of the day, the barometer was less variable than a any time on my journey.

At the Pole the tendency of change in force an direction of air currents, observed farther south, fo morning and evening periods, was no longer noted. Bu when strong winds brushed the pack, a good deal of th Polar equalization gave place to a radical differenc giving a period for high and low temperatures; whic period, however, did not correspond to the usual hou of day or night. The winds, therefore, seemed to carr to us the sub-Polar inequality of atmospheric variatio in temperature and pressure. Many of the facts bea ing upon this problem were not learned until late Subsequently, I learned, also, that strong winds ofte disturb the Polar atmospheric sameness; but all is give here because of the striking impression which it mad upon me at this time.

In the region about the Pole I observed tha although there were remarkable and beauteous col blendings in the sky, the intense contrasts and the spe tacular display of cloud effects, seen in more southe regions, were absent.

A color suffusion is common throughout the enti Arctic zone. Light, pouring from the low-lying su is reflected from the ice in an indescribable blaze. Fro millions of ice slopes, with millions and millions of tin reflecting surfaces, each one a mirror, some large, son smaller than specks of diamond dust, this light is se

FIRST CAMP AT THE POLE, APRIL 21, 1908



AT THE POLE—"WE WERE THE ONLY PULSATING CREATURES IN A DEAD WORLD OF ICE"

back in different directions in burning waves to the sky. A liquid light seems forced back from the sky into every tiny crevice of this bejeweled wonderland. One color invariably predominates at a time. Sometimes the ice and air and sky are suffused with a hue of rose, again of orange, again of a light alloyed yellow, again blue; and, as we get farther north, more dominantly purple. Farther south, in our journey northward, we had viewed color effects in reality incomparably more beautiful than those in the regions about the Pole. The sun, farther south, in rising and setting, and with limitless changes of polarized and refracted light, passing through strata of atmosphere of varying depths of different density, produces kaleidoscopic changes of burning color.

At the Pole there were sunbursts, but because of the slight change in the sun's dip to the horizon, the prevailing light was invariably in shades running to purple. At first my imagination evoked a more glowing wonder than in reality existed; as the hours wore on, and as the wants of my body asserted themselves, I began to see the vacant spaces with a disillusionizing eye.

The set of observations given here, taken every six hours, from noon on April 21 to midnight on April 22, 1908, fixed our position with reasonable certainty.

These figures do not give the exact position for the normal spiral ascent of the sun, which is about fifty seconds for each hour, or five minutes for each six hours; but the uncertainties of error by refraction and ice-drift do not permit such accuracy of observations. These figures are submitted, therefore, not to establish the pinpoint accuracy of our position, but to show that we had approximately reached a spot where the sun, throughout

the twenty-four hours, circled the heavens in a line nearly parallel to the horizon.

THE SUN'S TRUE CENTRAL ALTITUDE AT THE POLE.
April 21 and 22, 1908.

Seven successive observations, taken every six hours.
Each observation is reduced for an instrumental error of +2′.
For semi-diameter and also for refraction and parallax, —9′.
The seven reductions are each calculated from two sextant readings, generally of an upper and lower limb.

(TAKEN FROM MY FIELD NOTES.)

April 21, 1908, 97th meridian local time—12 o'clock noon	—11°—54′—40″
6 P. M. (same camp).	12—00—10
Moved camp 4 miles magnetic South	
12 o'clock (midnight)	12— 3—50
April 22nd, 6 A. M.	12— 9—30
12 o'clock noon	12—14—20
6 P. M.	12—18—40
12 o'clock (midnight)	12—25—10
Temperature, —41. Barometer, 30.05	
Shadow 27½ feet (of 6-foot pole)	

With the use of the sextant, the artificial horizon, pocket chronometers, and the usual instruments and methods of explorers, our observations were continued and our positions were fixed with the most painstakingly careful safeguards possible against inaccuracy. The value of all such observations as proof of a Polar success, however, is open to such interpretation as the future may determine. This applies, not only to me, but to anyone who bases any claim upon them.

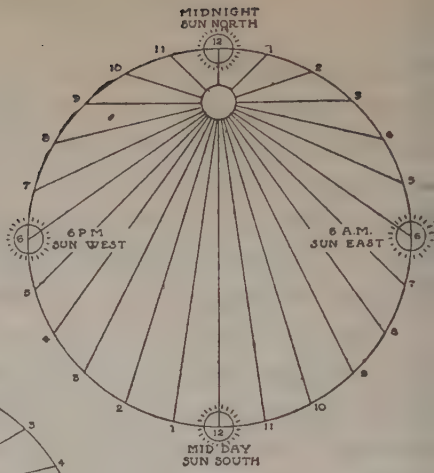
To me there were many seemingly insignificant facts noted in our northward progress which left the imprint of milestones. Our footprints marked a road ever onward into the unknown. Many of these almost unconscious reckonings took the form of playful impressions, and were not even at the time written down.

In the first press reports of my achievement there was not space to go into minute details, nor did the pres-

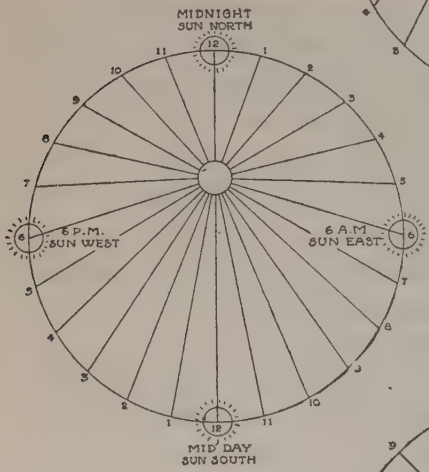
entation of the subject permit an elaboration on all the data gathered. But now, in the light of a better perspective, it seems important that every possible phase of the minutest detail be presented. For only by a careful consideration of every phase of every phenomena en route can a true verdict be obtained upon this widely discussed subject of Polar attainment.

And now, right here, I want you to consider carefully with me one thing which made me feel sure that we had reached the Pole. This is the subject of shadows—our own shadows on the snow-covered ice. A seemingly unimportant phenomenon which had often been a topic of discussion, and so commonplace that I only rarely referred to it in my notebooks, our own shadows on the snow-cushioned ice had told of northward movement, and ultimately proved to my satisfaction that the Pole had been reached.

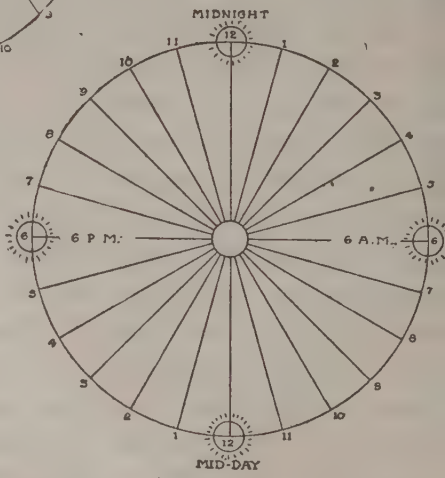
In our northward progress—to explain my shadow observations from the beginning—for a long time after our start from Svortevoeg, our shadows did not perceptibly shorten or brighten, to my eyes. The natives, however, got from these shadows a never-ending variety of topics of conversation. They foretold storms, located game and read the story of home entanglements. Far from land, far from every sign of a cheering, solid earth, wandering with our shadows over the hopeless desolation of the moving seas of glitter, I, too, took a keen interest in the blue blots that represented our bodies. At noon, by comparison with later hours, they were sharp, short, of a dark, restful blue. At this time a thick atmosphere of crystals rested upon the ice pack, and when the sun sank the strongest purple rays could



Shadow-circle about 250 miles from the Pole. Circle from which extend radiating shadow-lines mark position of man.



Shadow-circle when nearing the Pole, showing less difference in length during the changing hours.



Shadow-circle at the Pole; standing on the same spot, at each hour, one's shadow is always apparently of the same length.

SHADOW-CIRCLES INDICATING THE APPROACH TO THE POL

Showing approximately the relative length of a man's shadow for each hour of the twenty-four-hour day.

not penetrate the frosty haze. Long before the time for sunset, even on clear days, the sun was lost in low clouds of drifting needles.

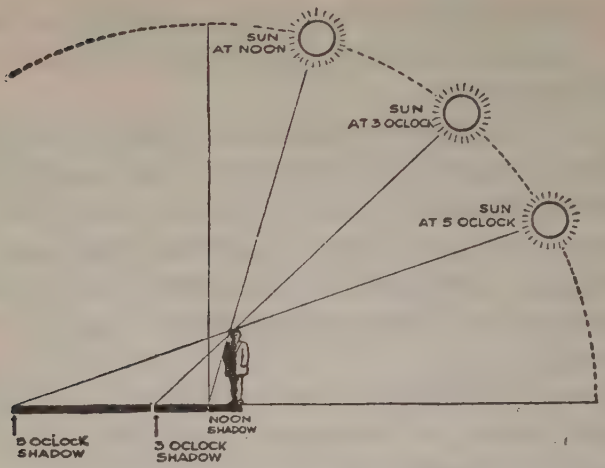
After passing the eighty-eighth parallel there was a notable change in our shadows. The night shadow lengthened; the day shadow, by comparison, shortened. The boys saw in this something which they could not understand. The positive blue grew to a permanent purple, and the sharp outlines ran to vague, indeterminate edges.

Now at the Pole there was no longer any difference in length, color or sharpness of outline between the shadow of the day or night.

"What does it all mean?" they asked. The Eskimos looked with eager eyes at me to explain, but my vocabulary was not comprehensive enough to give them a really scientific explanation, and also my brain was too weary from the muscular poison of fatigue to frame words.

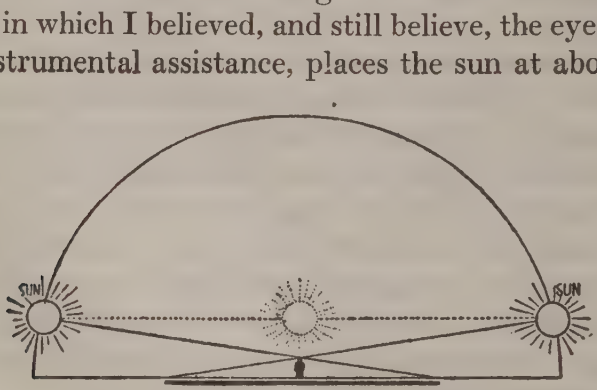
The shadows of midnight and those of midday were the same. The sun made a circle about the heavens in which the eye detected no difference in its height above the ice, either night or day. Throughout the twenty-four hours there was no perceptible rise or set in the sun's seeming movement. Now, at noon, the shadow represented in its length the altitude of the sun—about twelve degrees. At six o'clock it was the same. At midnight it was the same. At six o'clock in the morning it was the same.

A picture of the snowhouse and ourselves, taken at the same time and developed a year later, gives the same length of shadow. The compass pointed south. The



At a latitude about New York, a man's shadow lengthens hour by hour as the sun descends toward the horizon at nightfall.

night drop of the thermometer had vanished. Let u for the sake of argument, grant that all our instr mental observations are wrong. Here is a condition things in which I believed, and still believe, the eye, wit out instrumental assistance, places the sun at about t



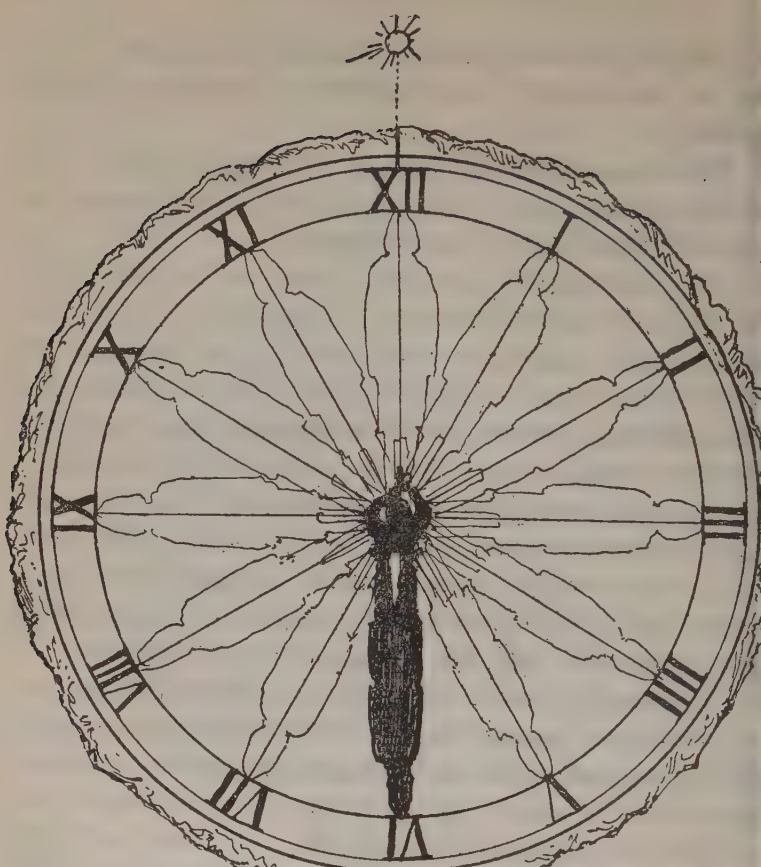
At the North Pole, a man's shadow is of equal length during the entire twenty-four hours, since the sun moves spirally around the heavens at about the same apparent height above the horizon throughout the twenty-four-hour day.

ame height for every hour of the day and night. It is nly on the earth's axis that such an observation is ossible.

There was about us no land. No fixed point. Absolutely nothing upon which to rest the eye to give the ense of location or to judge distance.

Here everything moves. The sea breathes, and ifts the crust of ice which the wind stirs. The pack ver drifts in response to the pull of the air and the rive of the water. Even the sun, the only fixed dot n this stirring, restless world, where all you see is, without your seeing it, moving like a ship at sea, seems to ave a rapid movement in a gold-flushed circle not far bove endless fields of purple crystal; but that movement is never higher, never lower—always in the same xed path. The instruments detect a slight spiral scent, day after day, but the eye detects no change.

Although I had measured our shadows at times on ne northward march, at the Pole these shadow notaons were observed with the same care as the measured ltitude of the sun by the sextant. A series was made n April 22, after E-tuk-i-shook and I had left Ahe-lah in charge of our first camp at the Pole. We nade a little circle for our feet in the snow. E-tukshook stood in the foot circle. At midnight the first ne was cut in the snow to the end of his shadow, and hen I struck a deep hole with the ice-axe. Every hour similar line was drawn out from his foot. At the end f twenty-four hours, with the help of Ah-we-lah, a ircle was circumscribed along the points, which marked he end of the shadow for each hour. The result is epresented in the snow diagram on the next page.



SHADOW DIAL AT THE POLE

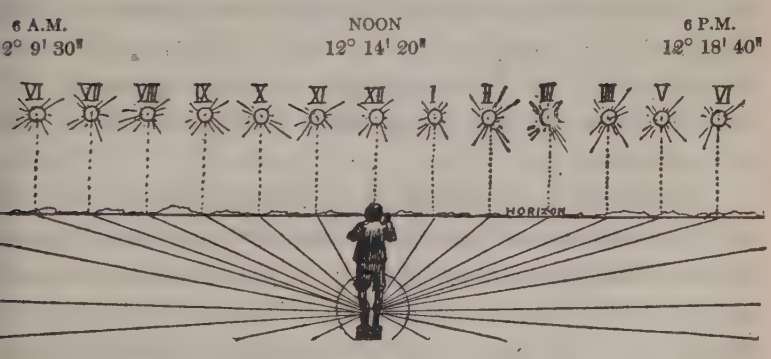
At the Pole, a man's shadow is about the same length for every hour of th double day. When a shadow line is drawn in the snow from a man's foot in marked dial, the human shadows take the place of the hands of a clock an mark the time by compass bearing. The relative length of these shadows als give the latitude or a man's position north or south of the equator. Whe during two turns around the clock dial, the shadows are all of about equal lengt the position of the earth's axis is positively reached—even if all other obse vations fail. This simple demonstration is an indisputable proof of being o the North Pole.

In the northward march we did not stay up all of bedtime to play with shadow circles. But, at this time, to E-tuk-i-shook the thing had a spiritual interest. To me it was a part of the act of proving that the Pole had been attained. For only about the Pole, I argued, could all shadows be of equal length. Because of this combination of keen interests, we managed to find an excuse, even during sleep hours, to draw a line on our shadow circle.

Here, then, I felt, was an important observation placing me with fair accuracy at the Pole, and, unlike all other observations, it was not based on the impossible dreams of absolutely accurate time or sure corrections for refraction.

HOW THE ALTITUDE OF THE SUN ABOVE THE HORIZON FIXES THE POSITION OF THE NORTH POLE

OBSERVED ALTITUDES, APRIL 22, 1908



The exact altitude of the sun at noon of April 22, 1908, on the pole, was 2° 9' 16", but owing to ice-drift—the impossibility of accurate time—and unknown error by refraction, no such pin-point accuracy can be recorded. At each hour the sun, circling about the horizon, cast a shadow of uniform length.

At the place where E-tuk-i-shook and I camped four miles south of where I had left Ah-we-lah with the dogs, only two big ice hummocks were in sight. There were more spaces of open water than at our first camp. After a midnight observation—of April 22—we re turned to camp. When the dogs saw us approaching in the distance they rose, and a chorus of howls rang over the regions of the Pole—regions where dogs had never howled before. All the scientific work being finished we began hastily to make final preparations for departure.

We had spent two days about the North Pole. After the first thrills of victory, the glamor wore away as we rested and worked. Although I tried to do so, I could get no sensation of novelty as we pitched our last belongings on the sleds. The intoxication of success had gone. I suppose intense emotions are invariably followed by reactions. Hungry, mentally and physically exhausted, a sense of the utter uselessness of the thing, of the empty reward of my endurance, followed my exhilaration. I had grasped my *ignus fatuus*. It is a misfortune for any man when his *ignus fatuus* fails to elude him.

During those last hours I asked myself why the place had so aroused an enthusiasm long-lasting through self-sacrificing years; why, for so many centuries, men had sought this elusive spot? What a futile thing, I thought, to die for! How tragically useless all those heroic efforts—efforts, in themselves, a travesty, an ironic satire, on much vainglorious human aspiration and endeavor! I thought of the enthusiasm of the people who read of the spectacular efforts of men to reach the

vacant silver-shining goal of death. I thought, too, in that hour, of the many men of science who were devoting their lives to the study of germs, the making of toxins; to the saving of men from the grip of disease—men who often lost their own lives in their experiments; whose world and work existed in unpicturesque laboratories, and for whom the laudations of people never rise. It occurred to me—and I felt the bitterness of tears in my soul—that it is often the showy and futile deeds of men which men praise; and that, after all, the only work worth while, the only value of a human being's efforts, lie in deeds whereby humanity benefits. Such work as noble bands of women accomplish who go into the slums of great cities, who nurse the sick, who teach the ignorant, who engage in social service humbly, patiently, unexpectant of any reward! Such work as does the scientist who studies the depredations of malignant germs, who straightens the body of the crippled child, who precipitates a toxin which cleanses the blood of a frightful and loathsome disease!

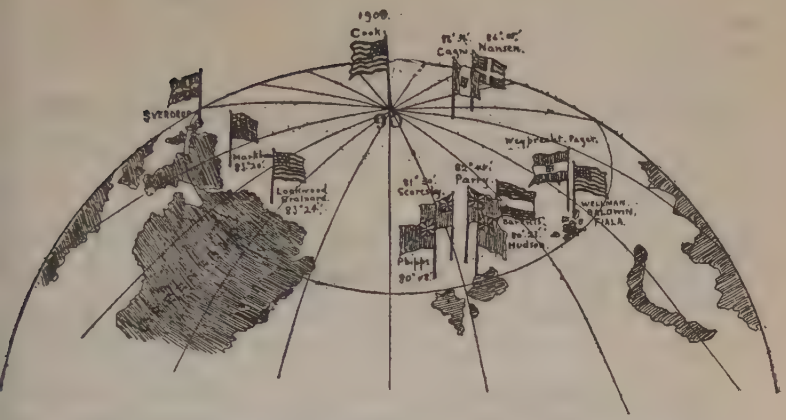
As my eye sought the silver and purple desert about me for some stable object upon which to fasten itself, I experienced an abject abandon, an intolerable loneliness. With my two companions I could not converse; in my thoughts and emotions they could not share. I was alone. I was victorious. But how desolate, how dreadful was this victory! About us was no life, no spot to relieve the monotony of frost. We were the only pulsating creatures in a dead world of ice.

A wild eagerness to get back to land seized me. It seemed as though some new terror had arisen from the icy waters. Something huge, something baneful . . .

invisible . . . yet whose terror-inspiring, burning eyes I felt . . . the master genii of the goal, perhaps . . . some vague, terrible, disembodied spirit force, condemned for some unimaginable sin to solitary prisonment here at the top of the world, and who wove its malignant, awful spell, and had lured men on for centuries to their destruction. . . . The desolation of the place was such that it was almost palpable; it was a thing I felt I must touch and see. My companions felt the heavy load of it upon them, and from the few words I overheard I knew they were eagerly picturing to themselves the simple joys of existence at Etah and Annoatok. I remember that to me came pictures of my Long Island home. All this arose, naturally enough, from the reaction following the strain of striving so long and so fiercely after the goal, combined with the sense of the great and actual peril of our situation. But what a cheerless spot this was, to have aroused the ambition of man for so many ages!

There came forcibly, too, the thought that although the Pole was discovered, it was not essentially discovered, that it could be discovered, in the eyes of the world, unless we could return to civilization and tell what we had done. Should we be lost in these wastes or should we be frozen to death, or buried in the snow, or drowned in a crevasse, it would never be known that we had been here. It was, therefore, as vitally necessary to get back in touch with human life, with our report, as it had been to get to the Pole.

Before leaving, I enclosed a note, written on the previous day, in a metallic tube. This I buried in the surface of the Polar snows. I knew, of course, that this



POLAR ADVANCE OF THE NATIONAL STANDARDS
Climax of four centuries of Arctic exploration—Stars and Stripes at the Pole.

would not remain long at the spot, as the ice was in the grip of a slow-drifting movement. I felt the possibility of this slow movement was more important than if it remained stationary; for, if ever found in the south, the destination of the tube would indicate the ice drift from the Pole. The following is an exact copy of the original note, which is reproduced photographically on another page:

COPY OF NOTE IN TUBE.

April 21—at the North Pole.

Accompanied by the Eskimo boys Ah-we-lah and E-tuk-i-shuk I reached at noon to-day 90° N. a spot on the polar sea 520 miles north of Svartevoeg. We were 35 days en route. Hope to return to-morrow on a line slightly west of the northward track.

New land was discovered along the 102 M. between 84 and 85. The ice proved fairly good, with few open leads, hard snow and little pressure trouble. We are in good health, and have food for forty days. This, with the meat of the dogs to be sacrificed, will keep us alive for fifty or sixty days.

This note is deposited with a small American flag in a metallic tube on the drifting ice.

Its return will be appreciated, to the International Bureau of Polar Research at the Royal Observatory, Uccle, Belgium.

(Signed) FREDERICK A. COOK.

THE RETURN—A BATTLE FOR LIFE AGAINST FAMINE AND FROST

TURNED BACKS TO THE POLE AND TO THE SUN—THE DOGS, SEEMINGLY GLAD AND SEEMINGLY SENSIBLE THAT THEIR NOSES WERE POINTED HOMEWARD, BARKED SHRILLY—SUFFERING FROM INTENSE DEPRESSION—THE DANGERS OF MOVING ICE, OF STORMS AND SLOW STARVATION—THE THOUGHT OF FIVE HUNDRED AND TWENTY MILES TO LAND CAUSES DESPAIR

XXI

Southward Over the Mid-Polar Sea

With few glances backward, we continued the homeward run in haste, crossing many new crevasses and bound on a course along the one hundredth meridian.

The eagerness to solve the mystery had served its purpose. The memory of the adventure for a time remained as a reminder of reckless daring. As we now moved along, there came more and more strongly the realization of the prospective difficulties of the return. Although the mercury was still frozen and the sun's perpetual flush was lost in a frigid blue, the time was at hand in lower latitudes for the ice to break and drift southward.

With correct reasoning, all former expeditions had lanned to return to land and a secure line of retreat y May 1. We could not hope to do this until early ı June. It seemed probable, therefore, that the ice ong the outskirts of the Polar sea would be much dis- ıpted and that open water, small ice and rapid drifts ould seriously interfere with our return to a sure foot- g on the shores of Fridtjof Nansen Sound. This and any other possible dangers had been carefully con- dered before, but the conquest of the Pole was not ossible without such risks.

We had started earlier than all other Polar expedi- ons and no time had been lost en route. If misfortune ame to us, it could not be because of wasted energies unnecessary delay. In the last days of the onward ısh to success there had been neither time nor oppor- ınity to ponder over future dangers, but now, facing ıe southern skies, under which lay home and all for hich we lived, the back trail seemed indescribably long. ı cold, sober thought, freed of the intoxication of olar enthusiasm, the difficulties increasingly darkened color. We clearly saw that the crucial stage of the mpaign was not the taking of the Pole. The test of ır fitness as boreal conquerors was to be measured by ıe outcome of a final battle for life against famine and ost.

Figuring out the difficulties and possibilities of ır return, I came to the conclusion that to endeavor get back by our upward trail would not afford great lvantage. Much time would be lost seeking the trail. he almost continuous low drift of snow during some ırt of nearly every day would obliterate our tracks

and render the trail useless as a beaten track in makin travel easier. The advantage of previously constructe snow houses as camps did not appeal to us.

After one is accustomed to a new, clean, brigh dome of snow every night, as we were, the return to suc a camp is gloomy and depressing. The house is almo invariably left in such a shape that, for hygienic reaso alone, it should not be occupied. Furthermore, the i fluence of sun and storm absolutely destroys in a fe days two out of three of all such shelter places. Mor over, we were now camping in our silk tent and did n require other shelter. At the season of the year which we were traveling, the activity of the pack farth south made back-tracking impossible, because of irreg lar lateral drift of individual fields. And to me t most important reason was an eager desire to ascerta what might be discovered on a new trail farther we It was this eagerness which led to our being carri adrift and held prisoners for a year.

The first days, however, passed rapidly. The i fields became smoother. On April 24 we crossed fi crevasses. With fair weather and favorable ice, lo marches were made. On the 24th we made sixte miles, on the 25th fifteen miles, on the 26th, 27th a 28th, fourteen miles a day. The fire of the homi sentiment began to dispel our overbearing fatigue. T dogs sniffed the air. The Eskimos sang songs of t chase. To me also there came cheering thoughts friends and loved ones to be greeted. I thought of d lightful dinners, of soul-stirring music. For all of the good speed of the return chase brought a men atmosphere of dreams of the pleasures of another wor

For a time we were blinded to ultimate dangers, just as we had been in the northward dash.

In our return along the one hundredth meridian, there were three important objects to be gained by a route somewhat west of the northward march. The increasing easterly drift would thus be counterbalanced. We hoped to get near enough to the new lands to explore a part of the coast. And a wider belt would be swept out of the unknown area. On April 30 the pedometer registered one hundred and twenty-one miles, and by our system of dead reckoning, which was usually correct, we should have been at latitude 87°, 59′, longitude 100°. The nautical observations gave latitude 88°, 1′, longitude 97°, 42′. We were drifting eastward, therefore, with increasing speed. To counterbalance our being moved by this drift, we turned and bounded southward in a more westerly course.

The never-changing sameness of the daily routine was again felt. The novelty of success and the passion of the run for the goal were no longer operative. The scenes of shivering blue wearied the eye, and there was no inspiration in the moving sea of ice to gladden the heart. The thermometer rose and fell between 30 and 50° below zero, Fahrenheit, with a ceaseless wind. The first of May was at hand, bringing to mind the blossoms and smiles of a kindly world. But here all nature was harrowed to lines of ice.

May 1 came with increasing color in the sunbursts, but without cheer. The splendor of terrestrial fire was a cheat. Over the horizon, mirages displayed celestial hysterics. The sun circled the skies in lines of glory, but its heat was a sham, its light a torment. The ice

was heavy and smooth. On May 2, clouds obscured the sky, fog fell heavily over the ice, we struck our course with difficulty but made nineteen miles. On May 3 snow fell, but the end of the march brought clear skies, and, with them, the longing for my land of blossoming cherry and apple trees.

With weary nerves, and with compass in hand, my lonely march ahead of the sledges continued day by day. Progress was satisfactory. We had passed the eighty-ninth and eighty-eighth parallels. The eighty-seventh and the eighty-sixth would soon be under foot, and the sight of the new lands should give encouragement. These hard-fought times were days long to be remembered. The lack of cerebral stimulation and nutrition left no cellular resource to aid the memory of those fateful hours of chill.

The long strain of the march had established a brotherly sympathy amongst the trio of human strugglers. The dogs, though still possessing the savage ferocity of the wolf, had taken us into their community. We now moved among them without hearing a grunt of discord, and their sympathetic eyes followed until we were made comfortable on the cheerless snows. If they happened to be placed near enough, they edged up and encircled us, giving the benefit of their animal heat. To remind us of their presence, frost-covered noses were frequently pushed under the sleeping bag, and occasionally a cold snout touched our warm skin with a rude awakening.

We loved the creatures, and admired their superb brute strength. Their superhuman adaptability was a frequent topic of conversation. With a pelt that was

guarantee against all weather condition, they threw
nemselves down to the sweep of winds, in open defiance
f death-dealing storms. Eating but a pound of pem-
ican a day, and demanding neither water nor shelter,
ney willingly did a prodigious amount of work and
nen, as bed-fellows, daily offered their fur as shelter and
neir bones as head-rests to their two-footed companions.
Ve had learned to appreciate the advantage of their
eating breasts. The bond of animal fellowship had
rawn tighter and tighter in a long run of successive
dventures. And now there was a stronger reason than
er to appreciate power, for together we were seeking
n escape from a world which was never intended for
eatures with pulsating hearts.

Much very heavy ice was crossed near the eighty-
ghth parallel, but the endless unbroken fields of the
orthward trails were not again seen. Now the weather
anged considerably. The light, cutting winds from
e west increased in force, and the spasmodic squalls
me at shorter intervals. The clear purples and blues
the skies gradually gave place to an ugly hue of gray.
rush of frosty needles came over the pack for several
ours each day.

The inducement to seek shelter in cemented walls
snow and to wait for better weather was very great.
ut such delay would mean certain starvation. Under
ir conditions, there was barely food enough to reach
nd, and even short delays might seriously jeopardize
r return. We could not, therefore, do otherwise than
rce ourselves against the wind and drift with all pos-
le speed, paying no heed to unavoidable suffering.
s there was no alternative, we tried to persuade our-

selves that existing conditions might be worse than the were.

The hard work of igloo building was now a thi of the past—only one had been built since leaving th Pole, and in this a precious day was lost, while the a mospheric fury changed the face of the endless expans of desolation. The little silk tent protected us suff ciently from the icy airs. There were still 50° of fros but, with hardened skins and insensible nerve filament the torture was not so keenly felt. Our steady diet o pemmican, tea and biscuits was not entirely satisfactor We longed for enough to give a real filling sense, bu the daily ration had to be slightly reduced rather tha increased. The change in life from winter to summe which should take place at about this time of the yea was, in our case, marked only by a change in shelte from the snow house to the tent, and our beds we moved from the soft snow shelf of the igloo to the har wind-swept crust.

In my watches to get a peep of the sun at just th right moment, I was kept awake during much of th resting period. For pastime, my eyes wandered fro snorting dogs to snoring men. During one of the idle moments there came a solution of the utility of th dog's tail, a topic with which I had been at play f several days. It is quoted here at the risk of censur because it is a typical phase of our lives which cann be illustrated otherwise. Seeming trivialities were seiz upon as food for thought. Why, I asked, has the dog tail at all? The bear, the musk ox, the caribou and th hare, each in its own way, succeeds very well with b a dwarfed stub. Why does nature, in the dog, exper

s best effort in growing the finest fur over a seemingly seless line of tail bones? The thing is distinctive, and ne could hardly conceive of the creature without the ccessory, but nature in the Arctic does not often waste nergy to display beauties and temperament. This tail ust have an important use; otherwise it would soon ll under the knife of frost and time. Yes! It was nported into the Arctic by the wolf progenitor of the og from warmer lands, where its swing served a useful urpose in fly time. A nose made to breathe warm air quires some protection in the far north and the dog pplied the need with his tail. At the time when I ade this discovery a cold wind, charged with cutting ystal, was brushing the pack. Each dog had his back ched to the wind and his face veiled with an effective rl of his tail. Thus each was comfortably shielded om icy torment by an appendage adapted to that ry purpose.

In the long tread over snowy wastes new lessons human mechanism aroused attention. At first the fort to find a workable way over the troublesome pack rface had kept mind and body keyed to an exciting tch, but slowly this had changed. By a kind of uncon-ious intuition, the eye now found easy routes, the wer leg mechanically traveled over yards and miles d degrees without even consulting the brain, while the g trunk, in the effort to conserve energy, was left in pose at periods during miles of travel, thus saving uch of the exertion of walking.

The muscles, thus schooled to work automatically, t the mind free to work and play. The maddening onotone of our routine, together with the expenditure

of every available strain of force, had left the hea
dizzy with emptiness. Something must be done to li
the soul out of the boreal bleach.

The power of the mind over the horse-power of th
body was here shown at its best. The flesh proved loya
to the gray matter only while mental entertainment wa
encouraged. Thus aching muscles were persuaded t
do double duty without sending up a cry of tired feelin
The play of the mind with topics of its own choosin
is an advantage worth seeking at all times. But, to u
it multiplied vital force and increased greatly the dail
advance. Science, art and poetry were the heights t
which the wings of thought soared. Beginning with th
diversion of making curious speculations on subjec
such as that of the use of the dog's tail and the Arct
law of animal coloring, the first period of this menta
exercise closed with my staging a drama of the comedi
and tragedies of the Eskimos.

In the effort to frame sentiment in measured line
a weird list of topics occupied my strained fancy. I
more agreeable moods I always found pleasure in imag
ining a picture of the Polar sunrise, that budding perio
of life when all Nature awakens after its winter slee
It was not difficult to start E-tuk-i-shook and Ah-w
lah on similar flights of fancy. A mere suggestio
would keep up a flow of agreeable thought for sever
days.

By such forced mental stimuli the centers of fatigu
were deluded into insensibility. The eighty-seven
parallel was crossed, the eighty-sixth was neared, bu
there came a time when both mind and body wearied
the whole problem of forced resolution.

On May 6 we were stopped at six in the morning by he approach of an unusual gale. The wind had been teady and strong all night, but we did not heed its hreatening increase of force until too late. It came rom the west, as usual, driving coarse snow with needle oints. The ice about was old and hummocky, offering difficult line of march, but some shelter. In the strongst blasts we threw ourselves over the sled behind hummocks and gathered new breath to force a few miles nore.

Finally, when no longer able to force the dogs hrough the blinding drift we sought the lee of an unfted block of ice. Here suitable snow was found for a now house. A few blocks were cut and set, but the wind wept them away as if they were chips. The tent was ried, but it could not be made to stand in the rush of he roaring tumult. In sheer despair we crept into the ent without erecting the pole. Creeping into bags, we hen allowed the flapping silk to be buried by the driftng snow. Soon the noise and discomfort of the storm ere lost and we enjoyed the comfort of an icy grave. n efficient breathing hole was kept open, and the wind as strong enough to sweep off the weight of a dangerus drift. A new lesson was thus learned in fighting he battle of life, and it was afterwards useful.

Several days of icy despair now followed one anher in rapid succession. The wind did not rise to the ull force of a storm, but it was too strong and too cold travel. The food supply was noticeably decreasing. he daily advance was less. With such weather, starvaon seemed inevitable. Camp was moved nearly every ay, but ambition sank to the lowest ebb. To the atmos-

pheric unrest was added the instability of broken ic and the depressing mystery of an unknown position For many days no observations had been possible. Ou location could only be guessed at.

Through driving storms, with the wind wailing i our ears and deafening us to the dismal howling of th hungry dogs, we pushed forward in a daily maddenin struggle. The route before us was unknown. We wer in the fateful clutch of a drifting sea of ice. I could no guess whither we were bound. At times I even lost hop of reaching land. Our bodies were tired. Our leg were numb. We were almost insensible to the ma craving hunger of our stomachs. We were living on half ration of food, and daily becoming weaker.*

Sometimes I paused, overcome by an almost over whelming impulse to lie down and drift through slee into death. At these times, fortunately, thoughts o home came thronging, with memories as tender as ar the memories of singing spring-time birds in winte

---

**The Fall of Body Temperature*—The temperature of the body was fr quently taken. Owing to the breathing of very cold air, the thermometer place in the mouth gave unreliable results, but by placing the bulb in the armpits, whe in the sleeping bag, fairly accurate records were kept. These proved that extrem cold had little influence on bodily heat; but when long-continued overwork w combined with insufficient food, the temperature gradually came down. C the route to the Pole the bodily temperature ranged from 97° 5′ to 98° 4′. returning, the subnormal temperature fell still lower. When the worry of bei carried adrift and the danger of never being able to return became evident, th the mental anguish, combined as it was with prolonged overwork, continue thirst and food insufficiency, was strikingly noted by our clinical thermomete During the last few weeks, before reaching land at Greenland in 1909, the su normal temperature sank to the remarkable minimum of 96° 2′ F. The Eskim usually remained about half a degree warmer. The respiration and heart acti was at this time fast and irregular.

In the summer period of famine about Jones Sound the temperature w normal. At that time we had an abundance of water and an interesting occup tion in quest of game, but we often felt the cold more severely than in the colde season of winter.

me. And, although the stimulating incentive of reaching the Pole on going north was gone, now, having accomplished the feat, there was always the thought that unless I got home no one should ever learn of that superhuman struggle, that final victory.

Empty though it was, I had, as I had hoped, proved myself to myself; I had justified the three centuries of human effort: I had proven that finite human brain and palpitating muscle can be victorious over a cruel and death-dealing Nature. It was a testimony that it was my duty to give the world of struggling, striving men, and which, as a father, I hoped with pride to give to my little children.

PTARMIGAN

BACK TO LIFE AND BACK TO LAND

THE RETURN—DELUDED BY DRIFT AND FOG—CARRIE
ASTRAY OVER AN UNSEEN DEEP—TRAVEL FO
TWENTY DAYS IN A WORLD OF MISTS, WITH TH
TERROR OF DEATH—AWAKENED FROM SLEEP B
A HEAVENLY SONG—THE FIRST BIRD—FOLLOWIN
THE WINGED HARBINGER—WE REACH LAND—
BLEAK, BARREN ISLAND POSSESSING THE CHARM O
PARADISE—AFTER DAYS VERGING ON STARVATION, W
ENJOY A FEAST OF UNCOOKED GAME

XXII

Southward Into the American Archipelago

On May 24 the sky cleared long enough to perm
me to take a set of observations. I found we were o
the eighty-fourth parallel, near the ninety-sevent
meridian. The new land I had noted on my northwar
journey was hidden by a low mist. The ice was muc
crevassed, and drifted eastward. Many open space
of water were denoted in the west by patches of wate
sky. The pack was sufficiently active to give us co
siderable anxiety, although pressure lines and ope
water did not at the time seriously impede our progress

Scarcely enough food remained on the sledges

ach our caches unless we should average fifteen miles day. On the return from the Pole to this point we had en able to make only twelve miles daily. Now our rength, even under fair conditions, did not seem to be ual to more than ten miles. The outlook was threatning, and even dangerous, but the sight of the cleared y gave new courage to E-tuk-i-shook and Ah-we-lah.

Our best course was to get to Fridtjof Nansen ound as soon as possible. The new land westward was visible, and offered no food prospects. An attempted ploration might cause a fatal delay.

Still depending upon a steady easterly drift of the ck, a course was set somewhat west of Svartevoeg, the rthern point of Axel Heiberg Land. In pressing onard, light variable winds and thick fogs prevailed. ne ice changed rapidly to smaller fields as we advanced. ne temperature rose to zero, and the air really began be warm. Our chronic shivering disappeared. With ht sledges and endurable weather, we made fair progss over the increasing pack irregularities.

As we crossed the eighty-third parallel we found rselves to the west of a large lead, extending slightly st of south. Immense quantities of broken and pulrized ice lined the shores to a width of several miles. ne irregularities of this surface and the uncemented eak offered difficulties over which no force of man or ast could move a sledge or boat. Compelled to folv the line of least resistance, a southerly course was set ng the ice division. The wind now changed and came m the east, but there was no relief from the heavy nks of fog that surrounded us.

The following days were days of desperation. The

food for man and dog was reduced, and the difficulti of ice travel increased dishearteningly. We travel twenty days, not knowing our position. A gray myste enshrouded us. Terror followed in our wake. Beneat us the sea moved—whither it was carrying us I did n know. That we were ourselves journeying toward a illimitable, hopeless sea, where we should die of slo lingering starvation, I knew was a dreadful probabilit Every minute drew its pangs of despair and fear.

The gray world of mist was silent. My compa ions gazed at me with faces shriveled, thinned and har ened as those of mummies. Their anguish was unspeal able. My own vocal powers seemed to have left m Our dogs were still; with bowed heads, tails droopin they pulled the sledges dispiritedly. We seemed lik souls in torment, traveling in a world of the dead, co demned to some Dantesque torture that should nev cease.

After the mental torment of threatened starvatio which prevented, despite the awful languor of my to tured limbs, any sleep; after heart-breaking march and bitter hunger and unquenched thirst, the baffli mist that had shut us from all knowledge at last cleare away one morning. Our hearts bounded. I felt su relief as a man buried alive must feel when, after strug gling in the stifling darkness, his grave is sudden opened. Land loomed to the west and south of us.

Yet we found we had been hardly dealt with b fate. Since leaving the eighty-fourth parallel, witho noticeable movement, we had been carried astray by t ocean drift. We had moved with the entire mass th covered the Polar waters. I took observations. Th

ave latitude 79° 32′, and longitude 101° 22′. At last had discovered our whereabouts, and found that we ere far from where we ought to be. But our situation as indeed nearly hopeless. The mere gaining a knowlge of where we actually were, however, fanned again e inextinguishable embers of hope.

We were in Crown Prince Gustav Sea. To the st were the low mountains and high valleys of Axel eiberg Land, along the farther side of which was our earranged line of retreat, with liberal caches of good ings and with big game everywhere. But we were fectually barred from all this.

Between us and the land lay fifty miles of small ushed ice and impassable lines of open water. In hardught efforts to cross these we were repulsed many mes. I knew that if by chance we should succeed in ossing, there would still remain an unknown course of ghty miles to the nearest cache, on the eastern coast of xel Heiberg Land.

We had no good reason to expect any kind of subtence along the west coast of Axel Heiberg Land. e had been on three-fourths rations for three weeks, d there remained only half rations for another ten ys. Entirely aside from the natural barriers in the ay of returning eastward and northward, we were now terly unequal to the task, for we had not the food to pport us.

The land to the south was nearer. Due south there s a wide gap which we took to be Hassel Sound. On ch side there was a low ice-sheeted island, beyond the ger islands which Sverdrup had named Ellef Ringnes nd and Amund Ringnes Land. The ice southward

was tolerably good and the drift was south-south-eas

In the hope that some young seals might be see we moved into Hassel Sound toward the eastern islan To satisfy our immediate pangs of hunger was our mo important mission.

The march on June 14 was easy, with a brigl warm sun and a temperature but little under the free ing point. In a known position, on good ice, and wit land rising before us, we were for a brief period happ and strong, even with empty stomachs. The horizon wa eagerly sought for some color or form or movement indicate life. We were far enough south to expect bea and seals, and expecting the usual luck of the hungr savage, we sought diligently. Our souls reached fort through our far-searching eyes. Our eyes pained wit the intense fixity of gazing, yet no animate thing a peared. The world was vacant and dead. Our beatin hearts, indeed, seemed to be the only palpitating thing there.

In the piercing rays of a high sun the tent wa erected, and in it, after eating only four ounces of pem mican and drinking two cups of icy water, we sough rest. The dogs, after a similar ration, but witho water, fell into an easy sleep. I regarded the poor cre tures with tenderness and pity. For more than a for night they had not uttered a sound to disturb the frig silence. When a sled dog is silent and refuses to figl with his neighbor, his spirit is very low. Finally I fe asleep.

At about six o'clock we were awakened by a strang sound. Our surprised eyes turned from side to sid Not a word was uttered. Another sound came—a seri

soft, silvery notes—the song of a creature that might re come from heaven. I listened with rapture. I ieved I was dreaming. The enchanting song con- ued—I lay entranced. I could not believe this divine ng was of our real world until the pole of our tent ntly quivered. Then, above us, I heard the flutter wings. It was a bird—a snow bunting trilling its ereal song—the first sound of life heard for many nths.

We were back to life! Tears of joy rolled down emaciated faces. If I could tell you of the resurrec- n of the soul which came with that first bird note, and new interest which it gave in our subsequent life, I uld feel myself capable of something superhuman in vers of expression.

With the song of that marvelous bird a choking se of homesickness came to all of us. We spoke no rd. The longing for home gripped our hearts.

We were hungry, but no thought of killing this e feathered creature came to us. It seemed as ne as the bird that came of old to Noah in the ark. king a few of our last bread crumbs, we went out to e it food. The little chirping thing danced joyously the crisp snows, evidently as glad to see us as we e to behold it. I watched it with fascination. At we were back to life! We felt renewed vigor. And n the little bird finally rose into the air and flew eward, our spirits rose, our eyes followed it, and, as gh it were a token sent to us, we followed its winged se landward with eager, bounding hearts.

We were now on immovable ice attached to the l. We directed our course uninterruptedly land-

ward, for there was no thought of further rest or sle
after the visit of the bird had so uplifted our hearts. C
chances of getting meat would have been bettered
following close to the open water, but the ice there v
such that no progress could be made. Furthermore, t
temptation quickly to set foot on land was too great
resist. At the end of a hard march—the last few hou
of which were through deep snows—we mounted the
edge, and finally reached a little island—a bare spot
real land. When my foot touched it, my heart sa
We sat down, and the joy of the child in digging t
sand of the seashore was ours.

I wonder if ever such a bleak spot, in a desert
death, had so impressed men before as a perfect pa
dise. In this barren heap of sand and clay, we were
last free of the danger, the desolation, the sterility of th
soul-withering environment of a monotonously movi
world of ice and eternal frost.

We fastened the dogs to a rock, and pitched the te
on earth-soiled snows. In my joy I did not forget th
the Pole was ours, but, at that time, I was ready to of
freely to others the future pleasures of its crystal
vironment and all its glory. Our cup had been filled
often with its bitters and too seldom with its sweets
us to entertain further thirst for boreal conquest.

And we also resolved to keep henceforth from
wastes of the terrible Polar sea. In the future the po
tion of lands must govern our movements. For, alo
a line of rocks, although we might suffer from hung
we should no longer be helpless chips on the ocean dr
and if no other life should be seen, at least occasio
shrimps would gladden the heart.

"WITH EAGER EYES WE SEARCHED THE DUSKY PLAINS OF CRYSTAL, BUT THERE WAS NO LAND, NO LIFE, TO RELIEVE THE PURPLE RUN OF DEATH"

Copy of note in Tube

Apr. 21. 1908 at the North Pole

Accompanied by the Eskimos boys Ahwelah and Etukishooa I reached this noon to-day 90°, a spot on the pole Star 520 miles N. of Svartvaag. We were 35 days enroute. hope to return to-morrow on a line slightly west of the one we travelled on. Here land was discovered along the 102-W. between 84 & 85°. The ice proved fairly good with few open leads. hard snow and little pressing trouble.

We are in good health and have food for 40 days. This with the way of the dogs to be slaughtered with Kaufmann a chance for 50 or 60 days.

The writer is dispatched with a small American flag in a metal tube on the drifting ice.

It's return will be officially reported to the International Bureau of Polar Research at the Royal observatory Uccle Belgium

Frederick A. Cook

We stepped about on the solid ground with a new ense of security. But the land about was low, barren, nd shapeless. Its formation was triassic, similar to that f most of Heiberg land, but in our immediate surround- ngs, erosion by frost, the grind of ice sheets, and the ower of winds, had leveled projecting rocks and liffs. Part of its interior was blanketed with ice. ts shore line had neither the relief of a colored liff nor a picturesque headland; there was not even a vall of ice; there were only dull, uninteresting slopes of and and snow separating the frozen sea from the land- ce. The most careful scrutiny gave no indication of a iving creature. The rocks were uncovered even with lack lichens. A less inviting spot of earth could not be onceived, yet it aroused in us a deep sense of en- husiasm. A strip of tropical splendor could not have lone more. The spring of man's passion is sprung by ontrast, not by degrees of glory.

In camp, the joy of coming back to earth was hilled by the agonizing call of the stomach. The ffervescent happiness could not dispel the pangs of unger. A disabled dog which had been unsuccessfully ursed for several days was sacrificed on the altar of ard luck, and the other dogs were thereupon given a beral feed, in which we shared. To our palates the esh of the dog was not distasteful, yet the dog had een our companion for many months, and at the same me that our conscienceless stomachs were calling for nore hot, blood-wet meat, a shivering sense of guilt came ver me. We had killed and were eating a living crea- ure which had been faithful to us.

We were hard-looking men at this time. Our fur

garments were worn through at the elbows and at t
knees. Ragged edges dangled in the winds. All t
boot soles were mere films, like paper with many hol
Our stockings were in tatters. The bird-skin shirts h
been fed to the dogs, and strips of our sleeping ba
had day by day been added to the canine mess. It to
all our spare time now to mend clothing. Dressed
rags, with ugly brown faces, seamed with many de
wind-fissures, we had reached, in our appearance, t
extreme limit of degradation.

At the Pole I had been thin, but now my skin w
contracted over bones offering only angular eminen
as a bodily outline. The Eskimos were as thin as m
self. My face was as black as theirs. They had ris
to higher mental levels, and I had descended to low
animal depths. The long strain, the hard experienc
had made us equals. We were, however, still in go
health and were capable of considerable hard work.
was not alone the want of food which had shriveled c
bodies, for greater pangs of hunger were reserved fo
later run of misfortune. Up to this point persiste
overwork had been the most potent factor.

As we passed out of Hassel Sound, the ice drift
southward. Many new fractures were noted, and op
spaces of water appeared. Here was seen the track
a rat—the first sign of a four-footed creature—and
stopped to examine the tiny marks with great intere
Next, some old bear tracks were detected. These sim
things had an intense fascination for us, coming as
did out of a lifeless world; and, too, these signs show
that the possibilities of food were at hand, and
thought sharpened our senses into savage fierceness.

We continued our course southward, as we followed, wolf-like, in the bear footprints. The sledges bounded over the icy irregularities as they had not done for months. Every crack in the ice was searched for seals, and with the glasses we mounted hummock after hummock to search the horizon for bears.

We were not more than ten miles beyond land when Ah-we-lah located an auspicious spot to leeward. After a peep through the glasses he shouted. The dogs understood. They raised their ears, and jumped to the full length of their traces. We hurried eastward to deprive the bear of our scent, but we soon learned that he was as hungry as we were, for he made an air line for our changed position. We were hunting the bear—the bear was also hunting us.

Getting behind a hummock, we awaited developments. Bruin persistently neared, rising on his haunches frequently so as the better to see E-tuk-i-shook, who had arranged himself like a seal as a decoy. When within a few hundred yards the dogs were freed. They had been waiting like entrenched soldiers for a chance to advance. In a few moments the gaunt creatures encircled the puzzled bear. Almost without a sound, they leaped at the great animal and sank their fangs into his hind legs. Ah-we-lah fired. The bear fell.

Camp technique and the advantages of a fire were not considered—the meat was swallowed raw, with wolfish haste, and no cut of carefully roasted bullock ever tasted better. It was to such grim hunger that we had come.

Then we slept, and after a long time our eyes re-

opened upon a world colored with new hope. The im
mediate threat of famine was removed, and a day wa
given over to filling up with food. Even after that,
liberal supply of fresh meat rested on the sledge fo
successive days of feasting. In the days which followe
other bears, intent on examining our larder, came nea
enough at times to enable us to keep up a liberal suppl
of fresh meat.

With the assurance of a food supply, a course wa
set to enter Wellington Channel and push along t
Lancaster Sound, where I hoped a Scottish whaler coul
be reached in July or August. In this way it seeme
possible to reach home shores during the current yea
If we should try to reach Annoatok I realized we shoul
in all probability be compelled to winter at Cape Sabin
The ice to the eastward in Norwegian Bay offered di
ficulties like those of Crown Prince Gustav Sea, an
altogether the easterly return to our base did not at th
time seem encouraging. The air-line distance to Smit
Sound and that to Lancaster Sound were about th
same, with the tremendous advantage of a straigh
course—a direct drift—and fairly smooth ice to th
southward.

This conclusion to push forward for Lancaste
Sound was reached on June 19. We were to the we
of North Cornwall Island, but a persistent local fo
gave only an occasional view of its icy upper slopes. Th
west was clear, and King Christian Land appeared
a low line of blue. About us the ice was small but fr
of pressure troubles. Bear tracks were frequently seen
we went along. The sea was bright. The air was deligh
fully warm, with the thermometer at 10° above zero

At every stop, the panting dogs tumbled and rolled playfully on the snows, and pushed their heated muzzles deep into the white chill. If given time they would quickly arrange a comfortable bed and stretch out, seemingly lifeless, for a refreshing slumber. At the awakening call of the lash, all were ready with a quick jump and a daring snarl, but the need of a tight trace removed their newly-acquired fighting propensity. They had gained strength and spirit with remarkable rapidity. Only two days before, they stumbled along with irregular step, slack traces, and lowered tails, but the fill of juicy bear's meat raised their bushy appendages to a coil of pride—an advantage which counted for several miles in a day's travel.

The drift carried us into Penny Strait, midway between Bathurst Land and Grinnell Peninsula. The small islands along both shores tore up the ice and piled it in huge uplifts. There was a tremendous pressure as the floes were forced through narrow gorges. Only a middle course was possible for us, with but a few miles' travel to our credit for each day. But the southerly movement of the groaning ice was rapid. A persistent fog veiled the main coast on both sides, but off-lying islands were seen and recognized often enough to note the positions. At Dundas Island the drift was stopped, and we sought the shores of Grinnell Peninsula. Advancing eastward, close to land, the ice proved extremely difficult. The weather, however, was delightful. Between snowdrifts, purple and violet flowers rose over warm beds of newly invigorated mosses—the first flowers that we had seen for a long and weary time, and the sight of them, with their blossoms and color, deeply

thrilled me. From misty heights came the howl of the white wolf. Everywhere were seen the traces of the fox and the lemming. The eider-duck and the ivory gull had entered our horizon.

All nature smiled with the cheer of midsummer. Here was an inspiring fairyland for which our hearts had long yearned. In it there was music which the long stiffened tympanums were slow in catching. The land was an oasis of hardy verdure. The sea was a shifting scene of frost and blue glitter. With the soul freed from its icy fetters, the soft, sunny airs came in bounds of gladness. In dreamy stillness we sought the bosom of the frozen sea, and there heard the groan of the pack which told of home shores. Drops of water from melting snows put an end to thrist tortures. The blow of the whales and the seals promised a luxury of fire and fuel, while the low notes of the ducks prepared the palate for dessert.

As we neared a little moss-covered island in drifting southward, we saw the interesting chick footprints of ptarmigan in the snow. The dogs pointed their ears and raised their noses, and we searched the clearing skies with eye and ear for the sudden swoop of the borean chicken. I had developed a taste for this delicate fowl as desperate as that of the darky for chicken, and my conscience was sufficiently deadened by cold and hunger to break into a roost by night or day to steal anything that offered feathery delights for the palate.

I was courting gastric desire, but the ptarmigan was engaged in another kind of courtship. Two singing capons were cooing notes of love to a shy chick, and they suddenly decided that there was not room for two

ıereupon a battle ensued with a storm of wings and ıch darting of bills. In this excitement they got into ice crevasse, where they might have become easy vic- ns without the use of ammunition. But, with empty omachs, there is also at times a heart-hunger, which eases a higher sense and closes the eye to gastric wants.

Later in the same day, we saw at a great distance ıat seemed like two men in motion. We hastened to eet them with social anticipations. Now they seemed l—now mere dots on the horizon. I thought this due their movement over ice irregularities. But boreal tics play havoc with the eye and the sense of per- ective. As we rose suddenly on a hummock, where had a clearer view, the objects rose on wings! They re ravens which had been enlarged and reduced by lecting and refracting surfaces and a changing atmos- ere, in much the same manner as a curved mirror kes a caricature of one's self. I laughed—bitterly. ızed, bewildered, there was nevertheless for me a joy seeing these living creatures, denizens of the land vard which we were directed.

The bears no longer sought our camp, but the seals re conveniently scattered along our track. A kindly rld had spread our waistbands to fairly normal dimen- ns. The palate began to exercise its discriminating ce. Ducks and land animals were sought with eater eagerness. While in this mood, three white ibou were secured. They were beautiful creatures, l as pleasing to the palate as to the eye, but owing to very rough ice it was quite impossible to carry more n a few days' supply. Usually we took only the ice parts of the game, but every eatable morsel of

caribou that we could carry was packed on the sledg

With this wealth of food and fuel we moved alo the shores of Wellington Channel to Pioneer Bay. V felt that we were steadily on our way homeward. Th was no premonition of the keen disappointment th awaited us, of the inevitable imprisonment for the lo Arctic winter and the days of starvation that were come.

PTARMIGAN CHICKS

OVERLAND TO JONES SOUND

HOURS OF ICY TORTURE—A FRIGID SUMMER STORM IN THE BERG-DRIVEN ARCTIC SEA—A PERILOUS DASH THROUGH TWISTING LANES OF OPENING WATER IN A CANVAS CANOE—THE DRIVE OF HUNGER.

XXIII

Adrift on an Iceberg

As we neared Pioneer Bay, along the coast of North Devon, it became quite evident that farther advance by sledge was quite impossible. A persistent southerly wind had packed the channel with a jam of small ice, over which the effort of sledging was a hopeless task. The season was too far advanced to offer the advantage of an ice-foot on the shore line. There was no open water, nor any game to supply our larder. The caribou was mostly used. We began to feel the craving pain of short rations.

Although the distance to Lancaster Sound was short, land travel was impossible, and, with no food, we could not await the drift of the ice. The uncertainty of game was serious, with nothing as a reserve to await the dubious coming of a ship. If game should appear, we might remain on the ice, accumulating in the meantime a supply of meat for travel by canvas boat later.

This boat had been our hope in moving south, bu thus far had not been of service. Forced to subsis mainly on birds, the ammunition rapidly diminished, an something had to be done at once to prevent famine.

We might have returned to the game haunts o Grinnell Peninsula, but it seemed more prudent to cros the land to Jones Sound. Here, from Sverdrup's ex perience, we had reason to expect abundant game. B moving eastward there would be afforded the alterna tive of pushing northward if we failed to get to th whalers. The temperature now remained steadily nea the freezing point, and with the first days of July th barometer became unsteady.

On the 4th of July we began the climb of the high lands of North Devon, winding about Devonian cliff toward the land of promise beyond. The morning wa gray, as it had been for several days, but before noo black clouds swept the snowy heights and poured ic waters over us. We were saturated to the skin, an shivered in the chill of the high altitude. Soon after wards a light breath-taking wind from the northwes froze our pasty furs into sheets of ice. Still later, heavy fall of snow compelled us to camp. The snow storm continued for two days, and held us in a snow buried tent, with little food and no fuel.

Although the storm occasioned a good deal of suf fering, it also brought some advantages. The land ha been imperfectly covered with snow, and we had bee forced to drive from bank to bank, over bared ground to find a workable course. But now all was well sheete with crusted snow. Soon the gaunt, dun-colored cliffs o North Devon ended the monotony of interior snow

ıd beyond was seen the cheering blue of Jones Sound. Much open water extended along the north shore beyond Musk Ox Fiord. The southern shores ere walled with pack-ice for a hundred miles or ore. In bright, cold weather we made a descent to idsbotn on July 7th. Here a diligent search for food iled. Daily the howl of wolves and the cry of birds me as a response to our calling stomachs. A scant pply of ducks was secured for the men with an expenture of some of the last rifle ammunition, but no walses, no seals, and no other big game were seen. To cure dog food seemed quite hopeless.

We now had the saddest incident of a long run of ouble. Open water ran the range of vision, sledges ere no longer possible, game was scarce, our ammunon was nearly exhausted. Our future fate had to be orked out in a canvas boat. What were we to do with e faithful dog survivors? In the little boat they could t go with us. We could not stay with them and live. e must part. Two had already left us to join their lf progenitors. We gave the others the same liberty. ne sledge was cut off and put into the canvas boat ich we had carried to the Pole and back. Our sleepg-bags and old winter clothing were given as food to e dogs. All else was snugly packed in waterproof ckages as well as possible, and placed in the boat. ith sad eyes, we left the shore. The dogs howled like ing children; we still heard them when five miles off ore.

Off Cape Vera there was open water, and beyond, far eastward as we could see, its quivering surface ered a restful prospect. As we advanced, however,

the weather proved treacherous, and the seas rose wit
sudden and disagreeable thumps.

At times we camped on ice islands in the pack, bu
the pack-ice soon became too insecure, being compose
of small pieces, and weakened in spots by the sun. Eve
a moderate gale would tear a pack apart, to be broke
into smaller fragments by the water. Sometimes w
made camp in the boat, with a box for a pillow and
piece of bear skin for a cover.

With great anxiety we pulled to reach the land a
Cape Sparbo before a storm entrapped us. To th
north, the water was free of ice as far as the shores o
Ellesmere Land, forty miles away. To avoid the glar
of the midday sun, we chose to travel by night, but w
were nearing the end of the season of Arctic double
days and midnight suns, when the winds come suddenl
and often.

Soon after midnight the wind from the Pacifi
came in short puffs, with periods of calm so sudden tha
we looked about each time for something to happen. A
about the same time there came long swells from th
northwest. We scented a storm, although at that tim
there were no other signs. The ice was examined for
possible line of retreat to the land, but, with pressur
ridges, hummocks and breaks, I knew this was impossi
ble. It was equally hopeless to camp on such treacher
ous ice. Berg ice had been passed the day before, bu
this was about as far behind as the land was ahead.

So we pulled along desperately, while the swell
shortened and rose. The atmosphere became thick an
steel gray. The cliffs of Ellesmere Land faded, whil
lively clouds tumbled from the highlands to the sea.

We were left no alternative but to seek the shelter
the disrupted pack, and press landward as best we
uld. We had hardly landed on the ice, and drawn
r boat after us, when the wind struck us with such
rce that we could hardly stand against it. The ice
mediately started in a westward direction, veering off
om the land a little and leaving open leads. These
ads, we now saw, were the only possible places of
fety. For, in them, the waters were easy, and the
nd was slightly shut off by the walls of pressure lines
d hummocks. Furthermore, they offered slants now
d then by which we could approach the land.

The sledge was set under the boat and lashed. All
r things were lashed to the wooden frame of the canoe
prevent the wind and the sea from carrying them
ay. We crossed several small floes and jumped the
es of water separating them, pulling sledge and canoe
ter us. The pressure lines offered severe barriers.
o cross them we were compelled to separate the canoe
om its sledge and remove the baggage. All of this
quired considerable time. A sense of hopelessness
ed my heart. In the meantime, the wind veered
the east and came with a rush that left us helpless.
e sought the lee of a hummock, and hoped the violence
the storm would soon spend itself, but there were no
sy spells in this storm, nor did it show signs of early
ssation. The ice about us moved rapidly westward
d slowly seaward.

It was no longer possible to press toward the land,
the leads of water were too wide and were lined with
all whitecaps, while the tossing seas hurled mountains
ice and foaming water over the pack edge.

The entire pack was rising and falling under fain swells, and gradually wearing to little fragments. Th floe on which we stood was strong. I knew it woul hold out longer than most of the ice about, but it wa not high enough above water to give us a dry footing a the seas advanced.

From a distance to the windward we noted a lo iceberg slowly gaining on our floe. It was a welcom sight, for it alone could raise us high enough above th soul-despairing rush of the icy water.

Its rich ultramarine blue promised ice of a sufficien strength to withstand the battling of the storm. Neve were men on a sinking ship more anxious to reach rock than we were to reach this blue stage of ice. I offered several little shelves, upon which we could ris out of the water upon the ice. We watched wit anxious eyes as the berg revolved and forced the othe ice aside.

It aimed almost directly for us, and would prob ably cut our floe. We prepared for a quick leap upo the deck of our prospective craft.

Bearing down upon us it touched a neighborin piece and pushed us away. We quickly pulled to th other pan, and then found, to our dismay, a wide ban of mushy slush, as impossible to us for a footing a quicksand would have been. As the berg passed, how ever, it left a line of water behind it. We quickly thre boat and sledge into this, paddled after the berg, an reaching it, leaped to its security, What a relief to b raised above the crumbling pack-ice and to watch fro safety the thundering of the elements!

The berg which we had boarded was square, wit

rounded corners. Its highest points were about twenty feet above water; the general level was about ten feet. The ice was about eighty feet thick, and its width was about a hundred feet. These dimensions assured stability, for if the thing had turned over, as bergs frequently do, we should be left to seek breath among the whales.

It was an old remnant of a much larger berg which had stood the Arctic tempest for many years. This we figured out from the hard blue of the ice and its many caverns and pinnacles. We were, therefore, on a secure mass of crystal which was not likely to suffer severely from a single storm. Its upper configuration, however, though beautiful in its countless shades of blue, did not offer a comfortable berth. There were three pinnacles too slippery and too steep to climb, with a slope leading by a gradual incline on each side. Along these the seas had worn grooves leading to a central concavity filled with water. The only space which we could occupy was the crater-like rim around this lake. At this time we had to endure only the seething pitch of the sea and the cutting blast of the storm.

The small ice about kept the seas from boarding. To prevent our being thrown about on the slippery surface, we cut holes into the pinnacles and spread lines about them, to which we clung. The boat was securely fastened in a similar way by cutting a makeshift for a ringbolt in the floor of ice. Then we pushed from side to side along the lines, to encourage our hearts and to force our circulation. Although the temperature was only at the freezing point, it was bitterly cold, and we were in a bad way to weather a storm.

The sea had drenched us from head to foot. Only our shirts were dry. With hands tightly gripped to the line and to crevasses, we received the spray of the breaking icy seas while the berg ploughed the scattered pack and plunged seaward. The cold, though only at the freezing point, pierced our snow-pasted furs and brought shivers worse than that of zero's lowest. Thus the hours of physical torture and mental anguish passed, while the berg moved towards the gloomy black cliff of Hell Gate. Here the eastern sky bleached and the south blued, but the falling temperature froze our garments to coats of mail. We were still dressed in part of our winter garments.

The coat was of sealskin, with hood attached; the shirt of camel's hair blanket, also with a hood; the trousers of bear fur; boots of seal, with hair removed, and stockings of hare fur. The mittens were of seal, and there were pads of grass for the palms and soles. Our garments, though not waterproof, shed water and excluded the winds, but there is a cold that comes with wet garments and strong winds that sets the teeth to chattering and the skin to quivering.

As all was snug and secure on the berg, we began to take a greater interest in our wind and sea-propelled craft. Its exposed surface was swept by the winds, while its submarine surface was pushed by tides and undercurrents, giving it a complex movement at variance with the pack-ice. It ploughed up miles of sea-ice, crushing and throwing it aside.

After several hours of this kind of navigation—which was easy for us, because the movement of the swell and the breaking of the sea did not inflict a hard-

ip—the berg suddenly, without any apparent reason, ok a course at right angles to the wind, and delib- ately pushed out of the pack into the seething seas. his rapid shift from comfort to the wild agitation of e black waters made us gasp. The seas, with boulders ice, rolled up over our crest and into the concavity of e berg, leaving no part safe. Seizing our axes, we t many other anchor holes in the ice, doubly secured r life lines, and shifted with our boat to the edge of e berg turned to the wind. The hours of suspense d torment thus spent seemed as long as the winters of e Eskimo. The pack soon became a mere pearly glow ainst a dirty sky. We were rushing through a seeth- g blackness, made more impressive by the pearl and ue of the berg and the white, ice-lined crests.

What could we do to keep the springs of life from apping in such a world of despair? Fortunately, we ere kept too busy dodging the storm-driven missiles of ater and ice to ponder much over our fate. Other- se the mind could not have stood the infernal strain.

Our bronze skins were adapted to cold and winds, t the torture of the cold, drenching water was new. or five months we had been battered by winds and cut frosts, but water was secured only by melting ice with ecious fuel which we had carried thousands of miles. we could get enough of the costly liquid to wash our ld meals down, we had been satisfied. The luxury of face wash or a bath, except by the wind-driven snows, s never indulged in. Now, in stress of danger, we re getting it from every direction. The torments of st about the Pole were nothing compared to this boil- g blackness.

Twenty-four hours elapsed before there was an change. Such calls of nature as hunger or thirst c sleep were left unanswered. We maintained a terrifi struggle to keep from being washed into the sea. A last the east paled, the south became blue, and the lan on both sides rose in sight. The wind came steadily, bu reduced in force, with a frosty edge that hardened ou garments to sheets of ice.

We were not far from the twin channels, Cardiga Strait and Hell Gate, where the waters of the Pacif and Atlantic meet. We were driving for Cardiga Strait, past the fiords into which we had descended fro the western seas two weeks before. We had, therefor lost an advance of two weeks in one day, and we ha probably lost our race with time to reach the life-savin haunts of the Eskimo.

Still, this line of thought was foreign to us. No far away were bold cliffs from which birds descended t the rushing waters. At the sight my heart rose. Her we saw the satisfying prospect of an easy breakfast only the waves would cease to fold in white crest Long trains of heavy ice were rushing with railroa speed out of the straits. As we watched, the tempera ture continued to fall. Soon the north blackened wit swirling curls of smoke. The wind came with the soun of exploding guns from Hell Gate. What, I aske myself, was to be our fate now?

We took a southwest course. Freezing seas washe over the berg and froze our numbed feet to the ice, upo which a footing otherwise would have been very difficul Adrift in a vast, ice-driven, storm-thundering ocean, stood silent, paralyzed with terror. After a few hour

entinel floes of the pack slowly shoved toward us, and nresistingly, we were ushered into the harboring influnce of the heavy Polar ice.

The berg lost its erratic movement, and soon settled n a fixed position. The wind continued to tear along in mad rage, but we found shelter in our canoe, dozing way for a few moments while one paced the ice as a entinel. Slowly a lane of quiet water appeared among he floes. We heard a strangely familiar sound which et our hearts throbbing. The walrus and the seal, one y one, came up to the surface to blow. Here, right beore us, was big game, with plenty of meat and fat. We ere starving, but we gazed almost helplessly on lenty, for its capture was difficult for us.

We had only a few cartridges and four cans of pemican in our baggage. These were reserved for use to atisfy the last pangs of famine. That time had not yet rrived. Made desperate by hunger, after a brief rest e began to seek food. Birds flying from the land beame our game at this time. We could secure these with he slingshot made by the Eskimos, and later, by enangling loops in lines, and in various other ways which unger taught us.

A gull lighted on a pinnacle of our berg. Quietly ut quickly we placed a bait and set a looped line. We atched with bated breath. The bird peered about, spied the luring bait, descended with a flutter of wings, ecked the pemmican. There was a snapping sound—ne bird was ours. Leaping upon it, we rapidly cut it n bits and ravenously devoured it raw. Few things I ave ever eaten tasted so delicious as this meat, which ad the flavor of cod-liver oil.

The ice soon jammed in a grinding pack against the land, and the wind spent its force in vain. We held our position, and two of us, after eating the bird, slept until the sentinel called us. At midnight the wind eased and the ice started its usual rebound, seaward and eastward, with the tide.

This was our moment for escape. We were about ten miles off the shore of Cape Vera. If we could push our canvas canoe through the channels of water as they opened, we might reach land. We quickly prepared the boat. With trepidation we pushed it into the black, frigid waters. We hesitated to leave the sheltering berg which had saved our lives. Still, it had served its purpose. To remain might mean our being carried out to sea. The ultimate time had come to seek a more secure refuge on *terra firma*.

Leaping into the frail, rocking canoe, we pushed along desperately through a few long channels to reach a wide, open space of water landward. Paddling frantically, we made a twisting course through opening lanes of water, ice on both sides of us, visible bergs bearing down at times on us, invisible bergs with spear-points of ice beneath the water in which our course lay. We sped forward at times with quick darts. Suddenly, and to our horror, an invisible piece of ice jagged a hole in the port quarter. Water gushed into the frail craft. In a few minutes it would be filled; we should sink to an icy death! Fortunately, I saw a floe was near, and while the canoe rapidly filled we pushed for the floe, reaching it not a moment too soon.

A boot was sacrificed to mend the canoe. Patching the cut, we put again into the sea and proceeded.

The middle pack of ice was separated from the land ack, leaving much free water. But now a land breeze prang up and gave us new troubles. We could not ace the wind and sea, so we took a slant and sought the e of the pans coming from the land.

Our little overloaded canoe weathered the seas very ell, and we had nothing to gain and everything to lose y turning back. Again we were drenched with spray, nd the canoe was sheeted with ice above water. The n was passing over Hell Gate. Long blue shadows retched over the pearl-gray sea. By these, without sort to the compass, we knew it was about midnight.

As we neared the land-ice, birds became numerous. he waters rose in easy swells. Still nearer, we noted at the entire body of land-ice was drifting away. A nvenient channel opened and gave us a chance to slip ehind. We pointed for Cape Vera, dashed over the ater, and soon, to our joy, landed on a ledge of lower cks. I cannot describe the relief I felt in reaching nd after the spells of anguish through which we had assed. Although these barren rocks offered neither od nor shelter, still we were as happy as if a sentence death had been remitted.

Not far away were pools of ice water. These we ught first, to quench our thirst. Then we scattered out, our eyes eagerly scrutinizing the land for breakst. Soon we saw a hare bounding over the rocks. As paused, cocking its ears, one of my boys secured it with sling-shot. It was succulent; we cut it with our ives. Some moss was found among the rocks. This as a breakfast for a king. I returned to prepare it. Vith the moss as fuel, we made a fire, put the dripping

meat in a pot, and, with gloating eyes, watched it simmering. I thrilled with the joy of sheer living, with hunger about to be satisfied by cooked food.

Before the hare was ready the boys came along with two eider-ducks, which they had secured by looped lines. We therefore had now an advance dinner, with a refreshing drink and a stomach full, and solid rocks to place our heads upon for a long sleep. These solid rocks were more delightful and secure than pillows of down. The world had indeed a new aspect for us. In reality, however, our ultimate prospect of escape from famine was darker than ever.

ARCTIC HARE

UNDER THE WHIP OF FAMINE

BOAT AND SLEDGE, OVER THE DRIFTING ICE AND STORMY SEAS OF JONES SOUND—FROM ROCK TO ROCK IN QUEST OF FOOD—MAKING NEW WEAPONS

XXIV

Imprisoned by the Hand of Frost

No time was lost in our onward course. Endeavor- at once to regain the distance lost by the drifting g, we sought a way along the shores. Here, over ice h pools of water and slush, we dragged our sledge h the canvas boat ever ready to launch. Frequent ces of water necessitated constant ferrying. We nd, however, that most open places could be crossed h sledge attached to the boat. This saved much time.

We advanced from ten to fifteen miles daily, pitch- the tent on land or sleeping in the boat in pools of water, as the conditions warranted. The land rose n vertical cliffs two thousand feet high, and offered life except a few gulls and guillemots. By gather- these as we went along, a scant hand-to-mouth sub- ence daily was obtained.

Early in August we reached the end of the land- k, about twenty-five miles east of Cape Sparbo. Be- d was a water sky, and to the north the sea was

entirely free of ice. The weather was clear, and ou ambitions for the freedom of the deep rose again.

At the end of the last day of sledge travel, a cam was made on a small island. Here we saw the firs signs of Eskimo habitation. Old tent circles, also ston and fox traps in abundance, indicated an ancient villag of considerable size. On the mainland we discovere abundant grass and moss, with signs of musk ox, ptar migan, and hare, but no living thing was detected After a careful search, the sledge was taken apart t serve as a floor for the boat. All our things were snugl packed. For breakfast, we had but one gull, which wa divided without the tedious process of cooking.

As we were packing the things onto the edge of th ice, we espied an oogzuk seal. Here was a creatur which could satisfy for a while our many needs. Upo it one of our last cartridges was expended. The sea fell. The huge carcass was dragged ashore. All of it skin was jealously taken. For this would make harpoo lines which would enable the shaping of Eskimo imple ments, to take the place of the rifles, which, with ammu nition exhausted, would be useless. Our boots coul also be patched with bits of the skin, and new sole could be made. Of the immense amount of oogzuk mea and blubber we were able to take only a small part; fo with three men and our baggage and sledge in the litt canvas boat, it was already overloaded.

The meat was cached, so that if ultimate war forced our retreat we might here prolong our existenc a few weeks longer. There was little wind, and th night was beautifully clear. The sun at night was ver close to the horizon, but the sparkle of the shimmerin

aters gave our dreary lives a bright side. On the reat unpolished rocks of the point east of Cape Sparbo suitable camping spot was found, a prolonged feed of eal was indulged in, and with a warm sun and full tomachs, the tent was unnecessary. Under one of the ocks we found shelter, and slept with savage delight or nine hours.

Another search of the accessible land offered no ame except ducks and gulls far from shore. Here the des and currents were very strong, so our start had to e timed with the outgoing tide.

Starting late one afternoon, we advanced rapidly eyond Cape Sparbo, in a sea with an uncomfortable vell. But beyond the Cape, the land-ice still offered n edge for a long distance. In making a cut across a mall bay to reach ice, a walrus suddenly came up be-ind the canoe and drove a tusk through the canvas. -tuk-i-shook quickly covered the cut, while we pulled ith full force for a pan of drift-ice only a few yards way. The boat, with its load, was quickly jerked on ne ice. Already there were three inches of water in ne floor. A chilly disaster was narrowly averted. Part f a boot was sacrificed to mend the boat.

While at work with the needle, a strong tidal cur-ent carried us out to sea. An increasing wind brought reaking waves over the edge of the ice. The wind for-nately gave a landward push to the ice. A sledge-over, used as a sail, retarded our seaward drift. The ak securely patched, we pushed off for the land ice. Vith our eyes strained for breaking seas, the boat was addled along with considerable anxiety. Much water as shipped in these dashes; constant bailing was neces-

sary. Pulling continuously along the ice for eight miles, and when the leads closed at times, jumping on cakes and pulling the boat after us, we were finally forced to seek a shelter on the ice-field.

With a strong wind and a wet fall of snow, the ice-camp was far from comfortable. As the tide changed, the wind came from the west with a heavy, choppy sea. Further advance was impossible. Sleeping but a few minutes at a time, and then rising to note coming dangers, as does the seal, I perceived, to my growing dismay, a separation between the land and the sea ice. We were going rapidly adrift, with only interrupted spots of sea-ice on the horizon!

There were a good many reefs about, which quickly broke the ice, and new leads formed on every side. The boat was pushed landward. We pulled the boat on the ice when the leads closed, lowering it again as the cracks opened. By carrying the boat and its load from crack to crack, we at last reached the land waters, in which we were able to advance about five miles further, camping on the gravel of the first river which we had seen. Here we were storm-bound for two days.

There were several pools near by. Within a short distance from these were many ducks. With the sling-shot a few of these were secured. In the midst of our trouble, with good appetites, we were feeding up for future contests of strength.

With a shore clear of ice, we could afford to take some chance with heavy seas, so before the swell subsided, we pushed off. Coming out of Braebugten Bay, with its discharging glaciers and many reefs, the water dashed against the perpendicular walls of ice, and pre-

ted a disheartening prospect. These reefs could be sed over only when the sea was calm. With but a -day's run to our credit, we were again stopped.

As we neared our objective point, on the fast ice de of a reef, we were greeted with the glad sight of t we supposed to be a herd of musk ox. About e miles of the winter ice was still fast to the land. on this we landed, cleared the canvas boat, and pre- ed to camp in it. I remained to guard our few be- gings, while the two Eskimo boys rushed over the ice ry to secure the musk ox with the lance. It was a cal time in our career, for we were putting to test methods of hunting, which we had partly devised r many hungry days of preparation.

I followed the boys with the glasses as they jumped ice crevasses and moved over the mainland with the lth and ease of hungry wolves. It was a beautiful . The sun was low in the northwest, throwing beams golden light that made the ice a scene of joy. The t cliffs of North Devon, fifteen miles away, seemed near through the clear air. Although enjoying the e, I noted in the shadow of an iceberg a suspicious spot, which moved in my direction. As it advanced he sunlight it changed from blue to a cream color. n I made it out to be a Polar bear which we had cked forty-eight hours previous.

The sight aroused a feeling of elation. Gradually, ruin advanced and I began to think of some method efense, a cold shiver ran up my spine. The dog and ; with which we had met bears before, were nt. To run, and leave our last bit of food and fuel, ld have been as dangerous as to stay. A Polar bear

will always attack a retreating creature, while it ap proaches very cautiously one that holds its positio Furthermore, for some reason, the bears always bore grudge against the boat. None ever passed it witho testing the material with its teeth or giving it a slap wit its paw. At this critical stage of our adventure the bo was linked more closely to our destiny than the cloth we wore. I therefore decided to stay and play the rô of the aggressor, although I had nothing—not even lance—with which to fight.

Then an idea flashed through my mind. I lashed knife to the steering paddle, and placed the boat on slight elevation of ice, so as to make it and mysel appear as formidable as possible. Then I gathere about me all the bits of wood, pieces of ice, and every thing which I could throw at the creature before it cam to a close contest, reserving the knife and the ice-ax a my last resort. When all was ready, I took my positio beside the boat and displayed a sledge-runner movin rapidly to and fro.

The bear was then about two hundred yards awa It approached stealthily behind a line of hummock with only its head occasionally visible. As it came t within three hundred feet, it rose frequently on its hin feet, dropped its forepaws, stretched its neck, an pushed its head up, remaining motionless for sever seconds. It then appeared huge and beautiful.

As it came still nearer, its pace quickened. I bega to hurl my missiles. Every time the bear was hit, stopped, turned about, and examined the object. Bu none of them proving palatable, it advanced to the opp site side of the boat, and for a moment stood and eye

Its nose caught the odor of a piece of oogzuk
bber a few feet beyond. I raised the sledge-runner
l brought it down with desperate force on the brute's
e. It grunted, but quickly turned to retreat. I fol-
ed until it was well on the run.

Every time it turned to review the situation, I made
ow of chasing it. This always had the desired effect
astening its departure. It moved off, however, only
ort distance, and then sat down, sniffed the air, and
ched my movements. As I turned to observe the
s' doings, I saw them only a short distance away,
ing upon the bear. Their group of musk oxen had
ved to be rocks, and they had early noted my troubles
were hastening to enter the battle, creeping up be-
d hummocks and pressure ridges. They got to
hin a few yards of the brute, and then delivered their
lances at once, with lines attached. The bear
pped, but quickly recovered and ran for the land.
died from the wounds, for a month later we found
carcass on land, placed near camp.

For two days, with a continuation of bad luck,
advanced slowly. Belcher Point was passed at mid-
ht of the 7th of August, just as the sun sank under
horizon for the first time. Beyond was a nameless
, in which numerous icebergs were stranded. The
d of the bay was walled with great discharging gla-
s. A heavy sea pitched our boat like a leaf in a gale.
, by seeking the shelter of bergs and passing inside
he drift, we managed to push to an island for camp.

With moving glaciers on the land, and the sea
ming and thundering, sleep was impossible. Ice-
gs in great numbers followed us into the bay, and

later the storm-ground sea-ice filled the bay. C
August 8, following a line of water along shore, v
started eastward.

A strong wind on our backs, with quiet waters, se
the little boat along at a swift pace. After a run of t
miles, a great quantity of ice, coming from the east, fill
the bay with small fragments and ensnared us.

Now the bay was jammed with a pack as difficu
to travel over as quicksand. We were hopelessly bes
The land was sought, but it offered no shelter, no li
and no place flat enough to lie upon. We expected th
the ice would break. It did not; instead, new wint
ice rapidly formed.

The setting sun brought the winter storms a
premonitions of a long, bitter night. Meanwhile
eked a meagre living by catching occasional birds, whi
we devoured raw.

Toward the end of August we pushed out on t
ensnaring pack to a small but solid floe. I counted
this to drift somewhere—any place beyond the pris
bars of the glaciers. Then we might move east or w
to seek food. Our last meat was used, and we mai
tained life only by an occasional gull or guillemot. T
floe drifted to and fro, and slowly took us to Belch
Point, where we landed to determine our fate. To t
east, the entire horizon was lined with ice. Belcher Po
was barren of game and shelter. Further efforts
Baffin's Bay were hopeless. The falling temperatu
the rapidly forming young ice, and the setting s
showed us that we had already gone too long witho
finding a winter refuge.

Our only possible chance to escape death fr

mine and frost was to go back to Cape Sparbo and mpel the walrus that ripped our boat to give up his ubber, and then to seek our fortunes in the neighbor-od. This was the only reachable place that had looked e game country. With empty stomachs, and on a avy sea, we pushed westward to seek our fate. The tlook was discouraging.

During all our enforced imprisonment we were ver allowed to forget that the first duty in life was to ovide for the stomach. Our muscles rested, but the gnals sent over the gastric nerve kept the gray matter sy.

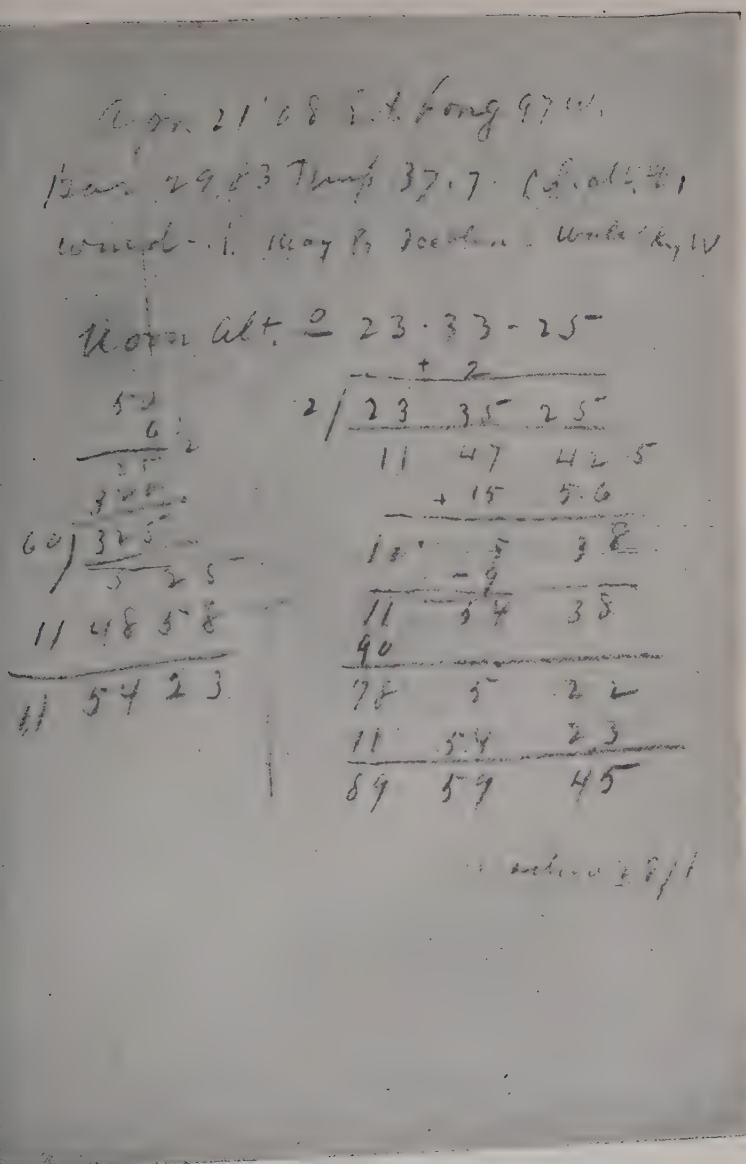
We were near to the land where Franklin and his en starved. They had ammunition. We had none. similar fate loomed before us. We had seen nothing promise subsistence for the winter, but this cheerless ospect did not interfere with such preparations as we uld make for the ultimate struggle. In our desperate aits we even planned to attack bears, should we find y, without a gun. Life is never so sweet as when its ys seem numbered.

The complete development of a new art of hunt-ng, with suitable weapons, was reserved for the dire eds of later adventures. The problem was begun by is time. By an oversight, most of our Eskimo imple-ents had been left on the returning sledges from artevoeg.

We were thus not only without ammunition, but so without harpoons and lances. We fortunately had e material of which these could be made, and the boys ssessed the savage genius to shape a new set of weap-s. The slingshot and the looped line, which had

served such a useful purpose in securing birds, continue to be of prime importance. In the sledge was excelle hickory, which was utilized in various ways. Of thi bows and arrows could be made. Combined with th slingshot and the looped line snares, the combinatio would make our warfare upon the feathered creature more effective. We counted upon a similar efficienc with the same weapons in our hoped-for future attack upon land animals.

The wood of the sledge was further divided t make shafts for harpoons and lances. Realizing tha our ultimate return to Greenland, and to friends, de pended on the life of the sledge, the wood was use sparingly. Furthermore, hickory lends itself to grea economy. It bends and twists, but seldom breaks i such a manner that it cannot be repaired. We had no much of this precious fibre, but enough for the time t serve our purpose. Along shore we had found musk o horns and fragments of whale bone. Out of these th points of both harpoon and lance were made. A pa of the sledge shoe was sacrificed to make metal poin for the weapons. The nails of the cooking-box serve as rivets. The seal skin, which we had secured a mont earlier, was now carefully divided and cut into suitab harpoon and lassoo lines. We hoped to use this line t capture the bear and the musk ox. Our folding canva boat was somewhat strengthened by the leather fro our old boots, and additional bracing by the ever usef hickory of the sledge. Ready to engage in battle wi the smallest and the largest creatures that might con within reach, we started west for Cape Sparbo. Deat on our journey, never seemed so near.



OBSERVATION DETERMINING THE POLE—PHOTOGRAPH FROM ORIGINAL NOTE

EAR FIGHTS AND WALRUS BATTLES

ANGEROUS ADVENTURES IN A CANVAS BOAT—ON THE VERGE OF STARVATION, A MASSIVE BRUTE, WEIGHING THREE THOUSAND POUNDS, IS CAPTURED AFTER A FIFTEEN-HOUR STRUGGLE—ROBBED OF PRECIOUS FOOD BY HUNGRY BEARS

XXV

Game Haunts Discovered

The stormy sea rose with heavy swells. Ocean-ard, the waves leaped against the horizon tumultu-usly. Pursuing our vain search for food along the uthern side of Jones Sound, early in September, we d been obliged to skirt rocky coves and shelves of land which we might seek shelter should harm come to the agile craft in which we braved the ocean storms and e spears of unseen ice beneath water.

We had shaped crude weapons. We were pre-ared to attack game. We were starving; yet land and a had been barren of any living thing.

Our situation was desperate. In our course it was ten necessary, as now, to paddle from the near refuge low-lying shores, and to pass precipitous cliffs and aping glaciers which stepped threateningly into the a. Along these were no projecting surfaces, and we ssed them always with bated anxiety. A sudden

storm or a mishap at such a time would have meant death in the frigid sea. And now, grim and suffering with hunger, we clung madly to life.

Passing a glacier which rose hundreds of feet out of the green sea, heavy waves rolled furiously from the distant ocean. Huge bergs rose and fell against the far-away horizon like Titan ships hurled to destruction. The waves dashed against the emerald walls of the smooth icy Gibraltar with a thunderous noise. We rose and fell in the frail canvas boat, butting the waves, our hearts each time sinking.

Suddenly something white and glittering pierced the bottom of the boat! It was the tusk of a walrus, gleaming and dangerous. Before we could grasp the situation he had disappeared, and water gushed into our craft. It was the first walrus we had seen for several weeks. An impulse, mad under the circumstances, rose in our hearts to give him chase. It was the instinctive call of the hungering body for food. But each second the water rose higher; each minute was imminent with danger. Instinctively Ah-we-lah pressed to the floor of the boat and jammed his knee into the hole, thus partly shutting off the jetting, leaping inrush. He looked mutely to me for orders. The glacier offered no stopping place. Looking about with mad eagerness, I saw, seaward, only a few hundred yards away, a small pan of drift-ice. With the desire for life in our arms, we pushed toward it with all our might. Before the boat was pulled to its slippery landing, several inches of water flooded the bottom. Once upon it, leaping in the waves, we breathed with panting relief. With a piece of boot the hole was patched. Although we should have pre-

ed to wait to give the walrus a wide berth, the in-
sing swell of the stormy sea, and a seaward drift
ed us away from the dangerous ice cliffs.

Launching the boat into the rough waters, we
led for land. A triangle of four miles had to be
le before our fears could be set at rest. A school of
rus followed us in the rocking waters for at least
of the distance. Finally, upon the crest of a white-
ped wave, we were lifted to firm land. Drawing the
t after us, we ran out of reach of the hungry waves,
sank to the grass, desperate, despairing, utterly
gued, but safe.

Now followed a long run of famine luck. We
rched land and sea for a bird or a fish. In the boat
skirted a barren coast, sleeping on rocks without
ter and quenching our thirst by glacial liquid till the
nach collapsed. The indifferent stage of starvation
at hand when we pulled into a nameless bay, carried
boat on a grassy bench, and packed ourselves in it
a sleep that might be our last.

We were awakened by the glad sound of distant
rus calls. Through the glasses, a group was located
off shore, on the middle pack. Our hearts began to
mp. A stream of blood came with a rush to our
ds. Our bodies were fired with a life that had been
ign to us for many moons. No famished wolf ever
onded to a call more rapidly than we did. Quickly
dropped the boat into the water with the implements,
pushed from the famine shores with teeth set for
meat.

The day was beautiful, and the sun from the west
red a wealth of golden light. Only an occasional

ripple disturbed the glassy blue through which the bo
crept. The pack was about five miles northward.
our eagerness to reach it, the distance seemed spread
leagues. There was not a square of ice for miles abo
which could have been sought for refuge in case of
attack. But this did not disturb us now. We we
blinded to everything except the dictates of our palate

As we advanced, our tactics were definitely a
ranged. The animals were on a low pan, which seem
to be loosely run into the main pack. We aimed for
little cut of ice open to the leeward, where we hoped
land and creep up behind hummocks. The splash of o
paddles was lost in the noise of the grinding ice and t
bellowing of walrus calls.

So excited were the Eskimos that they could hard
pull an oar. It was the first shout of the wildern
which we had heard in many months. We were le
enough to appreciate its import. The boat finally sl
up on the ice, and we scattered among the ice blocks f
favorable positions. Everything was in our favor. W
did not for a moment entertain a thought of failu
although in reality, with the implements at hand, o
project was tantamount to attacking an elephant w
pocket knives.

We came together behind an unusually high i
spire only a few hundred yards from the herd. T
huge animals were lazily stretched out in the warm su
A few lively babies tormented their sleeping mothe
There was a splendid line of hummocks, behind wh
we could advance under cover. With a firm grip
harpoon and line, we started. Suddenly E-tuk-i-sho
shouted *"Nannook!"* (Bear.)

We halted. Our implements were no match for a
. But we were too hungry to retreat. The bear
no attention to us. His nose was set for something
e to his liking. Slowly but deliberately, he crept up
ne snoring herd while we watched with a mad, envi-
anger welling up within us. Our position was help-
His long neck reached out, the glistening fangs
ed, and a young walrus struggled in the air. All
ne creatures woke, but too late to give battle. With
nay and rage, the walruses sank into the water, and
bear slunk off to a safe distance, where he sat down
comfortable meal. We were not of sufficient im-
tance to interest either the bear or the disturbed herd
iants.

Our limbs were limp when we returned to the boat.
sunny glitter of the waters was now darkened by
gloom of danger from enraged animals. We
sed to the barren shores in a circuitous route, where
es of ice for refuge were always within reach.

On land, the night was cheerless and cold. We
e not in a mood for sleep. In a lagoon we discovered
ing things. After a little study of their vague darts
proved to be fish. A diligent search under stones
ught out a few handfuls of tiny finny creatures.
h gratitude I saw that here was an evening meal.
ing them, we ate the wriggling things raw. Cook-
was impossible, for we had neither oil nor wood.

On the next day the sun at noon burned with a real
—not the sham light without heat which had kept day
night in perpetual glitter for several weeks. Not a
th of air disturbed the blue glitter of the sea. Ice
scattered everywhere. The central pack was far-

ther away, but on it rested several suspicious blac marks. Through the glasses we made these out to b groups of walruses. They were evidently sound aslee for we heard no calls. They were also so distribute that there was a hunt both for bear and man witho interference.

We ventured out with a savage desire sharpene by a taste of raw fish. As we advanced, several oth groups were noted in the water. They gave us muc trouble. They did not seem ill-tempered, but dange ously inquisitive. Our boat was dark in color and n much larger than the body of a full-sized bull. T them, I presume, it resembled a companion in distre or asleep. A sight of the boat challenged their cu osity, and they neared us with the playful intention testing with their tusks the hardness of the canvas. W had experienced such love taps before, however, wi but a narrow escape from drowning, and we had desire for further walrus courtship.

Fortunately, we could maintain a speed almo equal to theirs, and we also found scattered ice-pan about which we could linger while their curiosity w being satisfied by the splash of an occasional stone.

From an iceberg we studied the various groups walruses for the one best situated for our primiti methods of attack. We also searched for meddleson bears. None was detected. Altogether we count more than a hundred grunting, snorting creatures a ranged in black hills along a line of low ice. There we no hummocks or pressure lifts, under cover of which might advance to within the short range required for o harpoons. All of the walrus-encumbered pans we

ift and disconnected from the main pack. Conflict-
currents gave each group a slightly different motion.
e studied this movement for a little while.

We hoped, if possible, to make our attack from the
With the security of a solid footing, there was no
nger and there was a greater certainty of success.
t the speed of the ice on this day did not permit such
advantage. We must risk a water attack. This is
an unusual method of the Eskimo, but he follows it
h a kayak, a harpoon and line fitted with a float and
rag for the end of his line. Our equipment was only
nakeshift, and could not be handled in the same way.

Here was food in massive heaps. We had had no
akfast and no full meal for many weeks. Something
st be done. The general drift was eastward, but the
lrus pans drifted slightly faster than the main pack.
ong the pack were several high points, projecting a
siderable distance seaward. We took our position
he canvas boat behind one of these floating capes, and
aited the drift of the sleeping monsters.

Their movement was slow enough to give us plenty
time to arrange our battle tactics. The most vital
t of the equipment was the line. If it were lost, we
ld not hope to survive the winter. It could not be
laced, and without it we could not hope to cope with
life of the sea, or even that of the land. The line was
ew, strong sealskin rawhide of ample length, which
been reserved for just such an emergency. At-
ned to the harpoon, with the float properly adjusted,
s seldom lost, for the float moves and permits no
den strain.

To safeguard the line, a pan was selected only a few

yards in diameter. This was arranged to do the dut
of a float and a drag. With the knife two holes we
cut, and into these the line was fastened near its cente
The harpoon end was taken into the boat, the other en
was coiled and left in a position where it could be easi
picked from the boat later. Three important purpos
were secured by this arrangement—the line was relieve
of a sudden strain; if it broke, only half would be los
and the unused end would serve as a binder to other ic
when the chase neared its end.

Now the harpoon was set to the shaft, and the bo
of our little twelve-foot boat cleared for action. Peep
ing over the wall of ice, we saw the black-littered pan
slowly coming toward us. Our excitement rose to
shouting point. But our nerves were under the disc
pline of famine. The pan, it was evident, would go b
us at a distance of about fifty feet.

The first group of walruses were allowed to pas
They proved to be a herd of twenty-one mammoth cre
tures, and, entirely aside from the danger of attack, the
unanimous plunge would have raised a sea that mu
have swamped us.

On the next pan were but three spots. At a di
tance we persuaded ourselves that they were small—fo
we had no ambition for formidable attacks. One tho
sand pounds of meat would have been sufficient for u
They proved, however, to be the largest bulls of the lo
As they neared the point, the hickory oars of the bo
were gripped—and out we shot. They all rose to me
us, displaying the glitter of ivory tusks from litt
heads against huge wrinkled necks. They grunted an
snorted viciously—but the speed of the boat did n

acken. E-tuk-i-shook rose. With a savage thrust he ank the harpoon into a yielding neck.

The walruses tumbled over themselves and sank to the water on the opposite side of the pan. We ushed upon the vacated floe without leaving the boat, king the risk of ice puncture rather than walrus umps. The short line came up with a snap. The ice an began to plough the sea. It moved landward. What luck! I wondered if the walrus would tow us nd its own carcass ashore. We longed to encourage e homing movement, but we dared not venture out. ther animals had awakened to the battle call, and now e sea began to seethe and boil with enraged, leaping d-eyed monsters.

The float took a zigzag course in the offing. We atched the movement with a good deal of anxiety. Our ext meal and our last grip on life were at stake. For e time being nothing could be done.

The three animals remained together, two pushing e wounded one along and holding it up during breath- g spells. In their excitement they either lost their earings or deliberately determined to attack. Now ree ugly snouts pointed at us. This was greatly to r advantage, for on ice we were masters of the uation.

Taking inconspicuous positions, we awaited the as- ult. The Eskimos had lances, I an Alpine axe. The alruses dove and came on like torpedo boats, rising most under our noses, with a noise that made us dodge. a second two lances sank into the harpooned strug- ers. The water was thrashed. Down again went the ree. The lances were jerked back by return lines, and

in another moment we were ready for another assau from the other side. But they dashed on, and pulled th float-floe, on which we had been, against the one on whic we stood, with a crushing blow.

Here was our first chance to secure the unused en of the line, fastened on the other floe. Ah-we-la jumped to the floe and tossed me the line. The spike shaft of the ice-axe was driven in the ice and the lin fixed to it, so now the two floes were held together. Ou stage of action was enlarged, and we had the advantag of being towed by the animals we fought.

Here was the quiet sport of the fisherman and th savage excitement of the battle-field run together in new chase. The struggle was prolonged in successiv stages. Time passed swiftly. In six hours, durin which the sun had swept a quarter of the circle, the twi floes were jerked through the water with the rush of gunboat. The jerking line attached to our enrage pilots sent a thrill of life which made our hearts jump The lances were thrown, the line was shortened, a can nonade of ice blocks was kept up, but the animal gave n signs of weakening. Seeing that we could not inflic dangerous wounds, our tactics were changed to a kind o siege, and we aimed not to permit the animal its breath ing spells.

The line did not begin to slacken until midnight The battle had been on for almost twelve hours. Bu we did not feel the strain of action, nor did our chroni hunger seriously disturb us. Bits of ice quenched ou thirst and the chill of night kept us from sweating With each rise of the beast for breath now, the lin slackened. Gently it was hauled in and secured. The

rain of ice blocks, hurled in rapid succession, drove the pouting animals down. Soon the line was short enough o deliver the lance in the captured walrus at close range. The wounded animal was now less troublesome, but the thers tore about under us like submarine boats, and at ne most unexpected moments would shoot up with a ild rush.

We did not attempt to attack them, however. All ur attention was directed to the end of the line. The nce was driven with every opportunity. It seldom issed, but the action was more like spurs to a horse, hanging an intended attack upon us to a desperate lunge into the deep, and depriving the walrus of xygen.

Finally, after a series of spasmodic encounters hich lasted fifteen hours, the enraged snout turned ue, the fiery eyes blackened, and victory was ours—not s the result of the knife alone, not in a square fight of rute force, but by the superior cunning of the human nimal under the stimulus of hunger.

During all this time we had been drifting. Now, as ne battle ended, we were not far from a point about ree miles south of our camp. Plenty of safe pack-ice as near. A primitive pulley was arranged by passing ne line through slits in the walrus' nose and holes in the e. The great carcass, weighing perhaps three thou- nd pounds, was drawn onto the ice and divided into rtable pieces. Before the sun poured its morning ams over the ice, all had been securely taken ashore.

With ample blubber, a camp fire was now made be- veen two rocks by using moss to serve as a wick. Soon, t after pot of savory meat was voraciously consumed.

We ate with a mad, vulgar, insatiable hunger. W spoke little. Between gulps, the huge heap of meat an blubber was cached under heavy rocks, and secured—s we thought—from bears, wolves and foxes.

When eating was no longer possible, sleeping den were arranged in the little boat, and in it, like other glut tonous animals after an engorgement, we closed our eye to a digestive sleep. For the time, at least, we had fath omed the depths of gastronomic content, and were a ease with ourselves and with a bitter world of inhuma strife.

At the end of about fifteen hours, a stir about ou camp suddenly awoke us. We saw a huge bear nosin about our fireplace. We had left there a walrus joint weighing about one hundred pounds, for our next mea We jumped up, all of us, at once, shouting and makin a pretended rush. The bear took up the meat in hi forepaws and walked off, man-like, on two legs, with threatening grunt. His movement was slow and cau tious, and his grip on the meat was secure. Occasion ally he veered about, with a beckoning turn of the hea and a challenging call. But we did not accept the cha lenge. After moving away about three hundred yard on the sea-ice, he calmly sat down and devoured ou prospective meal.

With lances, bows, arrows, and stones in hand, w next crossed a low hill, beyond which was located ou precious cache of meat. Here, to our chagrin, we sa two other bears, with heads down and paws busily dig ging about the cache. We were not fitted for a hand-t hand encounter. Still, our lives were equally at stak whether we attacked or failed to attack. Some defens

nust be made. With a shout and a fiendish rush, we ttracted the busy brutes' attention. They raised their eads, turned, and to our delight and relief, grudgingly valked off seaward on the moving ice. Each had a big iece of our meat with him.

Advancing to the cache, we found it absolutely deleted. Many other bears had been there. The snow nd the sand was trampled down with innumerable bear racks. Our splendid cache of the day previous was enirely lost. We could have wept with rage and disapointment. One thing we were made to realize, and hat was that life here was now to be a struggle with the ears for supremacy. With little ammunition, we were ot at all able to engage in bear fights. So, baffled, and nable to resent our robbery, starvation again confronting us, we packed our few belongings and moved westard over Braebugten Bay to Cape Sparbo.

A THIEF OF THE NORTH

BULL FIGHTS WITH THE MUSK OX

AN ANCIENT CAVE EXPLORED FOR SHELTER—DEATH B STARVATION AVERTED BY HAND-TO-HAND ENCOUN TERS WITH WILD ANIMALS

XXVI

To the Winter Camp at Cape Sparbo

As we crossed the big bay to the east of Cap Sparbo, our eyes were fixed on the two huge Archæ rocks which made remarkable landmarks, rising sud denly to an altitude of about eighteen thousand fee They appear like two mountainous island lifted out o the water. On closer approach, however, we found th islands connected with the mainland by low grass plains, forming a peninsula. The grassy lands seeme like promising grounds for caribou and musk ox. Th off-lying sea, we also found, was shallow. In this, calculated, would be food to attract the seal and walrus

In our slow movement over the land swell of th crystal waters, it did not take long to discover that ou conjecture was correct.

Pulling up to a great herd of walrus, we prepare for battle. But the sea suddenly rose, the wind in creased, and we were forced to abandon the chase an seek shelter on the nearest land.

We reached Cape Sparbo, on the shores of Jon

ınd, early in September. Our dogs were gone. Our munition, except four cartridges which I had reted for use in a last emergency, was gone. Our ipment consisted of a half sledge, a canvas boat, a ı silk tent, a few camp kettles, tin plates, knives, and tches. Our clothing was splitting to shreds.

Cape Sparbo, with its huge walls of granite, was to leeward. A little bay was noted where we might ı the rocks in quiet water. Above the rocks was a ll green patch where we hoped to find a soft resting ce for the boat, so that we might place our furs in it secure shelter from the bitter wind.

When we landed we found to our surprise that it the site of an old Eskimo village. There was a line old igloos partly below water, indicating a very an- t time of settlement, for since the departure of the ders of these igloos the coast must have settled at t fifteen feet. Above were a few other ruins.

Shortly after arriving we sought an auspicious ce, protected from the wind and cold, where later we ht build a winter shelter. Our search disclosed a e-like hole, part of which was dug from the earth, over which, with stones and bones, had been con- ıcted a roof which now was fallen in.

The long winter was approaching. We were over ee hundred miles from Annoatok, and the coming he long night made it necessary for us to halt here. must have food and clothing. We now came upon sk oxen and tried to fell them with boulders, and bows arrows made of the hickory of our sledge. Day after the pursuit was vainly followed. Had it not been occasional ducks caught with looped lines and sling

shots, we should have been absolutely without any fo

By the middle of September, snow and frost ca with such frequency that we omitted hunting for a to dig out the ruins in the cave and cut sod before perm nent frost made such work impossible. Bone imp ments were shaped from skeletons found on shore the digging. Blown drifts of sand and gravel, with so moss and grass, were slowly removed from the pit. found under this, to our great joy, just the und ground arrangement which we desired; a raised pl form, about six feet long and eight feet wide with su able wings for the lamp, and footspace, lay ready us. The pit had evidently been designed for a sm family. The walls, which were about two feet hi required little alteration. Another foot was add which leveled the structure with the ground. A go deal of sod was cut and allowed to dry in the sun use as a roof.

While engaged in taking out the stones and cle ing the dungeon-like excavation, I suddenly experien a heart-depressing chill when, lifting some debris, I s staring at me from the black earth a hollow-eyed hum skull. The message of death which the weird th leeringly conveyed was singularly unpleasant; the on was not good. Yet the fact that at this forsaken s human hands had once built shelter, or for this thing constructed a grave, gave me a certain companiona thrill.

On the shore not far away we secured additio whale ribs and with these made a framework for a ro This was later constructed of moss and blocks of s We built a rock wall about the shelter to protect o

selves from storms and bears. Then our winter home was ready. Food was now an immediate necessity. Game was found around us in abundance. Most of it was large. On land there were bear and musk ox, in the sea the walrus and the whale. But what could we do without either dogs or rifles?

The first weapon that we now devised was the bow and arrow, for with this we could at least secure some small game. We had in our sledge available hickory wood of the best quality, than which no wood could be better; we had sinews and seal lashings for strings, but there was no metal for tips. We tried bone, horn and ivory, but all proved ineffective.

One day, however, E-tuk-i-shook examined his pocket knife and suggested taking the side blades for arrow tips. This was done, and the blade with its spring was set in a bone handle. Two arrows were thus tipped. The weapons complete, the Eskimo boys went out on the chase. They returned in the course of a few hours with a hare and an eider-duck. Joy reigned in camp as we divided the meat and disposed of it without the process of cooking.

A day later, two musk oxen were seen grazing along the moraine of a wasting glacier. Now the musk ox is a peace-loving animal and avoids strife, but when forced into fight it is one of the most desperate and dangerous of all the fighters of the wilderness. It can and does give the most fatal thrust of all the horned animals. No Spanish bull of the pampas, no buffalo of the plains, has either the slant of horn or the intelligence to gore its enemies as has this inoffensive-looking bull of the ice world. The intelligence, indeed, is an

important factor, for after watching musk oxen for a time under varied conditions, one comes to admire their almost human intellect as well as their superhuman power of delivering self-made force.

Our only means of attack was with the bow and arrow. The boys crept up behind rocks until within a few yards of the unsuspecting creatures. They bent the bows, and the arrows sped with the force and accuracy as only a hungry savage can master. But the beasts' pelts were too strong. The musk oxen jumped and faced their assailants. Each arrow, as it came, was broken into splints by the feet and the teeth.

When the arrows were all used a still more primitive weapon was tried, for the sling shot was brought into use, with large stones. These missiles the musk oxen took good naturedly, merely advancing a few steps to a granite boulder, upon which they sharpened their horn points and awaited further developments. No serious injury had been inflicted and they made no effort to escape.

Then came a change. When we started to give up the chase they turned upon us with a fierce rush. Fortunately, many big boulders were about, and we dodged around these with large stones in hand to deliver at close range. In a wild rush a musk ox cannot easily turn, and so can readily be dodged. Among the rocks two legs were better than four. The trick of evading the musk ox I had learned from the dogs. It saved our lives.

After a while the animals wearied, and we beat a hasty retreat, with new lessons in our book of hunting adventures. The bow and arrow was evidently not the weapon with which to secure musk oxen.

The musk ox of Jones Sound, unlike his brother rther north, is every ready for battle. He is often mpelled to meet the bear and the wolf in vicious con-sts, and his tactics are as thoroughly developed as his nergencies require. Seldom does he fall the victim of s enemies. We were a long time in learning com-etely his methods of warfare, and if, in the meantime, e had not secured other game our fate would have been nfortunate.

Harpoons and lances were next finally completed, d with them we hastened to retrieve our honor in the h-ming-ma" chase. For, after all, the musk ox alone uld supply our wants. Winter storms were coming st. We were not only without food and fuel, but with-t clothing. In our desperate effort to get out of the gions of famine to the Atlantic, we had left behind our winter furs, including the sleeping bags; and our mmer garments were worn out. We required the fuel d the sinew, the fat and the horn.

One day we saw a herd of twenty-one musk oxen iietly grazing on a misty meadow, like cattle on the estern plains. It was a beautiful sight to watch them, vided as they were into families and in small groups. he males were in fur slightly brown, while the females d the young ones were arrayed in magnificent black lts.

To get any of them seemed hopeless, but our ap-lling necessities forced us onward. There were no ulders near, but each of us gathered an armful of nes, the object being to make a sudden bombardment d compel them to retreat in disorder and scatter nong the rocks.

We approached under cover of a small gras hummock. When we were detected, a bull gave a lo snort and rushed toward his nearest companions, whe upon the entire herd gathered into a circle, with t young in the center.

We made our sham rush and hurled the ston The oxen remained almost motionless, with their hea down, giving little snorts and stamping a little wh hit, but quickly resuming their immobile position watchfulness. After our stones were exhausted, t animals began to shift positions slightly. We inte preted this as a move for action. So we gave up t effort and withdrew.

The days were long and the nights still lig enough to continue operations as long as we could ke our eyes open. The whip of hunger made rest impo sible. So we determined to seek a less formidable gro of oxen in a position more favorable. The search w continued until the sinking glimmer of the sun in t north marked the time of midnight—for with us at th time the compass was the timepiece.

When E-tuk-i-shook secured a hare with the bo and arrow, we ascended a rocky eminence and sat dow to appease the calling stomach without a camp fi From here we detected a family of four musk ox asleep not far from another group of rocks.

This was a call to battle. We were not long planning our tactics. The wind was in our favor, pe mitting an attack from the side opposite the rocks which we aimed to force a retreat. We also found sm stones in abundance, these being now a necessary part our armament. Our first effort was based on the supp

tion of their remaining asleep. They were simply chew-
g their cud, however, and rose to form a ring of de-
nce as we advanced. We stormed them with stones
nd they took to the shelter of the rocks. We continued
advance slowly upon them, throwing stones occasion-
ly to obviate a possible assault from them before we
uld also seek the shelter of the rocks.

Besides the bow and arrow and the stones, we now
d lances and these we threw as they rushed to attack
. Two lances were crushed to small fragments be-
re they could be withdrawn by the light line attached.
hey inflicted wounds, but not severe ones.

Noting the immense strength of the animals, we at
st thought it imprudent to risk the harpoon with its
ecious line, for if we lost it we could not replace it.
it the destruction of the two lances left us no alterna-
e.

Ah-we-lah threw the harpoon. It hit a rib, glanced
a rock, and was also destroyed. Fortunately we had
duplicate point, which was quickly fastened. Then
e moved about to encourage another onslaught.

Two came at once, an old bull and a young one.
-tuk-i-shook threw the harpoon at the young one, and
entered. The line had previously been fastened to a
ck, and the animal ran back to its associates, appar-
tly not severely hurt, leaving the line slack. One of
e others immediately attacked the line with horns,
ofs and teeth, but did not succeed in breaking it.

Our problem now was to get rid of the other three
ile we dealt with the one at the end of the line. Our
ly resource was a sudden fusilade of stones. This
oved effective. The three scattered and ascended the

boulder-strewn foreland of a cliff, where the oldest bu remained to watch our movements. The young bu made violent efforts to escape but the line of sealski was strong and elastic. A lucky throw of a lance a close range ended the strife. Then we advanced on th old bull, who was alone in a good position for us.

We gathered stones and advanced, throwing ther at the creature's body. This, we found, did not enrag him, but it prevented his making an attack. As w gained ground he gradually backed up to the edge o the cliff, snorting viciously but making no effort wha ever either to escape along a lateral bench or to attac His big brown eyes were upon us; his sharp horns wer pointed at us. He evidently was planning a desperat lunge and was backing to gain time and room, but eac of us kept within a few yards of a good-sized rock.

Suddenly we made a combined rush into the oper hurling stones, and keeping a long rock in a line fo retreat. Our storming of stones had the desired effec The bull, annoyed and losing its presence of mind stepped impatiently one step too far backwards and fe suddenly over the cliff, landing on a rocky ledge belov Looking over we saw he had broken a fore leg. The cli was not more than fifteen feet high. From it the lanc was used to put the poor creature out of suffering. W were rich now and could afford to spread out ou stomachs, contracted by long spells of famine. The bu dressed about three hundred pounds of meat and or hundred pounds of tallow.

We took the tallow and as much meat as we coul carry on our backs, and started for the position of ou prospective winter camp, ten miles away. The me

eft was carefully covered with heavy stones to protect t from bears, wolves and foxes. On the following day ve returned with the canvas boat, making a landing ıbout four miles from the battlefield. As we neared he caches we found to our dismay numerous bear and ox tracks. The bears had opened the caches and re-noved our hard-earned game, while the foxes and the avens had cleared up the very fragments and de-troyed even the skins. Here was cause for vengeance n the bear and the fox. The fox paid his skin later, ut the bear out-generaled us in nearly every naneuvre.

We came prepared to continue the chase but had ıbandoned the use of the harpoon. Our main hope for uel was the blubber of the walrus, and if the harpoon hould be destroyed or lost we could not hope to attack o powerful a brute as a walrus with any other device. n landing we had seen a small herd of musk oxen at ome distance to the east, but they got our wind and anished. We decided to follow them up. One day ve found them among a series of rolling hills, where the eceding glaciers had left many erratic boulders. They ined up in their ring of defence as usual when we were letected. There were seven of them; all large creatures vith huge horns. A bitter wind was blowing, driving ome snow, which made our task more difficult.

The opening of the fight with stones was now a egular feature which we never abandoned in our later levelopment of the art, but the manner in which we de-ivered the stones depended upon the effect which we vished to produce. If we wished the musk oxen to re-reat, we would make a combined rush, hurling the

stones at the herd. If we wished them to remain in po sition and discourage their attack, we advanced slowly and threw stones desultorily, more or less at random If we wanted to encourage attacks, one man advanced and delivered a large rock as best he could at the head This was cheap ammunition and it was very effective.

In this case the game was in a good position for us and we advanced accordingly. They allowed us to take positions within about fifteen feet, but no nearer The lances were repeatedly tried without effect, and after a while two of these were again broken.

Having tried bow and arrow, stones, the lance and the harpoon, we now tried another weapon. We threw the lasso—but not successfully, owing to the bushy hair about the head and the roundness of the hump of the neck. Then we tried to entangle their feet with slip loops just as we trapped gulls. This also failed. We next extended the loop idea to the horns. The bull's habit of rushing at things hurled at him caused us to think of this plan.

A large slip loop was now made in the center of the line, and the two natives took up positions on oppo site sides of the animal. They threw the rope, with its loop, on the ground in front of the creature, while I encouraged an attack from the front. As the head was slightly elevated the loop was raised, and the bull put his horns in it, one after the other. The rope was now rapidly fastened to stones and the bull tightened the loop by his efforts to advance or retreat. With every opportunity the slack was taken up, until no play was allowed the animal. During this struggle all the other oxen retreated except one female, and she was in

ffensive. A few stones at close range drove her off. 'hen we had the bull where we could reach him with the ance at arm's length, and plunge it into his vitals. He oon fell over, the first victim to our new art of musk x capture.

The others did not run very far away. Indeed, ney were too fat to run, and two more were soon ecured in the same way. This time we took all the meat e could with us to camp and left a man on guard. Vhen all was removed to the bay we found the load too eavy for our boat, so, in two loads, we transported the eat and fat and skins to our camp, where we built aches which we believed impregnable to the bear, lthough the thieving creatures actually opened them ter.

Our lances repaired, we started out for another ad- enture a few days later. It was a beautiful day. Our ethods of attack were not efficient, but we wished to void the risk of the last plunge of the lance, for our ves were in the balance every time if the line should reak, and with every lunge of the animal we expected to snap. In such case, we knew, the assailant would urely be gored.

We were sufficiently independent now to proceed ore cautiously. With the bull's willingness to put his ead into the loop, I asked myself whether the line loop ould not be slipped beyond the horns and about the eck, thus shutting off the air. So the line was length- ned with this effort in view.

Of the many groups of oxen which we saw we icked those in the positions most to our advantage, lthough rather distant. Our new plan was tried with

success on a female. A bull horned her vigorously when she gasped for breath, and which aided our efforts. A storming of stones scattered the others of the group, and we were left to deal with our catch with the knife.

Our art of musk ox fighting was now completely developed. In the course of a few weeks we secured enough to assure comfort and ease during the long night. By our own efforts we were lifted suddenly from famine to luxury. But it had been the stomach with its chronic emptiness which had lashed the mind and body to desperate efforts with sufficient courage to face the danger. Hunger, as I have found, is more potent as a stimulant than barrels of whiskey. Beginning with the bow and arrow we had tried everything which we could devise, but now our most important acquisition was our intimate knowledge of the animal's own means of offense and defense.

We knew by a kind of instinct when an attack upon us was about to be made, because the animal made a forward move, and we never failed in our efforts to force a retreat. The rocks which the animals sought for an easy defense were equally useful to us, and later we forced them into deep waters and also deep snow with similar success. By the use of stones and utilizing the creatures' own tactics we placed them where we wished. And then again, by the animal's own efforts, we forced it to strangle itself, which, after all, was the most humane method of slaughter. Three human lives were thus saved by the invention of a new art of chase. This gave us courage to attack those more vicious but less dangerous animals, the bear and walrus.

The musk ox now supplied many wants in our Robinson Crusoe" life. From the bone we made harpoon points, arrow pieces, knife handles, fox traps and sledge repairs. The skin, with its remarkable fur, made our bed and roofed our igloo. Of it we made all kinds of garments, but its greatest use was for coats with hoods, stockings and mittens. From the skin, with the fur removed, we made boots, patched punctures in our boat, and cut lashings. The hair and wool which were removed from the skins made pads for our palms in the mittens and cushions for the soles of our feet in lieu of the grass formerly used.

The meat became our staple food for seven months without change. It was a delicious product. It has a flavor slightly sweet, like that of horseflesh, but still distinctly pleasing. It possesses an odor unlike musk but equally unlike anything that I know of. The live creatures exhale the scent of domestic cattle. Just why this odd creature is called "musk" ox is a mystery, for it is neither an ox, nor does it smell of musk. The Eskimo name of "ah-ming-ma" would fit it much better. The bones were used as fuel for outside fires, and the fat as both fuel and food.

At first our wealth of food came with surprise and delight to us, for, in the absence of sweet or starchy foods, man craves fat. Sugar and starch are most readily converted into fat by the animal laboratory, and fat is one of the prime factors in the development and maintenance of the human system. It is the confectionery of aboriginal man, and we had taken up the lot of the most primitive aborigines, living and thriving solely on the product of the chase without a morsel of

civilized or vegetable food. Under these circumstance we especially delighted in the musk ox tallow, and mor especially in the marrow, which we sucked from th bone with the eagerness with which a child jubilantl manages a stick of candy.

ARCTIC WOLF

WITH A NEW ART OF CHASE IN A NEW WORLD OF LIFE

THREE WEEKS BEFORE THE SUNSET OF 1908—REVELLING IN AN EDEN OF GAME—PECULIARITIES OF ANIMALS OF THE ARCTIC—HOW NATURE DICTATES ANIMAL COLOR—THE QUEST OF SMALL LIFE

XXVII

Coming of the Second Winter

In two months, from the first of September to the nd of October, we passed from a period of hunger, hirst and abject misery into the realm of abundant ame. The spell for inactivity had not yet come. Up o this time we were too busy with the serious business f life to realize thoroughly that we had really discovered new natural wonderland. The luck of Robinson Crusoe was not more fortunate than ours, although he ad not the cut of frost nor the long night, nor the orment of bears to circumscribe his adventures. In uccessive stages of battle our eyes had opened to a new orld of life.

In searching every nook and cranny of land we had cquired new arts of life and a new perspective of ature's wonders. We slept in caves in storm; in he lee of icebergs in strong winds and on the mossy ushions of earth concavities. Here we learned to study

and appreciate primal factors of both animal and plant life.

In the Arctic, nature tries to cover its nakedness in places where the cruel winds do not cut its contour. The effort is interesting, not only because of the charm of the verdant dress, but because of the evidence of a motherly protection to the little life cells which struggle against awful odds to weave that fabric wherever a terrestrial dimple is exposed to the kisses of the southern sun. In these depressions, sheltered from the blasts of storms, a kindly hand spreads a beautiful mantle of colorful grass, moss, lichens and flowery plants.

Here the lemming digs his home under the velvet cover, where he may enjoy the roots and material protection from the abysmal frost of the long night. Here in the protected folds of Mother Earth, blanketed by the warm white robe of winter, he sleeps the peace of death while the warring elements blast in fury outside.

Here the Arctic hare plays with its bunnies during summer, and as the winter comes the young grow to full maturity and dress in a silky down of white. Under the snow they burrow, making long tunnels, still eating and sleeping on their loved cushions of frozen plants far under the snow-skirts of Mother Earth, while the life-stilling blasts without expend their wintry force.

Here the ptarmigan scratches for its food. The musk ox and the caribou browse, while the raven, with a kind word for all, collects food for its palate. The bear and the wolf occasionally visit to collect tribute, while the falcon and the fox with one eye open are ever on the alert for the exercise of their craft.

In these little smiling indentations of nature, when sun begins to caress the gentle slopes, while the snow lts and flows in leaping streams—the sea still locked the iron grip of the winter embrace—the Arctic in- ator works overtime to start the little ones of the w wilds. Thus in these dimples of nature rocks the dle of boreal life.

Relieved of the all-absorbing care of providing d, I now was often held spellbound as I wandered r these spots of nature's wonders. Phases of life ich never interested me before now riveted my atten- n. Wandering from the softly cushioned gullies, the sh ridge life next came under my eyes. While the leys and the gullies become garden spots of summer ry, the very protection from winds which makes this possible buries the vegetable luxuriousness in winter der unfathomable depths of snow. The musk ox and caribou, dependent upon this plant life for food, refore become deprived of the usual means of sub- ence. But Mother Nature does not desert her ldren. The same winds which compel man and bler animals to seek shelter from its death-dealing ault, afford food to the better fitted musk ox and ibou. In summer, plants, like animals, climb to ges, hummocks and mountain slopes, to get air and nt and warm sunbeams. But the battle here is hard, l only very strong plants survive the force of wind l frosts.

The plant fibre here become tenacious; with a body arled and knotty from long conflict the roots dig ds deep into the soil. This leaves the breathing part the plant dwarfed to a few inches. Here the winter

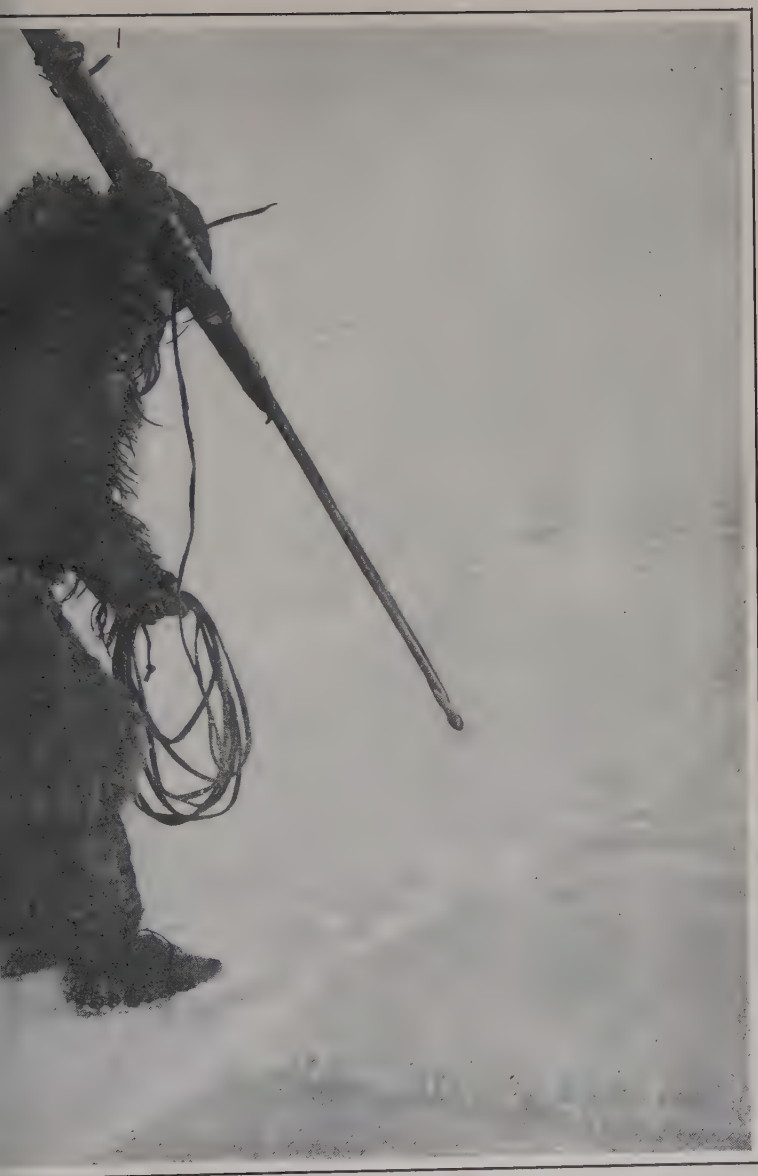
winds sweep off the snow and offer food to the musk
and caribou. Thus the wind, which destroys, also gi
means of life. The equalizing balance of nature is tr
wonderful.

In small, circumscribed areas we thus found o
selves in a new Eden of primeval life.

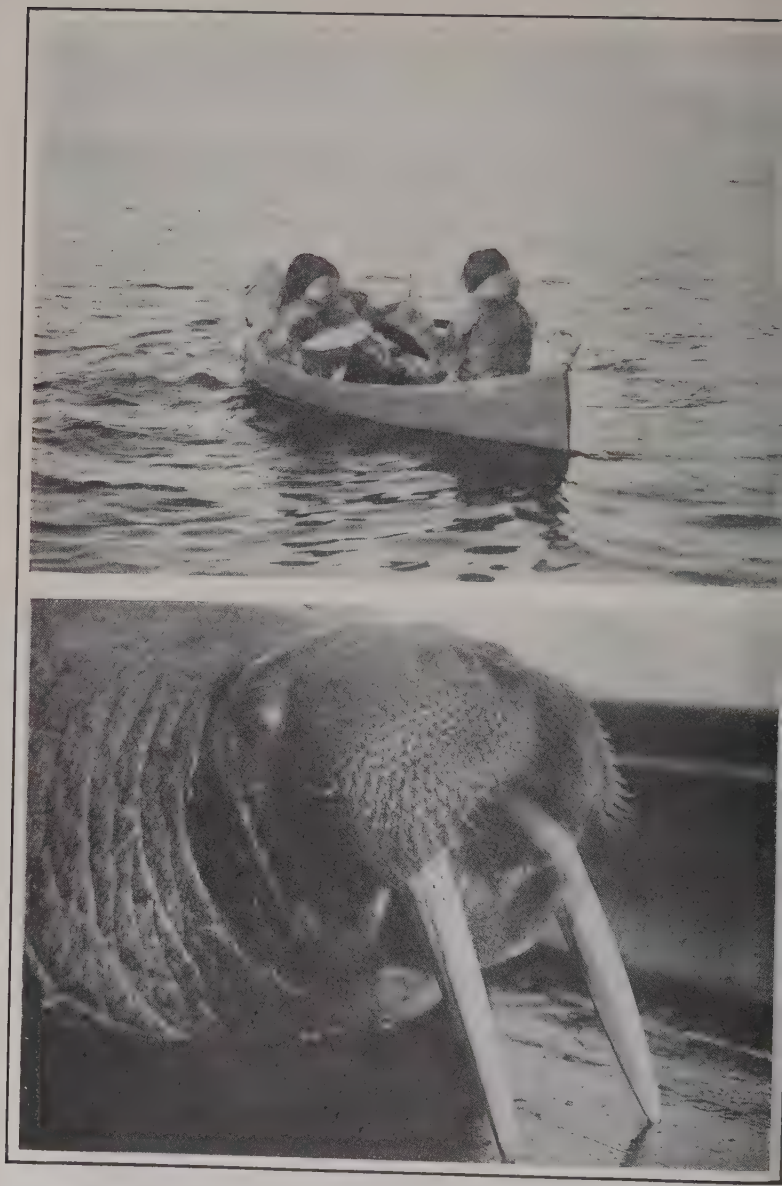
The topography of North Devon, however, pla
a sharp limit to the animated wilderness. Only a n
row strip of coast about Cape Sparbo, extending ab
twenty-five miles to the east and about forty miles
the west, presented any signs of land life. All ot
parts of the south shore of Jones Sound are more b
ren than the shores of the Polar sea.

Although our larder was now well stocked w
meat for food and blubber for fuel, we were still in n
of furs and skins to prepare a new equipment w
which to return to the Greenland shores. The anim
whose pelts we required were abundant everywhe
But they were too active to be caught by the art a
the weapons evolved earlier in the chase of the walr
bear and musk ox.

A series of efforts, therefore, was directed to
fox, the hare, the ptarmigan and the seal. It was nec
sary to devise special methods and means of capt
for each family of animals. The hare was perhaps
most important, not only because its delicately flavo
meat furnished a pleasing change from the steady d
of musk ox, but also because its skin is not equalled
any other for stockings. In our quest of the musk
we had startled little groups of creatures from ma
centers. Their winter fur was not prime until after
middle of October. Taking notes of their haunts a



E-TUK-I-SHOOK WAITING FOR A SEAL AT A BLOW-HOLE



TOWARD CAPE SPARBO IN A CANVAS BOAT

WALRUS—PRIZE OF A FIFTEEN HOUR BATTLE—4,000 POUNDS OF MEAT AND FAT

heir habits, we had, therefore, reserved the hare hunt ntil the days just before sunset.

We had learned to admire this little aristocrat. It s the most beautiful, most delicate of northern crea- ures. Early in the summer we had found it grazing n the green meadows along the base of bird cliffs. The ittle gray bunnies then played with their mothers about rystal dens. Now the babes were full grown and lothed in the same immaculate white of the parents. We could distinguish the young only by their greater ctivity and their ceaseless curiosity.

In the immediate vicinity of camp we found them irst in gullies where the previous winter's snow had but ecently disappeared. Here the grass was young and ender and of a flavor to suit their taste for delicacies. A little later they followed the musk ox to the shores of agoons or to the wind-swept hills. Still later, as the vinter snows blanketed the pastures and the bitter torms of night swept the cheerless drifts, they dug ong tunnels under the snow for food, and when the torms were too severe remained housed in these feeding lugouts.

An animal of rare intelligence, the hare is quick to grasp an advantage, and therefore as winter advances ve find it a constant companion of the musk ox. For in he diggings of the musk ox this little creature finds ufficient food uncovered for its needs.

With a skeleton as light as that of the bird and a kin as frail as paper it is nevertheless as well prepared o withstand the rigors of the Arctic as the bear with ts clumsy anatomy. The entire makeup of the hare is ased upon the highest strain of animal economy. It

expends the greatest possible amount of energy at th cost of the least consumption of food. Its fur is white as the boreal snows and absorbs color somewh more readily. In a stream of crimson light it appea red and white; in a shadow of ice or in the darkness night it assumes the subdued blue of the Polar worl Nature has bleached its fur seemingly to afford the be protection against the frigid chill, for a suitable whi fur permits the escape of less bodily heat than an colored or shaded pelt.

The fox is its only real enemy, and the fox's chan of success is won only by superior cunning. Its prote tion against the fox lies in its lightning-like moveme of the legs. When it scents danger it rises by a seri of darts that could be followed only by birds. Its e penditure of muscular energy is so economical that can continue its run for an almost indefinite tim Shooting along a few hundred paces, it then rises to re in an erect posture. With its black-tipped ears in li with its back it makes a fascinating little bit of n ture's handiwork. Again, when asleep, it curls u its legs carefully in the long fur of its body, and its eve active nose, with the divided lip, is then pushed into th long soft fur of the breast where the frost crystals a screened from the breath when storms carry drift sno It is a fluffy ball of animation which provokes one admiration.

Deprived as we were of most of the usual comfor of life, many things were taught us by the creatur about. From the hare, with its scrupulous attention cleanliness, we learned how to cleanse our hands an faces. With no soap, no towels and very little wate

ve had some difficulty in trying to keep respectable ppearances. The hare has the same problem to deal ith, but it is provided by nature with a cleansing appa-atus. Its own choice is the forepaw, but with its need or snow shoes the hind legs serve a very useful purpose, nd then, too, the surface is developed, a surface covered ith tough fur which, we discovered, possessed the uality of a wet sponge and did not require, for effi-iency, either soap or water. With hare paws, therefore, ve kept clean. These paws also served as napkins. To ake the place of a basin and a towel we therefore gath-red a supply of hare paws, enough to keep clean for t least six months.

The hare was a good mark for E-tuk-i-shook with he sling shot, and many fell victims to his primitive enius. Ah-we-lah, never an expert at stone slinging, ecame an adept with the bow and arrow. Usually he eturned with at least a hare from every day's chase. Our main success resulted from a still more primitive evice. Counting on its inquisitiveness we devised a hain of loop lines arranged across the hare's regular nes of travel. In playing and jumping through these oops, the animal tightened the lines and became our vic-m automatically.

The ptarmigan chase was possible only for Ah-we-h. The bird was not at all shy, for it often came close o our den and scattered the snow like a chicken. It was oo small a mark for the sling shot and only Ah-we-lah ould give the arrow the precise direction for these eathered creatures. Altogether, fifteen were secured n our locality, and all served as dessert for my special enefit. According to Eskimo custom, a young, un-

married man or woman cannot eat the ptarmigan, *"ahr-rish-shah,"* as they call it. That pleasure is served for the older people, and I did not for a mome risk the sacrilege of trying to change the custom. was greatly to my advantage, for it not only impress with suitable force my dignity as a superior Eskin but it enabled me to enjoy an entire bird at a time i stead of only a teasing mouthful.

To us the ptarmigan was at all times fascinatin but it proved ever a thing of mystery. Descending fro the skies at unexpected times it embarks again f haunts unknown. At times we saw the birds in gre numbers. At other times they were absent for montl In summer the bird has gray and brown feathe mingled with white. It keeps close to the inland i making its course along the snowy coast of Noonatal beyond the reach of man or fox. Late in September seeks the lower ground along the sea level.

Like the hare and the musk ox, it delights in win places where the snow has been driven away. There finds bits of moss and withered plants which satisfy needs. The summer plumage is at first sight like th of the partridge. On close examination one finds t feathers are only tipped with color—underneath, t plumage is white. In winter it retains only the bla feathers of its tail, otherwise it is as white as the ha Its legs often are covered with tough fur, like that the hare's lower hind legs. The meat is delicate flavor and tender. It is the most beautiful of the fo birds that remain in the white world when all is ble during the night.

We sought the fox more diligently than the ptarm

n. We had a more tangible way of securing it. urthermore, we were in great need of its skin. -tuk-i-shook and Ah-we-lah regarded fox hams as ite a delicacy—a delicacy which I never willingly ared when there were musk tenderloins about. We d no steel traps, and with its usual craft the fox usu- ly managed to evade our crude weapons by keeping t of sight. Bone traps were made with a good deal of re after the pattern of steel traps. We used a musk-ox rn as a spring. But with these we were only partially ccessful. As a last resort, little domes were arranged imitation of the usual caches, with trap stone doors. these we managed to secure fourteen white and two ue animals. After that they proved too wise for our aft.

The fox becomes shy only in the end of October, hen its fur begins to be really worth taking. Before at it followed us everywhere on the musk ox quest, for was not slow to learn the advantage of being near our ttle scenes. We frequently left choice bits for its cking, a favor which it seemed to appreciate by a care- l watchfulness of our camps. Although a much more nning thief than the bear, we could afford its plunder- gs, for it had not so keen a taste for blubber and its pacity was limited. We thus got well acquainted.

Up to the present we had failed in the quest of the al. During the open season of summer, without a *yak,* we could not get near the animal. As the winter d the night advanced, we were too busy with the land imals to watch the blow-holes in the new ice. When e sea is first spread with the thin sheet of colorless ice, hich later thickens, the seal rises to the surface, makes

a breathing hole, descends to its feeding grounds on t
sea bottom for about ten minutes, then rises and mak
another hole. This line of openings is arranged in
circle or a series of connecting, oblong lines, markir
that particular seal's favorite feeding ground. Befo
the young ice is covered with snow, these breathing ho
are easily located by a ring of white frost crystals, whi
condense and fall as the seal blows. But now that t
winter had sheeted the black ice evenly with a whi
cover, the seal holes, though open, could not be foun
We were not in need of either fat or meat, but the se
skins were to fill an important want. We required f
boots and sled lashing the thin, tough seal hide. Ho
could we get it?

From our underground den we daily watched t
wanderings of the bears. They trailed along certa
lines which we knew to be favorable feeding grounds f
seals, but they did not seem to be successful. Could w
not profit by their superb scenting instinct and find t
blow-holes? The bear had been our worst enemy, b
unconsciously it also proved to be our best friend.

We started out to trail the bear's footprints. I
these we were led to the blow-holes, where we found t
snow about had been circled with a regular trail. Most
these had been abandoned, for the seal has a scent as ke
as the bear, but a few "live" holes were located. Stic
were placed to locate these, and after a few days' caref
study and hard work we harpooned six seals. Takir
only the skins and blubber, we left the carcasses f
bruin's share of the chase—to be consumed later. We d
not hunt together with the bear—at least, not knowingl

In these wanderings over game lands we we

rmitted a very close scrutiny of the animals about, and was at this time that I came to certain definite con-usions as to prevailing laws of color and dress of our habitants of the Polar wastes.

The animals of the Arctic assume a color in accord-ce to their need for heat transmission. The prevail-; influence is white, as light furs permit the least ape of heat. It is evidently more important to con-e the heat of the body, than to gather heat from the 's feeble rays. The necessity for bleaching the furry ment becomes most operative in winter when the nperature of the air is 150° below that of the body. the summer, when the continued sunshine is made re heating by the piercing influence of the reflect-snow-fields, there is a tendency to absorb heat. Then ure darkens the skin, which absorbs heat accordingly.

The relative advantage of light and dark shades be easily demonstrated by placing pieces of white black cloth on a surface of snow, with a slope at ht angles to the sun's rays. If, after a few hours, cloth is removed the snow under the black cloth will melted considerably, while that under the white cloth show little effect.

Nature makes use of this law of physics to ease hard lot of its creatures fighting the weather in the world. The laws of color protection as advocated he rules of natural selection are not operative here, ause of the vitally important demand of heat econ-y. If we now seek the problem of nature's body ored dyes, with heat economy as the key, our calcu-ons will become easy. The serwah, a species of guil-ot, which is as black as the raven in summer, is white

in winter. The ptarmigan is light as pearl in winter, b
its feathers become tipped with amber in summer. T
hare is slightly gray in summer, but, in winter, becon
white as the snow under which it finds food and shelt

The white fox is gray in summer, the blue f
darkens as the sun advances, while its under fur becor
lighter with increasing cold. The caribou is dark brov
as it grazes the moss-colored fields, but becomes nea
white with the permanent snows. The polar bear,
white as nature can make it, with only blubber to m
its paints, basks in the midnight sun with a raime
suggestive of gold. The musk ox changes its da
under-fur for a lighter shade. The raven has a wh
under-coat in winter. The rat is gray in summer b
bleaches to blue-gray in winter time. The laws of sel
tion and heat economy are thus combined.

While thus preparing for the coming winter
seeking animals with furry pelts, the weather conditio
made our task increasingly difficult. The storm of t
descending sun whipped the seas into white fury a
brushed the lands with icy clouds. With the descent
the sun, nature again set its seal of gloom on Arctic li
The cheer of a sunny heaven was blotted from the ski
and the coming of the winter blackness was signalled
the beginning of a warfare of the elements. All host
nature was now set loose to expend its restive batt
energy.

For brief moments the weather was quiet, and th
in awe-inspiring silence we steered for sequestered g
lies in quest of little creatures. This death-like stillne
was in harmony with our loneliness. As the sea w
stilled by the iron bonds of frost, as life sought prote

ion under the storm-driven snows of land, the winds, growing even wilder, beat a maddening onslaught over he dead, frozen world. The thunder of elements shook he very rocks under which we slept. Then again would all a spell of that strange silence—all was dead, the sun glowed no more, the creatures of the wilds were hushed. We were all alone—alone in a vast, white dead world.

LEMMING

A HUNDRED NIGHTS IN AN UNDERGROUND DEN

LIVING LIKE MEN OF THE STONE AGE—THE DESOLATIO OF THE LONG NIGHT—LIFE ABOUT CAPE SPARBO—PREPARING EQUIPMENT FOR THE RETURN TO GREEN LAND—SUNRISE, FEBRUARY 11, 1909

XXVIII

Life About Cape Sparbo

The coming night slowly fixed its seal on our fiel of activity. Early in August the sun had dipped unde the icy contour of North Lincoln, and Jones Sound ha then begun to spread its cover of crystal. The warı rays gradually melted in a perpetual blue frost. Th air thickened. The land darkened. The days shortened The night lengthened. The Polar cold and darknes of winter came hand in hand.

Late in September the nights had become too dar to sleep in the open, with inquisitive bears on every sid Storms, too, increased thereafter and deprived us of th cheer of colored skies. Thus we were now forced t seek a retreat in our underground den.

We took about as kindly to this as a wild anima does to a cage. For over seven months we had wandere over vast plains of ice, with a new camp site almos

ery day. We had grown accustomed to a wandering
e like that of the bear, but we had not developed his
bernating instinct. We were anxious to continue our
rious battle of life.

In October the bosom of the sea became blanketed,
d the curve of the snow-covered earth was polarized
the eastern skies. The final period for the death of
y and earthly glory was advancing, but Nature in her
st throes displayed some of her most alluring phases.
he colored silhouette of the globe was perhaps the most
markable display. In effect, this was a shadow of the
rth thrown into space. By the reflected, refracted
d polarized light of the sun, the terrestrial shadows
ere outlined against the sky in glowing colors. Seen
casionally in other parts of the globe, it is only in the
olar regions, with its air of crystal and its surface of
rrors, that the proper mediums are afforded for this
gantic spectral show.

We had an ideal location. A glittering sea, with a
el horizon, lay along the east and west. The weather
as good, the skies were clear, and, as the sun sank, the
y over it was flushed with orange or gold. This
adually paled, and over the horizon opposite there
se an arc in feeble prismatic colors with a dark zone
purple under it. The arc rose as the sun settled; the
rple spread beyond the polarized bow; and gradually
e heavens turned a deep purple blue to the zenith,
ile the halo of the globe was slowly lost in its own
adow.

The colored face of the earth painted on the screen
the heavens left the last impression of worldly charm
the retina. In the end of October the battle of the

elements, storms attending the setting of the sun, bega to blast the air into a chronic fury. By this time v were glad to creep into our den and await the vanishi weeks of ebbing day.

In the doom of night to follow, there would at lea be some quiet moments during which we could stret our legs. The bears, which had threatened our exis ence, were now kept off by a new device which serv the purpose for a time. We had food and fuel enoug for the winter. There should have been nothing to ha disturbed our tempers, but the coming of the long blac ness makes all Polar life ill at ease.

Early in November the storms ceased long enou to give us a last fiery vision. With a magnificent card nal flame the sun rose, gibbered in the sky and sank b hind the southern cliffs on November 3. It was not rise again until February 11 of the next year. We we therefore doomed to hibernate in our underground d for at least a hundred double nights before the dawn a new day opened our eyes.

The days now came and went in short order. F hygienic reasons we kept up the usual routine of li The midday light soon darkened to twilight. The mo and stars appeared at noon. The usual partition of ti disappeared. All was night, unrelieved darkness, mi night, midday, morning or evening.

We stood watches of six hours each to keep t fires going, to keep off the bears and to force an intere in a blank life. We knew that we were believed to dead. For our friends in Greenland would not ascri to us the luck which came after our run of abj misfortune. This thought inflicted perhaps the greate

pain of the queer prolongation of life which was permitted us. It was loneliness, frigid loneliness. I wondered whether men ever felt so desolately alone.

We could not have been more thoroughly isolated f we had been transported to the surface of the moon. I find myself utterly unable to outline the emptiness of our existence. In other surroundings we never grasp he full meaning of the word "alone." When it is possible to put a foot out of doors into sunlight without the risk of a bear-paw on your neck it is also possible to run off a spell of blues, but what were we to do with every dull rock rising as a bear ghost and with the torment of a satanic blackness to blind us?

With the cheer of day, a kindly nature and a new friend, it is easy to get in touch with a sympathetic chord. The mere thought of another human heart within touch, even a hundred miles away, would have eased he suspense of the silent void. But we could entertain no such hopefulness. We were all alone in a world where every pleasant aspect of nature had deserted us. Although three in number, a bare necessity had compressed us into a single composite individuality.

There were no discussions, no differences of opinion. We had been too long together under bitter circumstances to arouse each other's interest. A single individual could not live long in our position. A selfish instinct tightened a fixed bond to preserve and protect one another. As a battle force we made a formidable unit, but there was no matches to start the fires of inspiration.

The half darkness of midday and the moonlight still permitted us to creep from under the ground and seek

a few hours in the open. The stone and bone fox tra
and the trap caves for the bears which we had built d
ing the last glimmer of day offered an occupation w
some recreation. But we were soon deprived of this.

Bears headed us off at every turn. We were
permitted to proceed beyond an enclosed hundred f
from the hole of our den. Not an inch of ground o
morsel of food was permitted us without a contest.
was a fight of nature against nature. We either actua
saw the little sooty nostrils with jets of vicious bre
rising, and the huge outline of a wild beast ready
spring on us, or imagined we saw it. With no adequ
means of defense we were driven to imprisonm
within the walls of our own den.

From within, our position was even more tanta
ing. The bear thieves dug under the snows over
heads and snatched blocks of blubber fuel from un
our very eyes at the port without a consciousness
wrongdoing. Occasionally we ventured out to deli
a lance, but each time the bear would make a leap
the door and would have entered had the opening b
large enough. In other cases we shot arrows throu
the peep-hole. A bear head again would burst throu
the silk covered window near the roof, where knives,
close range and in good light, could be driven w
sweet vengeance.

As a last resort we made a hole through the top
the den. When a bear was heard near, a long torch
pushed through. The snow for acres about was t
suddenly flashed with a ghostly whiteness which alm
frightened us. But the bear calmly took advantage
the light to pick a larger piece of the blubber u

which our lives depended, and then with an air of superiority he would move into the brightest light, usually within a few feet of our peep-hole, where we could almost touch his hateful skin. Without ammunition we were helpless.

Two weeks after sunset we heard the last cry of ravens. After a silence of several days they suddenly descended with a piercing shout which cut the frosty stillness. We crept out of our den quickly to read the riddle of the sudden bluster. There were five ravens on five different rocks, and the absence of the celestial color gave them quite an appropriate setting. They were restless: there was no food for them. A fox had preceded them with his usual craftiness, and had left no pickings for feathered creatures.

A family of five had gathered about in October, when the spoils of the chase were being cached, and we encouraged their stay by placing food for them regularly. Some times a sly fox, and at other times a thieving bear, got the little morsels, but there were usually sufficient picking for the raven's little crop. They had found a suitable cave high up in the great cliffs of granite behind our den.

We were beginning to be quite friendly. My Eskimo companions ascribed to the birds almost human qualities and they talked to them reverently, thereby displaying their heart's desire. The secrets of the future were all entrusted to their consideration. Would the "too-loo-ah" go to Eskimo Lands and deliver their messages? The raven said "ka-ah" (yes).

E-tuk-i-shook said: "Go and take the tears from An-na-do-a's eyes; tell her that I am alive and well and

will come to take her soon. Tell Pan-ic-pa (his fath
that I am in Ah-ming-ma-noona (Musk Ox Lan
Bring us some powder to blacken the bear's snou
"Ka-ah, ka-ah," said the two ravens at once.

Ah-we-lah began an appeal to drive off the be
and to set the raven spirits as guardians of our bluh
caches. This was uttered in shrill shouts, and then
a low, trembling voice, he said: "Dry the tears
mother's cheeks and tell her that we are in a land
todnu (tallow)."

"Ka-ah," replied the raven.

"Then go to Ser-wah; tell her not to marry t
lazy gull, Ta-tamh; tell her that Ah-we-lah's skin is
flushed with thoughts of her, that he is well and
return to claim her in the first moon after sunri
"Ka-ah, ka-ah, ka-ah," said the raven, and rose as i
deliver the messages.

For the balance of that day we saw only th
ravens. The two had certainly started for the Gre
land shores. The other three, after an engorgement,
to their cave and went to sleep for the night as
thought. No more was seen of them until the dawn
day of the following year.

A few days later we also made other acquaintan
They were the most interesting bits of life that cros
our trail, and in the dying effort to seek animal c
panionship our soured tempers were sweetened so
what by four-footed joys.

A noise had been heard for several successive d
at eleven o'clock. This was the time chosen by the b
for their daily exercise along our foot-path, and we
usually all awake with a knife or a lance in hand,

ecause there was any real danger, for our house emented by ice was as secure as a fort, but because ve felt more comfortable in a battle attitude. Through he peep-hole we saw them marching up and down along he foot-path tramped down by our daily spells of leg-tretching.

They were feasting on the aroma of our foot-prints, nd when they left it was usually safe for us to venture ut. Noises, however, continued within the walls of the en. It was evident that there was something alive at lose range.

We were lonely enough to have felt a certain de-ght in shaking hands even with bruin if the theft of ur blubber had not threatened the very foundation of ur existence. For in the night we could not augment ur supplies; and without fat, fire and water were im-ossible. No! there was not room for man and bear at Cape Sparbo. Without ammunition, however, we were early helpless.

But noises continued after bruin's steps came with decreasing metallic ring from distant snows. There as a scraping and a scratching within the very walls f our den. We had a neighbor and a companion. Who, or what, could it be? We were kept in suspense or some time. When all was quiet at the time which e chose to call midnight, a little blue rat came out and egan to tear the bark from our willow lamp trimmer.

I was on watch, awake, and punched E-tuk-i-shook ithout moving my head. His eyes opened with sur-rise on the busy rodent, and Ah-we-lah was kicked. Ie turned over and the thing jumped into a rock revasse.

The next day we risked the discomfort of bru interview and dug up an abundance of willow roots our new tenant. These were arranged in appetiz display and the rat came out very soon and helped h self, but he permitted no familiarity. We learned love the creature, however, all the more because of shyness. By alternate jumps from the roots to se sion it managed to fill up with all it could carry. T it disappeared as suddenly as it came.

In the course of two days it came back with a c panion, its mate. They were beautiful little creatu but little larger than mice. They had soft, fluffy fu a pearl blue color, with pink eyes. They had no t Their dainty little feet were furred to the claw tips v silky hair. They made a picture of animal deli which really aroused us from stupor to little spasm enthusiasm. A few days were spent in testing our tentions. Then they arranged a berth just above head and became steady boarders.

Their confidence and trust flattered our vanity we treated them as royal guests. No trouble was great for us to provide them with suitable delica We ventured into the darkness and storms for hour dig up savory roots and mosses. A little stage arranged every day with the suitable footlights. In eagerness to prolong the rodent theatricals, the l things were fed over and over, until they became too and too lazy to creep from their berths.

They were good, clean orderly camp fellows, alw kept in their places and never ventured to borrow bed furs, nor did they disturb our eatables. With a sense of justice, and an aristocratic air, they passed

lates of carnivorous foods without venturing a taste, nd went to their herbivorous piles of sod delicacies. bout ten days before midnight they went to sleep and id not wake for more than a month. Again we were lone. Now even the bears deserted us.

In the dull days of blankness which followed, few ncidents seemed to mark time. The cold increased. torms were more continuous and came with greater orce. We were cooped up in our underground den ith but a peep-hole through the silk of our old tent to atch the sooty nocturnal bluster. We were face to ace with a spiritual famine. With little recreation, no musements, no interesting work, no reading matter, ith nothing to talk about, the six hours of a watch ere spread out to weeks.

We had no sugar, no coffee, not a particle of civi- zed food. We had meat and blubber, good and whole- ome food at that. But the stomach wearied of its ever changing carnivorous stuffing. The dark den, ith its walls of pelt and bone, its floor decked with rosted tears of ice, gave no excuse for cheer. Insanity, bject madness, could only be avoided by busy hands nd long sleep.

My life in this underground place was, I suppose, ke that of a man in the stone age. The interior was amp and cold and dark; with our pitiable lamps burn- g, the temperature of the top was fairly moderate, ut at the bottom it was below zero. Our bed was a latform of rocks wide enough for three prostrate men. s forward edge was our seat when awake. Before this as a space where a deeper hole in the earth permitted s to stand upright, one at a time. There, one by one,

we dressed and occasionally stood to move our stiff
aching limbs.

On either side of this standing space was half a
plate in which musk-ox fat was burned. We used m
as a wick. These lights were kept burning day
night; it was a futile, imperceptible sort of heat t
gave. Except when we got close to the light, it was
possible to see one another's faces.

We ate twice daily—without enjoyment. We
few matches, and in fear of darkness tended our lar
diligently. There was no food except meat and tall
most of the meat, by choice, was eaten raw and froz
Night and morning we boiled a small pot of meat
broth; but we had no salt to season it. Stooped
cramped, day by day, I found occasional relief from
haunting horror of this life by rewriting the almost ill
ible notes made on our journey.

My most important duty was the preparation
my notes and observations for publication. This wo
afford useful occupation and save months of time af
wards. But I had no paper. My three note books w
full, and there remained only a small pad of prescript
blanks and two miniature memorandum books. I
solved, however, to try to work out the outline of
narrative in chapters in these. I had four g
pencils and one eraser. These served a valua
purpose. With sharp points I shaped the words in sm
letters. When the skeleton of the book was read
was surprised to find how much could be crowded o
few small pages. By a liberal use of the eraser m
parts of pages were cleared of unnecessary notes.
tire lines were written between all the lines of the

ooks, the pages thus carrying two narrations or series
notes.

By the use of abbreviations and dashes, a kind of
ort-hand was devised. My art of space economy com-
lete, I began to write, literally developing the very use-
l habit of carefully shaping every idea before an at-
mpt was made to use the pencil. In this way my
ntire book and several articles were written. Charts,
ms and advertisement boxes were covered. In all
0,000 words were written, and absolute despair, which
idleness opens the door to madness, was averted.

Our needs were still urgent enough to enforce much
her work. Drift threatened to close the entrance to
ur dungeon and this required frequent clearing.
lubber for the lamp was sliced and pounded every day.
he meat corner was occasionally stocked, for it re-
ired several days to thaw out the icy musk ox quarters.
e was daily gathered and placed within reach to keep
e water pots full. The frost which was condensed out
our breaths made slabs of ice on the floor, and this re-
ired occasional removal. The snow under our bed
rs, which had a similar origin, was brushed out now
d then.

Soot from the lamps, a result of bad housekeeping,
hich a proud Eskimo woman would not have tolerated
r a minute, was scraped from the bone rafters about
ce a week. With a difference of one hundred degrees
tween the breathing air of the den and that outside
ere was a rushing interchanging breeze through every
nhole and crevice. The ventilation was good. The
mp cleanliness could almost have been called hygienic,
hough no baths had been indulged in for six months,

and then only by an unavoidable, undesirable accide

Much had still to be done to prepare for our hon going in the remote period beyond the night. It w necessary to plan and make a new equipment. T sledge, the clothing, the camp outfit, everything whi had been used in the previous campaign, were worn o Something could be done by judicious repairing, b nearly everything required reconstruction. In the n arrangement we were to take the place of the dogs the traces and the sledge loads must be prepared acco ingly. There was before us an unknown line of troul for three hundred miles before we could step on Gree land shores. It was only the hope of homegoing, whi gave some mental strength in the night of gloom. Mu ox meat was now cut into strips and dried over t lamps. Tallow was prepared and moulded in portal form for fuel.

But in spite of all efforts we gradually sank to t lowest depths of the Arctic midnight. The little m day glimmer on the southern sky became indiscernib Only the swing of the Great Dipper and other sta told the time of the day or night. We had fancied th the persistent wind ruffled our tempers. But now it w still; not a breath of air moved the heavy blackness. that very stillness we found reasons for complai Storms were preferable to the dead silence; anythi was desirable to stir the spirits to action.

Still the silence was only apparent. Wind noi floated in the frosty distance; cracking rocks, explodi glaciers and tumbling avalanches kept up a muff rumbling which the ear detected only when it rested the floor rock of our bed. The temperature was low

-48° F.—so low that at times the very air seemed to ack. Every creature of the wild had been buried in ift; all nature was asleep. In our dungeon all was a ental blank.

Not until two weeks after midnight did we awake a proper consciousness of life. The faint brightness the southern skies at noon opened the eye to spiritual wn. The sullen stupor and deathlike stillness van- ied.

Shortly after black midnight descended I began to perience a curious psychological phenomenon. The upor of the days of travel wore away, and I began to e myself as in a mirror. I can explain this no better. is said that a man falling from a great height usually s a picture of his life flashed through his brain in the ort period of descent. I saw a similar cycle of events.

The panorama began with incidents of childhood, d it seems curious now with what infinite detail I saw ople whom I had long forgotten, and went through e most trivial experiences. In successive stages every ase of life appeared and was minutely examined; ery hidden recess of gray matter was opened to in- pret the biographies of self-analysis. The hopes of y childhood and the discouragements of my youth led me with emotion; feelings of pleasure and sadness me as each little thought picture took definite shape; seemed hardly possible that so many things, potent r good and bad, could have been done in so few years. saw myself, not as a voluntary being, but rather as a sistless atom, predestined in its course, being carried by an inexorable fate.

Meanwhile our preparations for return were being

accomplished. This work had kept us busy during
of the wakeful spells of the night. Much still remain
to be done.

Although real pleasure followed all efforts
physical labor, the balking muscles required conside
able urging. Musk ox meat was cut into portal
blocks, candles were made, fur skins were dressed a
chewed, boots, stockings, pants, shirts, sleeping ba
were made. The sledge was re-lashed, things we
packed in bags. All was ready about three weeks b
fore sunrise. Although the fingers and the jaws we
thus kept busy, the mind and also the heart were le
free to wander.

In the face of all our efforts to ward aside the
effects of the night we gradually became its victim
Our skin paled, our strength failed, the nerves wea
ened, and the mind ultimately became a blank. T
most notable physical effect, however, was the alarmi
irregularity of the heart.

In the locomotion of human machinery the heart
the motor. Like all good motors it has a governor whi
requires some adjustment. In the Arctic, where t
need of regulation is greatest, the facilities for adju
ment are withdrawn. In normal conditions, as the m
chine of life pumps the blood which drives all, its for
and its regularity are governed by the never-erring su
beams. When these are withdrawn, as they are in t
long night, the heart pulsations become irregular;
times slow, at other times spasmodic.

Light seems to be as necessary to the animal as
the plant. A diet of fresh meat, healthful hygienic su
roundings, play for the mind, recreation for the bo

and strong heat from open fires, will help; but only the return of the heaven-given sun will properly adjust the motor of man.

As the approaching day brightened to a few hours of twilight at midday, we developed a mood for animal companionship. A little purple was now thrown on the blackened snows. The weather was good. All the usual sounds of nature were suspended, but unusual sounds came with a weird thunder. The very earth began to shake in an effort to break the seal of frost. For several days nothing moved into our horizon which could be imagined alive.

About two weeks before sunrise the rats woke and began to shake their beautiful blue fur in graceful little dances, but they were not really alive and awake in a rat sense for several days. At about the same time the ravens began to descend from their hiding place and screamed for food. There were only three; two were still conversing with the Eskimo maidens far away, as my companions thought.

In my subsequent strolls I found the raven den and to my horror discovered that the two were frozen. I did not deprive E-tuk-i-shook and Ah-we-lah of their poetic dream; the sad news of raven bereavement was never told.

The foxes now began to bark from a safe distance and advanced to get their share of the camp spoils. Ptarmigan shouted from nearby rocks. Wolves were heard away in the musk ox fields, but they did not venture to pay us a visit.

The bear that had shadowed us everywhere before midnight was the last to claim our friendship at dawn.

There were good reasons for this which we did not learn until later. The bear stork had arrived. But really we had changed heart even towards the bear. Long before he returned we were prepared to give him a welcome reception. In our new and philosophical turn of mind we thought better of bruin. In our greatest distress during the previous summer he had kept us alive. In our future adventures he might perform a similar mission. After all he had no sporting proclivities; he did not hunt or trouble us for the mere fun of our discomfort or the chase. His aim in life was the very serious business of getting food. Could we blame him? Had we not a similar necessity?

A survey of our caches proved that we were still rich in the coin of the land. There remained meat and blubber sufficient for all our needs, with considerable to spare for other empty stomachs. So, to feed the bear meat was piled up in heaps for his delight.

The new aroma rose into the bleaching night air. We peeped with eager eyes through our ports to spot results. The next day at eleven o'clock footsteps were heard. The noise indicated caution and shyness instead of the bold quick step which we knew so well. There was room for only one eye and only one man at a time at the peep-hole, and so we took turns. Soon the bear was sighted, proceeding with the utmost caution behind some banks and rocks. The blue of the snows, with yellow light, dyed his fur to an ugly green. He was thin and gaunt and ghostly. There was the stealth and the cunning of the fox in his movements. But he could not get his breakfast, the first after a fast of weeks, without coming squarely into our view.

The den was buried under the winter snows and id not disturb the creature, but the size of the pile of eat did disturb its curiosity. When within twenty-five ards, a few sudden leaps were made, and the ponderous aws came down on a walrus shoulder. His teeth began grind like a stone cutter. For an hour the bear stood ere and displayed itself to good advantage. Our atred of the creature entirely vanished.

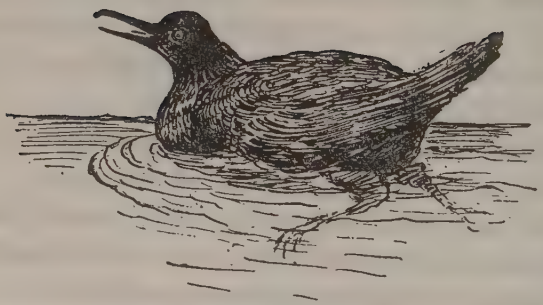
Five days passed before that bear returned. In e meantime we longed for it to come back. We had nconsciously developed quite a brotherly bear interest. n the period which followed we learned that eleven clock was the hour, and that five days was the period etween meals. The bear calendar and the clock were nsulted with mathematical precision.

We also learned that our acquaintance was a arent. By a little exploration in February we dis-vered the bear den, in a snow covered cave, less than mile west. In it were two saucy little teddies in elts of white silk that would have gladdened the heart f any child. The mother was not at home at the time, nd we were not certain enough of her friendship, or f her whereabouts, to play with the twins.

With a clearing horizon and a wider circle of friend-ip our den now seemed a cheerful home. Our spirits vakened as the gloom of the night was quickly lost in e new glitter of day.

On the eleventh of February the snow-covered opes of North Devon glowed with the sunrise of 1909. he sun had burst nature's dungeon. Cape Sparbo lowed with golden light. The frozen sea glittered with lls of shimmering lilac. We escaped to a joyous free-

dom. With a reconstructed sled, new equipment a newly acquired energy we were ready to pursue return journey to Greenland and fight the last battle the Polar campaign.



GUILLEMOT

HOMEWARD WITH A HALF SLEDGE AND HALF-FILLED STOMACHS

THREE HUNDRED MILES THROUGH STORM AND SNOW AND UPLIFTED MOUNTAINS OF ICE TROUBLES—DISCOVER TWO ISLANDS—ANNOATOK IS REACHED—MEETING HARRY WHITNEY—NEWS OF PEARY'S SEIZURE OF SUPPLIES

XXIX

Back to Greenland Friends

On February 18, 1908, the reconstructed sledge was taken beyond the ice fort and loaded for the home run. We had given up the idea of journeying to Lancaster Sound to await the whalers. There were no Eskimos on the American side nearer than Pond's Inlet. It was somewhat farther to our headquarters on the Greenland shores, but all interests would be best served by a return to Annoatok.

During the night we had fixed all of our attention upon the return journey, and had prepared a new equipment with the limited means at our command; but, traveling in the coldest season of the year, it was necessary to carry a cumbersome outfit of furs, and furthermore, since we were to take the place of the dogs in the traces, we could not expect to transport supplies for more than

thirty days. In this time, however, we hoped to rea
Cape Sabine, where the father of E-tuk-i-shook h
been told to place a cache of food for us.

Starting so soon after sunrise, the actual dayli
proved very brief, but a brilliant twilight gave a
markable illumination from eight to four. The light
dawn and that of the afterglow was tossed to and fro
the heavens, from reflecting surfaces of glitter, for fo
hours preceding and following midday. To use t
play of light to the best advantage, it was necessary
begin preparations early by starlight; and thus, wh
the dim purple glow from the northeast brightened t
dull gray-blue of night, the start was made for Gree
land shores and for home.

We were dressed in heavy furs. The temperatu
was —49°. A light air brushed the frozen mist out
Jones Sound, and cut our sooty faces. The sled w
overloaded, and the exertion required for its moveme
over the groaning snow was tremendous. A fal
almost hysterical, enthusiasm lighted our faces, but t
muscles were not yet equal to the task set for them.

Profuse perspiration came with the first hours
dog work, and our heavy fur coats were exchanged
the sealskin *nitshas* (lighter coat). At noon the sno
were fired and the eastern skies burned in great lines
flame. But there was no sun and no heat. We sat
the sledge for a prolonged period, gasping for brea
and drinking the new celestial glory so long absent fr
our outlook. As the joy of color was lost in the c
purple of half-light, our shoulders were braced m
vigorously into the traces. The ice proved good,
the limit of strength placed camp in a snowhouse

miles from our winter den. With the new equipment, our camp life now was not like that of the Polar campaign. Dried musk ox meat and strips of musk fat made a steady diet. Moulded tallow served as fuel in a crescent-shaped disk of tin, in which carefully prepared moss was crushed and arranged as a wick. Over this primitive fire we managed to melt enough ice to quench thirst, and also to make an occasional pot of broth as a luxury. While the drink was liquefying, the chill of the snow igloo was also moderated, and we crept into the bags of musk ox skins, where agreeable repose and home dreams made us forget the cry of the stomach and the torment of the cold.

At the end of eight days of forced marches we reached Cape Tennyson. The disadvantage of manpower, when compared to dog motive force, was clearly shown in this effort. The ice was free of pressure troubles and the weather was endurable. Still, with the best of luck, we had averaged only about seven miles daily. With dogs, the entire run would have been made easily in two days.

As we neared the land two small islands were discovered. Both were about one thousand feet high, with precipitous sea walls, and were on a line about two miles east of Cape Tennyson. The most easterly was about one and a half miles long, east to west, with a cross-section, north to south, of about three-quarters of a mile. About half a mile to the west of this was a much smaller island. There was no visible vegetation, and no life was seen, although hare and fox tracks were crossed on the ice. I decided to call the larger island E-tuk-i-shook, and the smaller Ah-we-lah. These rocks will stand as

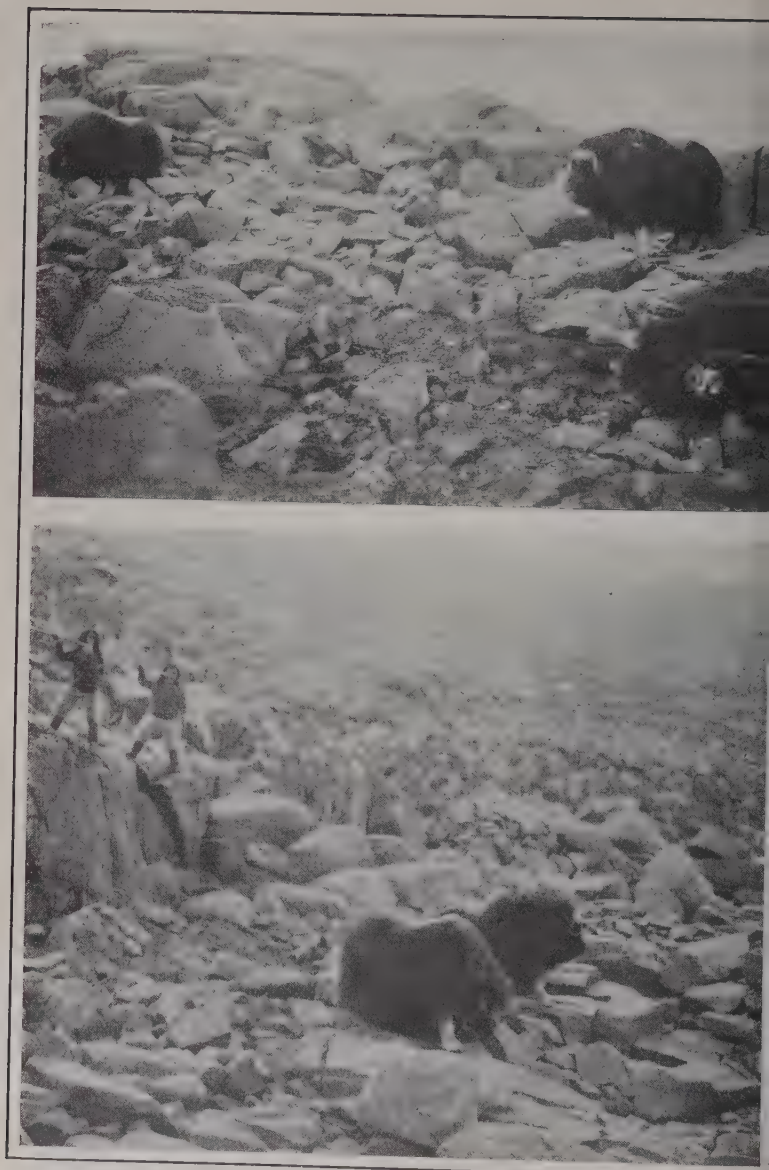
monuments to the memory of my faithful savage c
rades when all else is forgotten.

From Cape Tennyson to Cape Isabella the coas
Ellesmere Land was charted, in the middle of the
century, by ships at a great distance from land. Li
has been added since. The wide belt of pack thr
against the coast made further exploration from
ship very difficult, but in our northward march over
sea-ice it was hoped that we might keep close enoug
the shores to examine the land carefully.

A few Eskimos had, about fifty years previou
wandered along this ice from Pond's Inlet to the Gre
land camps. They left the American shores beca
famine, followed by forced cannibalism, threatened
exterminate the tribe. A winter camp had been pla
on Coburg Island. Here many walruses and bears w
secured during the winter, while in summer, from K
Island, many guillemots were secured. In mov
from these northward, by skin boat and *kayak,* t
noted myriads of guillemots, or "acpas," off the sou
east point of the mainland. There being no name
the Eskimo vocabulary for this land, it was called Ac
hon, or "The Home of Guillemots." The Greenla
Eskimos had previously called the country "Ah-mi
mah Noona," or Musk Ox Land, but they also adop
the name of Acpohon, so we have taken the liberty
spreading the name over the entire island as a gene
name for the most northern land west of Greenla
In pushing northward, many of the Eskimos starv
and the survivors had a bitter fight for subsistence.
experience was similar.

Near Cape Paget those ancient Eskimos mad

PUNCTURED CANVAS BOAT IN WHICH WE PADDLED 1,000 MILES
FAMINE DAYS WHEN ONLY STRAY BIRDS PREVENTED STARVATION
DEN IN WHICH WERE SPENT 100 DOUBLE NIGHTS



BULL FIGHTS WITH THE MUSK OX ABOUT CAPE SPARBO

second winter camp. Here narwhals and bears were secured, and through Talbot's Fiord a short pass was discovered over Ellesmere Land to the musk ox country of the west shores. The Eskimos who survived the second winter reached the Greenland shores during the third summer. There they introduced the *kayak,* and also the bow and arrow. Their descendants are to-day the most intelligent of the most northern Eskimos.

To my companions the environment of the new land which we were passing was in the nature of digging up ancient history. Several old camp sites were located, and E-tuk-i-shook, whose grandfather was one of the old pioneers, was able to tell us the incidents of each camp with remarkable detail.

As a rule, however, it was very difficult to get near the land. Deep snows, huge pressure lines of ice, and protruding glaciers forced our line of march far from the Eskimo ruins which we wished to examine. From Cape Tennyson to Cape Clarence the ice near the open water proved fairly smooth, but the humid saline surface offered a great resistance to the metal plates of the sled. Here ivory or bone plates would have lessened the friction very much. A persistent northerly wind also brought the ice and the humid discomfort of our breath back to our faces with painful results. During several days of successive storms we were imprisoned in the domes of snow. By enforced idleness we were compelled to use a precious store of food and fuel, without making any necessary advance.

Serious difficulties were encountered in moving from Cape Clarence to Cape Faraday. Here the ice was tumbled into mountains of trouble. Tremendous

snowdrifts and persistent gales from the west ma traveling next to impossible, and, with no game and food supply in prospect, I knew that to remain i would be suicidal. The sledge load was lightened, a every scrap of fur which was not absolutely necessa was thrown away. The humid boots, stockings a sealskin coats could not be dried out, for fuel was mo precious than clothing. All of this was discarded, a with light sleds and reduced rations, we forced alo over hummocks and drift. In all of our Polar mar we had seen no ice which offered so much hardship did this so near home shores. The winds again c gashes across our faces. With overwork and insu cient food, our furs hung on bony eminences over shri eled skins.

At the end of thirty-five days of almost ceasel toil we managed to reach Cape Faraday. Our fo was gone. We were face to face with the most d perate problem which had fallen to our long run of ha luck. Famine confronted us. We were far from t haunts of game; we had seen no living thing for month. Every fiber of our bodies quivered with co and hunger. In desperation we ate bits of skin a chewed tough walrus lines. A half candle and thr cups of hot water served for several meals. So tough walrus hide was boiled and eaten with reli While trying to masticate this I broke some of my tee It was hard on the teeth, but easy on the stomach, a it had the great advantage of dispelling for prolong periods the pangs of hunger. But only a few strips walrus line were left after this was used.

Traveling, as we must, in a circuitous route, th

was still a distance of one hundred miles between us and Cape Sabine, and the distance to Greenland might, by open water, be spread to two hundred miles. This unknown line of trouble could not be worked out in less than a month. Where, I asked in desperation, were we to obtain subsistence for that last thirty days?

To the eastward, a line of black vapors indicated open water about twenty-five miles off shore. There were no seals on the ice. There were no encouraging signs of life; only old imprints of bears and foxes were left on the surface of the cheerless snows at each camp. For a number of days we had placed our last meat as bait to attract the bears, but none had ventured to pay us a visit. The offshore wind and the nearness of the open water gave us some life from this point.

Staggering along one day, we suddenly saw a bear track. These mute marks, seen in the half-dark of the snow, filled us with a wild resurgence of hope for life. On the evening of March 20 we prepared cautiously for the coming of the bear.

A snowhouse was built, somewhat stronger than usual; before it a shelf was arranged with blocks of snow, and on this shelf attractive bits of skin were arranged to imitate the dark outline of a recumbent seal. Over this was placed a looped line, through which the head and neck must go in order to get the bait. Other loops were arranged to entangle the feet. All the lines were securely fastened to solid ice. Peepholes were cut in all sides of the house, and a rear port was cut, from which we might escape or make an attack. Our lances and knives were now carefully sharpened. When all was ready, one of us remained on watch while the

others sought a needed sleep. We had not long wait. Soon a crackling sound on the snows gave t battle call, and with a little black nose extended from long neck, a vicious creature advanced.

Through our little eye-opening and to our emp stomach he appeared gigantic. Apparently as hung as we were, he came in straight reaches for the ba The run port was opened. Ah-we-lah and E-tuk shook emerged, one with a lance, the other with a spik harpoon shaft. Our lance, our looped line, our b and arrow, I knew, however, would be futile.

During the previous summer, when I foresaw time of famine, I had taken my four last cartridges a hid them in my clothing. Of the existence of these, t two boys knew nothing. These were to be used at t last stage of hunger, to kill something—or ourselv That desperate time had not arrived till now.

The bear approached in slow, measured ste smelling the ground where the skin lay.

I jerked the line. The loop tightened about t bear's neck. At the same moment the lance and t spike were driven into the growling creature.

A fierce struggle ensued. I withdrew one of t precious cartridges from my pocket, placed it in r gun, and gave the gun to Ah-we-lah, who took ai and fired. When the smoke cleared, the bleeding be lay on the ground.

We skinned the animal, and devoured the war steaming flesh. Strength revived. Here were fo and fuel in abundance. We were saved! With t success of this encounter, we could sit down and li comfortably for a month; and before that time shou

lapse seals would seek the ice for sun baths, and when eals arrived, the acquisition of food for the march to Greenland would be easy.

But we did not sit down. Greenland was in sight; nd, to an Eskimo, Greenland, with all of its icy dis- omforts, has attractions not promised in heaven. In his belief, as in most others, I was Eskimo by this time. With very little delay, the stomach was spread with hops, and we stretched to a gluttonous sleep, only to wake with appetites that permitted of prolonged stuff- ng. It was a matter of economy to fill up and thus nake the sled load lighter. When more eating was mpossible we began to move for home shores, dragging sled overloaded with the life-saving prize.

A life of trouble, however, lay before us. Suc- essive storms, mountains of jammed ice, and deep now, interrupted our progress and lengthened the ourse over circuitous wastes of snowdrifts and black- ned our horizon. When, after a prodigious effort, Cape Sabine was reached, our food supply was again xhausted.*

**The Tragedies of Cape Sabine.*—Cape Sabine has been the scene of ne of the saddest Arctic tragedies—the death by starvation of most of ne members of the Greely Expedition. Several modern travelers, including Ir. Peary, have, in passing here, taken occasion to criticise adversely the anagement of this expedition. In his last series of articles in *Hampton's Magazine,* Peary has again attempted to throw discredit on General Greely. t is easy, after a lapse of forty years, to show the mistakes of our redecessors, and thereby attempt to belittle another's effort; but is it ght? I have been at Cape Sabine in a half-starved condition, as General reely was. I have watched the black seas of storm thunder the ice and ock walls, as he did; and I have looked longingly over the impassable retches of death-dealing waters to a land of food and plenty, as he did. did it, possessing the accumulated knowledge of the thirty years which ave since passed, and I nearly succumbed in precisely the same manner s did the unfortunate victims of that expedition. The scientific results f the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition were so carefully and so thoroughly athered that no expedition to the Arctic since has given value of equal

Here an old seal was found. It had been caug
a year before and cached by Pan-ic-pa, the father
E-tuk-i-shook. With it was found a rude drawi
spotted with sooty tears. This told the story of a l
ing father's fruitless search for his son and frien
The seal meat had the aroma of Limburger cheese, a
age had changed its flavor; but, with no other food p
sible, our palates were easily satisfied. In an oil-soak
bag was found about a pound of salt. We ate this
sugar, for no salt had passed over our withered tongu
for over a year.

The skin, blubber and meat were devoured with
relish. Every eatable part of the animal was packed
the sled as we left the American shore.

Smith Sound was free of ice, and open water e
tended sixty miles northward. A long detour was n
essary to reach the opposite shores, but the Greenla
shores were temptingly near. With light hearts a

---

importance. Greely's published record is an absolute proof of his abi
as a leader and a vindication of the unfair insinuations of later rivals.

In passing along this same coast, E-tuk-i-shook called my attentio
several graves, some of which we opened. In other places we saw hu
bones which had been left unburied. They were scattered, and had b
picked by the ravens, the foxes and the wolves. With a good deal
sorrow and reserve I then learned one of the darkest unprinted page
Arctic history. When the steamer *Erie* returned, in 1901, a large num
of Eskimos were left with Mr. Peary near Cape Sabine. They soon a
developed a disease which Mr. Peary's ship brought to them. Th
was no medicine and no doctor to save the dying victims. Dr. T.
Dedrick, who had served Mr. Peary faithfully, was dismissed without
payment of his salary, because of a personal grudge, but Dedrick refu
to go home and leave the expedition without medical help. He remai
at Etah, living with the Eskimos in underground holes, as wild men
sacrificing comfort and home interests for no other purpose except
maintain a clean record of helpfulness. As the winter and the n
advanced, Dr. Dedrick got news that the Eskimos were sick
required medical assistance. He crossed the desperate reaches of Sm
Sound at night, and offered Mr. Peary medical assistance to save
dying natives. Peary refused to allow Dedrick to attempt to cure
afflicted, crying people. Dedrick had been without civilized food

eering premonitions of home, we pushed along Bache eninsula to a point near Cape Louis Napoleon. The rizon was now cleared of trouble. The ascending sun d dispelled the winter gloom of the land. Leaping reams cut through crystal gorges. The ice moved; e sea began to breathe. The snows sparkled with the omise of double days and midnight suns.

Life's buds had opened to full blossom. On the posite shores, which now seemed near, Nature's incu- tors had long worked overtime to start the little ones the wilds. Tiny bears danced to their mothers' call; by seals sunned in downy pelts. Little foxes were uinting at school in learning the art of sight. In the ve of germinating joys our suppressed nocturnal ssions rose with surprise anew. We were raised to Arctic paradise.

As it lay in prospect, Greenland had the charm of len. There were the homes of my savage compan- ns. It was a stepping-stone to my home, still very

---

aths, and was not well himself after the terrible journey over the rm-swept seas of ice. Before returning, he asked for some coffee, a le sugar and a few biscuits. These Mr. Peary refused him. Dr. Dedrick urned. The natives, in fever and pain, died. Theirs are the bones ttered by the wild beasts. Who is responsible for these deaths?

"Peary-tiglipo-savigaxua" (Peary has stolen the iron stone), was now eated with bitterness by the Eskimos. In 1897 it occurred to Mr. ry that the museums would be interested in the Eskimos, and also in so-called "Star Stone," owned by the Eskimos. It had been passed n from generation to generation as a tribal property; from it the ives, from the Stone Age, had chipped metal for weapons. This eteorite" was, without Eskimo consent, put by Mr. Peary on his ship; hout their consent, also, were put a group of men and women and dren on the ship. All were taken to New York for museum purposes. New York the precious meteorite was sold, but the profits were not ded with the rightful owners. The men, women and children (mer- ndise of similar value) were placed in a cellar, awaiting a marketplace. fore the selling time arrived, all but one died of diseases directly ing out of inhuman carelessness, due to the dictates of commercialism. o is responsible for the death of this group of innocent wild folk?

far off. It was a land where man has a fighting ch for his life.

In reality, we were now in the most despc throes of the grip of famine which we had encount during all of our hard experience. Greenland was thirty miles away. But we were separated from i impossible open water—a hopeless stormy deep. this moment I do not know why we did not sit down allow the blood to cool with famine and cold. We no good reason to hope that we could cross, but a hope—"the stuff that goes to make dreams"—kept eyes open.

We started. We were as thin as it is possible men to be. The scraps of meat, viscera, and skin o seal, buried for a year, was now our sole diet. We t eled the first two days northward over savage uplif hummocks and deep snows, tripping and stumbling blocks of ice like wounded animals. Then we rea good, smooth ice, but open water forced us northw ever northward from the cheering cliffs under which Greenland homes and abundant supplies were loc No longer necessary to lift the feet, we dragged the sheeted boots step after step over smooth young This eased our tired, withered legs, and long dista were covered. The days were prolonged, the dec seal food ran low, water was almost impossible. no longer seemed worth living. We had eaten strips of meat and frozen seal cautiously. We eaten other things—our very boots and leather lash as a last resort.

So weak that we had to climb on hands and k we reached the top of an iceberg, and from there

Annoatok. Natives, who had thought us long dead, rushed out to greet us. There I met Mr. Harry Whitney. As I held his hand, the cheer of a long-forgotten world came over me. With him I went to my house, only to find that during my absence it had been confiscated. A sudden bitterness rose within which it was difficult to hide. A warm meal dispelled this for a time.

In due time I told Whitney: "I have reached the Pole."

Uttering this for the first time in English, it came upon me that I was saying a remarkable thing. Yet Mr. Whitney showed no great surprise, and his quiet congratulation confirmed what was in my mind—that I had accomplished no extraordinary or unbelievable thing; for to me the Polar experience was not in the least remarkable, considered with our later adventures.

Mr. Whitney, as is now well known, was a sportsman from New Haven, Connecticut, who had been spending some months hunting in the North. He had made Annoatok the base of his operations, and had been spending the winter in the house which I had built of packing-boxes.

The world now seemed brighter. The most potent factor in this change was food—and more food—a bath and another bath—and clean clothes. Mr. Whitney offered me unreservedly the hospitality of my own camp. He instructed Pritchard to prepare meal after meal of every possible dish that our empty stomachs had craved for a year. The Eskimo boys were invited to share it.

Between meals, or perhaps we had better call meals courses (for it was a continuous all-night perform-

ance—interrupted by baths and breathing spells to pr
vent spasms of the jaws)—between courses, then, the
were washes with real soap and real cleansing wa
water, the first that we had felt for fourteen month
Mr. Whitney helped to scrape my angular anatom
and he volunteered the information that I was t
dirtiest man he ever saw.

From Mr. Whitney I learned that Mr. Peary h
reached Annoatok about the middle of August, 190
and had placed a boatswain named Murphy, assist
by William Pritchard, a cabin boy on the *Roosevelt,*
charge of my stores, which he had seized. Murphy w
anything but tactful and considerate; and in addition
taking charge of my goods, had been using them in tra
ing as money to pay for furs to satisfy Mr. Peary
hunger for commercial gain. Murphy went south
pursuit of furs after my arrival.

For the first few days I was too weak to inqui
into the theft of my camp and supplies. Furthermo
with a full stomach, and Mr. Whitney as a warm frie
at hand, I was indifferent. I was not now in any gre
need. For by using the natural resources of the land,
I had done before, it was possible to force a way ba
to civilization from here with the aid of my Eskim
friends.

Little by little, however, the story of that ve
strange "Relief Station for Dr. Cook" was unravele
and I tell it here with no ulterior notion of bitterne
against Mr. Peary. I forgave him for the practic
theft of my supplies; but this is a very important part
the controversy which followed, a controversy whi
can be understood only by a plain statement of the in

ents which led up to and beyond this so-called "Relief Station for Dr. Cook," which was a relief only in the ense that I was relieved of a priceless store of supplies.

When Mr. Peary heard of the execution of my lans to try for the Pole in 1907, and before he left n his last expedition, he accused me of various viola- ons of what he chose to call "Polar Ethics." No ap- lication had been filed by me to seek the Pole. Now I as accused of stealing his route, his Pole, and his peo- le. This train of accusations was given to the press, id with the greatest possible publicity. A part of this as included in an official complaint to the International ureau of Polar Research at Brussels.

Now, what are Polar ethics? There is no separate ode for the Arctic. The laws which govern men's earing towards each other in New York are good in ny part of the world. One cannot be a democrat in vilized eyes and an autocrat in the savage world. One annot cry, "Stop thief!" and then steal the thief's ooty. If you are a member of the brotherhood of umanity in one place, you must be in another. In hort, he who is a gentleman in every sense of the word eeds no memory for ethics. It is only the modern olitical reformer who has need of the cloak of the ypocrisy of ethics to hide his own misdeeds. An ex- lorer should not stoop to this.

Who had the power to grant a license to seek the ole? If you wish to invade the forbidden regions of hibet, or the interior of Siberia, a permit is necessary om the governments interested. But the Pole is a lace no nation owned, by right of discovery, occupa- on, or otherwise.

If pushing a ship up the North Atlantic waters
the limit of navigation was a trespass on Mr. Pear
preserve, then I am bound to plead guilty. But shi
had gone that way for a hundred years before M
Peary developed a Polar claim. If I am guilty, th
he is guilty of stealing the routes of Davis, Ka
Greely and a number of others. But as I view the s
uation, a modern explorer should take a certain pri
in the advantages afforded by his worthy predecesso
I take a certain historic delight in having followed t
routes of the early pathfinders to a more remote destin
tion. This indebtedness and this honor I do now,
heretofore, acknowledge. The charge that I stole M
Peary's route is incorrect. For, from the limit of na
gation on the Greenland side, my track was forced ov
a land which, although under Mr. Peary's eyes f
twenty years, was explored by Sverdrup, who got t
same unbrotherly treatment from Mr. Peary which
has shown to every explorer who has had the misfortu
to come within the circle he has drawn about an imag
ary private preserve.

The charge of borrowing Peary's ideas, by whi
is meant the selection of food and supplies and the ado
tion of certain methods of travel, is equally unfounde
For Mr. Peary's weakest chain is his absolute lack
system, order, preparation or originality. This
commented upon by the men of every one of his pre
ous expeditions. Mr. Peary early charged that m
system of work and my methods of travel were borrow
from him. This was not true; but when he later, in
desperate effort to say unkind things, said that my sy
tem—the system borrowed from himself—was ine

cient, the charge becomes laughable. As to the Pole—f Mr. Peary has a prior lien on it—it is there still. We did not take it away. We simply left our foot-prints there.

Now as to the charge of using Mr. Peary's sup-plies and his people—by assuming a private preserve of all the reachable Polar wilderness of this section, he might put up a plausible claim to it as a private hunt-ng ground. If this claim is good, then I am guilty of respass. But it was only done to satisfy the pangs of unger.

This claim of the ownership of the animals of the nclaimed North might be put with plausible excuses o The Hague Tribunal. But it is a claim no serious erson would consider. The same claim of ownership, owever, cannot be said of human life.

The Eskimos are a free and independent people. They acknowledge no chiefs among themselves and ubmit to no outside dictators. They are likely to all an incoming stranger "nalegaksook," which the anity of the early travelers interpreted as the "great hief." But the intended interpretation is "he who has uch to barter" or "the great trader." This is what hey call Mr. Peary. The same compliment is given to ther traders, whalers or travelers with whom they do usiness. Despite his claims Mr. Peary has been re-garded as no more of a benefactor than any other xplorer.

After delivering, early in 1907, an unreasonable nd uncalled for attack, Mr. Peary, two months after he Pole had been reached by me, went North ith two ships, with all the advantage that unlimited

funds and influential friends could give. At about same time my companion, Rudolph Francke, sta south under my instructions, and he locked my house at Annoatok wherein were stored supplies s cient for two years or more.

The key was entrusted to a trustworthy Esk Under his protection this precious life-saving su was safe for an indefinite time. With it no relief pedition or help from the outside world was necessa

Francke had a hard time as he pushed southw with boat and sledge. Moving supplies to the limi his carrying capacity, he fought bravely against sto broken ice and thundering seas. The route proved but impossible, but at last his destination at North was reached, only for him to find that he was too for the whalers he had expected. Impossible to re to our northern camp at that time, and having used of his civilized food en route, he was now compelle accept the hospitality of the natives, in their unhygi dungeons. For food there was nothing but the s putrid meat and blubber eaten by the Eski After a long and desperate task by boat and sle returned to Etah but he was absolutely unable to ceed farther. Francke's health failed rapidly and w as he thought, the time had arrived to lay down and life, a big prosperous looking ship came into the har He had not tasted civilized food for months, and lon as only a sick, hungry man can, for coffee and brea

Almost too weak to arise from his couch of sto he mustered up enough strength to stumble over rails of that ship of plenty. After gathering suffic breath to speak, he asked for bread and coffee. It

breakfast time. No answer came to that appeal. He was put off the ship. He went back to his cheerless cave and prayed that death might close his eyes to further trouble. Somewhat later, when it was learned that there was a house and a large store of supplies at Annoatok, and that the man had in his possession furs and ivory valued at $10,000, there was a change of heart in Mr. Peary. Francke was called on board, was given bread and coffee and whiskey. Too weak to resist, he was bullied and frightened, and forced under duress to sign papers which he did not understand. To get home to him meant life; to remain meant death. And the ship before him was thus his only chance for life. Under the circumstances he would naturally have put his name to any paper placed under his feeble eyes. But the law of no land would enforce such a document.

In this way Mr. Peary compelled him to turn over $10,000 worth of furs and ivory, besides my station and supplies, worth at least $35,000, which were not his to turn over. The prized ivory tusks and furs were immediately seized and sent back on the returning ship.

One of the narwhal tusks, worth to me at least $1,000, was polished and sent as Peary's trophy to President Roosevelt. Under the circumstances has not the President been made the recipient of stolen goods?

When Francke, as a passenger, returned on the Peary supply ship, *Erik,* a bill of one hundred dollars was presented for his passage. This bill was presumably the bill for the full cost of his return. But the priceless furs and ivory trophies were confiscated without a murmur of conscious wrongdoing. This is what happened as the ship went south.

Now let us follow the ship *Roosevelt* in its pir career northward. With Mr. Peary as chief it go Etah. From there instructions were given to seize house and supplies. This was done over the signat of Mr. Peary to a paper which started out with following shameless hypocrisy:

"This is a relief station for Dr. Cook."

According to Mr. Whitney even Captain Bart quivered with indignation at the blushing audacity this steal. The stores were said to be abandoned. men, with Peary's orders, went to Koo-loo-ting-wah forced from him the key with which to open the c fully guarded stores. The house was reconstructe

Murphy, a rough Newfoundland bruiser, who been accustomed to kick sailors, was placed in cha with autocratic powers. Murphy could neither r nor write, but he was given a long letter of instruc to make a trading station of my home and to use supplies.

Now if Mr. Peary required my supplies for leg mate exploration I should have been glad to give my last bread; but to use my things to satisfy his gr for commercial gain was, when I learned it, bi medicine.

Because Murphy could not write, Pritchard left with him to read the piratic instructions once week. Pritchard was also to keep account of the bought and the prices paid—mostly in my coin. M phy soon forbade the reading of the instructions, also stopped the stock-taking and bookkeeping. hypocrisy of the thing seemed to pinch even Murp narrow brain.

This same deliberate Murphy, accustomed to life in barracks, held the whip for a year over the head of Harry Whitney, a man of culture and millions. Money, however, was of no use there. Audacity and self-assumed power, it seems, ruled as it did in times of old when buccaneers deprived their victims of gold, and walked them off a plank into the briny deep.

Murphy and Pritchard, the paid traders, fixed themselves cosily in my camp. Mr. Whitney had been invited as a guest to stay and hunt for his own pleasure. The party lived for a year at my expense, but the lot of Whitney was very hard as an invited guest, a privilege for which I was told he had paid Mr. Peary two thousand dollars or more. His decision to stay had come only after a disappointment in a lack of success of hunting during the summer season. He was, therefore, ill-provided for the usual Polar hardships. With no food, and no adequate clothing of his own, he was dependent on the dictates of Murphy to supply him. As time went on, the night with its awful cold advanced. Murphy gathered in all the furs and absolutely prohibited Whitney from getting suitable furs for winter clothing. He, therefore, shivered throughout the long winter in his sheepskin shooting outfit. Several times he was at the point of a hand-to-hand encounter with Murphy, but with young Pritchard as a friend and gentlemanly instincts to soften his manner, he grit his teeth and swallowed the insults.

His ambition for a hunting trip was frustrated because it interfered with Murphy's plans for trading in skins. The worst and most brutal treatment was the almost inconceivable cruelty of his not allowing Mr.

Whitney enough food for a period of months, not ev
of my supplies, although this food was used eventua
to feed useless dogs.

All of this happened under Mr. Peary's authori
and under the coarse, swaggering Murphy, whom M
Peary, in his book, calls "a thoroughly trustwort
man!" Mr. Peary's later contention, in a hypocriti
effort to clear himself (see "The North Pole," page 7
that he placed Murphy in charge "to prevent
Eskimos from looting the supplies and equipment l
there by Dr. Cook," is a mean, petty and unworthy s
upon a brave, loyal people, among whom thievery i
thing unknown. Unknown, yes, save when white m
without honor, without respect for property or t
ethics of humanity, which the Eskimos instinctiv
have, invade their region and rob them and fellow
plorers with the brazenness of middle-aged buccaneer

ANNOATOK TO UPERNAVIK

ELEVEN HUNDRED MILES SOUTHWARD OVER SEA AND LAND—AT ETAH—OVERLAND TO THE WALRUS GROUNDS—ESKIMO COMEDIES AND TRAGEDIES—A RECORD RUN OVER MELVILLE BAY—FIRST NEWS FROM PASSING SHIPS—THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN—SOUTHWARD BY STEAMER GODTHAAB

XXX

Along Danish Greenland

A few interesting days were spent with Mr. Whitney at Annoatok. The Eskimos, in the meantime, had all gone south to the walrus hunting grounds at Nuerke. Koo-loo-ting-wah came along with a big team of dogs. Here was an opportunity to attempt to reach the Danish settlements—for to get home quickly was now my all-absorbing aim. Koo-loo-ting-wah was in my service. He was guarding my supplies in 1908 when the ship *Roosevelt* had come along. He had been compelled to give up the key to my box-house. He had been engaged to place supplies for us and search the American shores for our rescue. Peary, making a pretended "Relief Station," forced Koo-loo-ting-wah from his position as guardian of my supplies, and forbade him to engage in any effort to search for us, and absolutely prohibited

him and everybody else, including Murphy, Prich and Whitney, from engaging in any kind of succor a time when help was of consequence. Koo-loo-ting-w was liberally paid to abandon my interests (by I Peary's orders, from my supplies), but, like Bart and Whitney and Prichard later, he condemned I Peary for his unfair acts. When asked to join me the long journey to Upernavik, he said, *"Peari nutu"* (Peary will be mad.) Koo-loo-ting-wah w now in Peary's service at my expense, and I insisted t he enter my service, which he did. Then we began preparations for the southern trip.

Accompanied by Whitney, I went to Etah, and this part of the journey Murphy grudgingly gave m scant food supply for a week, for which I gave hi memorandum. This memorandum was afterwa published by Mr. Peary as a receipt, so displayed a convey the idea that all the stolen supplies had b replaced.

At Etah was a big cache which had been lef year before by Captain Bernier, the commander o northern expedition sent out by the Canadian G ernment, and which had been placed in cha of Mr. Whitney. In this cache were food, new equ ment, trading material, and clean underclothes wh Mrs. Cook had sent on the Canadian expedition. W this new store of suitable supplies, I now completed equipment for the return to civilization.*

---

*These supplies had, fortunately, been left in the care of Mr. Whi In the months that followed, Murphy several times threatened to these things, but Whitney's sense of justice was such that no fu pilfering was allowed.

The unbrotherly tactics which Mr. Peary had shown to Sverdrup

To get home quickly, I concluded, could be done best by going to the Danish settlements in Greenland, seven hundred miles south, and thence to Europe by an early steamer. From Upernavik mail is carried in small native boats to Umanak, where there is direct communication with Europe by government steamers. By making this journey, and taking a fast boat to America, I calculated I could reach New York in early July.

Mr. Whitney expected the *Erik* to arrive to take him south in the following August. Going, as he planned, into Hudson Bay, he expected to reach New York in October. Although this would be the easiest and safest way to reach home, by the route I had planned I hoped to reach New York four months earlier than the *Erik* would.

The journey from Etah to Upernavik is about seven hundred miles—a journey as long and nearly as difficult as the journey to the North Pole. I knew it involved difficulties and risks—the climbing of mountains and glaciers, the crossing of open leads of water late in the season, when the ice is in motion and snow is falling, and the dragging of sledges through slush and water.

Mr. Whitney, in view of these dangers, offered to

---

other explorers were here copied by his representative. Captain Bernier was bound for the American coast, to explore and claim for Canada the land to the west. He desired a few native helpers. There were at Etah descendants of Eskimo emigrants from the very land which Bernier aimed to explore. These men were anxious to return to their fathers' land, and would have made splendid guides for Bernier. Murphy volunteered to ask the Eskimos if they would go. He went ashore, pretending that he would try to secure guides, but, in reality, he never asked a single Eskimo to join Bernier. Returning, he said that no one would go. Later he boasted to Whitney and Prichard of the intelligent way in which he had deceived Captain Bernier. Was this under Mr. Peary's instructions?

take care of my instruments, notebooks and flag, s
take them south on his ship. I knew that if any f
were lost on my journey it might be replaced by ga
Instruments lost in glaciers or open seas could not
replaced. The instruments, moreover, had served th
purposes. The corrections, notes, and other data w
also no longer needed; all my observations had been
duced, and the corrections were valuable only fo
future re-examination. This is why I did not take th
with me. It is customary, also, to leave corrections w
instruments.

In the box which I gave to Mr. Whitney w
packed one French sextant; one surveying comp
aluminum, with azimuth attachment; one artificial h
zon, set in a thin metal frame adjusted by spirit le
and thumbscrews; one aneroid barometer, aluminu
one aluminum case with maximum and minimum sp
thermometer; other thermometers, and also one liq
compass. All of these I had carried with me.

Besides these were left other instruments used ab
the relief station. There were papers giving inst
mental corrections, readings, comparisons, and ot
notes; a small diary, mostly of loose leaves, contain
some direct field readings, and meteorological da
These were packed in one of the instrument cases.
special request of Mr. Whitney, I also left my flag.

In addition, I placed in Mr. Whitney's charge s
eral big cases of clothing and supplies which M
Cook had sent, also ethnological collections, furs, s
geological specimens. In one of these boxes w
packed the instrument cases and notes.

Mr. Whitney's plans later were changed.

hip, the *Erik,* not having arrived when Peary returned, Whitney arranged with Peary to come back to civiliza- ion on the latter's ship, the *Roosevelt.* As I learned fterwards, when the *Roosevelt* arrived Mr. Whitney ook from one of my packing boxes my instruments and acked them in his trunk. He was, however, pro- ibited from carrying my things, and all my belong- gs were consequently left at the mercy of the weather nd the natives in far-off Greenland. I have had no eans of hearing from them since, so that I do not now what has become of them.

About Etah and Annoatok and on my eastward ourney few notes were made. As well as I can remem- er, I left Annoatok some time during the third week of pril. On leaving Whitney, I promised to send him ogs and guides for his prospective hunting trip. I also romised to get for him furs for a suitable winter suit— ecause, according to Mr. Peary's autocratic methods, e had been denied the privilege of trading for himself. Ie was not allowed to gather trophies, or to purchase bsolutely necessary furs, nor was he accorded the cour- sy of arranging for guides and dogs with the natives or his ambition to get big game. All of this I was to rrange for Whitney as I passed the villages farther uth.

In crossing by the overland route, over Crystal alace Glacier to Sontag Bay, we were caught in a vio- nt gale, which buried us in drifts on the highlands. escending to the sea, we entered a new realm of oming summer joys.

Moving along to Neurke, we found a big snow- ouse village. All had gathered for the spring walrus

chase. Many animals had been caught, and the h
ers were in a gluttonous stupor from continued o
feeding. It was not long before we, too, filled up,
succumbed to similar pleasures.

My boys were here, and the principal pastime
native gossip about the North Pole.

Arriving among their own people here, Ah-we
and E-tuk-i-shook recounted their remarkable jour
They had, of course, no definite idea of where they
been, but told of the extraordinary journey of se
moons; of their reaching a place where there was
game and no life; of their trailing over the far-off
where the sun did not dip at night, and of their hunt
on our return, with slingshots, string traps, and arr
These were their strong and clear impressions.*

---

*I now learned, also, that the Eskimos had told their tribesm
their arrival at the mysterious "Big Nail," which, of course, mean
to them than the hardship and unique methods of hunting.

Among themselves the Eskimos have an intimate way of conv
things, a method of expression and meaning which an outsider never g
At most, white men can understand only a selected and more simpl
guage with which the Eskimos convey their thoughts. This partly acc
for the unreliability of any testimony which a white man extracts from
There is also to be considered an innate desire on the part of these s
people to answer any question in a manner which they think will p
In all Indian races this desire to please is notoriously stronger t
sense of truth. The fact that my Eskimos, when later questioned
my whereabouts, are reported to have answered that I had not gon
out of sight of land, was due partly to my instructions and partly t
inevitable wish to answer in a pleasing way.

While they spoke among themselves of having reached the "Big
they also said—what they later repeated to Mr. Peary—that they
passed few days beyond the sight of land, a delusion caused by mi
in which, to prevent any panic, I had with good intentions encou
an artificial belief in a nearness to land.

But we were for weeks enshrouded in dense fogs, where nothing
be seen. The natives everywhere had heard of this, and inquired ab
Why has Mr. Peary suppressed this important information? We tr
and camped on the pack for "seven moons." Why was this omitted?
reached a place where the sun did not dip at night; where there wa
enough difference in the height of the day and night sun to giv
Eskimo his usual sense of direction. Why was this fact ignored?

From Neurke we crossed Murchison Sound, along the leads where the walrus was being hunted, and from there we set a course for the eastern point of Northumberland Island.

We next entered Inglefield Gulf. Our party had grown. Half of the natives were eager to join us on a pilgrimage to the kindly and beloved Danes of Southern Greenland; but, because of the advancing season, the marches must be forced, and because a large sled train hinders rapid advancement, I reduced the numbers and changed the personnel of my party as better helpers offered services.

From a point near Itiblu we ascended the blue slopes of a snow-free glacier, and after picking a dangerous footing around precipitous cliffs, we rose to the clouds and deep snows of the inland ice. Here, for twenty-four hours, we struggled through deep snow, with only the wind to give direction to our trail. Descending from this region of perpetual mist and storm, we came down to the sea in Booth Sound. From here, after a good rest, over splendid ice, in good weather, we entered Wolstenholm Sound. At Oomonoi there was a large gathering of natives, and among these we rested and fed up in preparation for the long, hazardous trip which lay before us.

In this locality, the Danish Literary Expedition, under the late Mylius Ericksen, had wintered. Their forced march northward from Uppernavik proved so desperate that they were unable to carry important necessaries.

But the natives, with characteristic generosity, had supplied the Danes with the meat for food and the fat

for fuel, which kept them alive during dangerous a trying times.*

We now started for Cape York. My-ah, Ang-a loo and I-o-ko-ti were accepted as permanent membe of my party. All of this party was, curiously enoug hostile to Mr. Peary, and the general trend of convers tion was a bitter criticism of the way the people had be fleeced of furs and ivory; how a party had been left die of cold and hunger at Fort Conger; how, at Ca Sabine, many died of a sickness which had been broug among them, and how Dr. Dedrick was not allowed save their lives; how a number had been torn from th homes and taken to New York, where they had died barbarous ill-treatment; how their great "Iron Ston their only source of iron for centuries, the much-priz heritage of their nation, had been stolen from the poi we were now nearing; and so on, throughout a long l of other abuses. But, at the time, all of this bitterne seemed to soften my own resentment, and I began cherish a forgiving spirit toward Mr. Peary. After a thought I, I have been successful; let us have an end discord and seek a brighter side of life.

Now I began to think for the first time of the pub aspect of my homegoing. Heretofore my anticipatio had been centered wholly in the joys of a family reunio but now the thought was slowly forced as to the attitu

* In appreciation of this kind helpfulness, the Danes later sen special ship loaded with presents, which were left for distribution am the good-natured Eskimos who had helped Ericksen. Mr. Peary came al after the Danes had turned their backs, and picked from the Danish p ents such things as appealed to his fancy, thus depriving the Eskimos the merited return for their kindness. What right had Mr. Peary take these things? The Danes, who have since placed a mission sta here, in continuation of their policy to guard and protect the Eskimos, awaiting an answer to this question to-day.

hich others would take towards me. In the wildest ghts of my imagination I never dreamed of any orld-wide interest in the Pole. Again I desire to mphasize the fact that every movement I have made sproves the allegation that I planned to perpetrate a gantic fraud upon the world. Men had been seeking e North Pole for years, and at no time had any of ese many explorers aroused any general interest in s expedition or the results.

Millions of money, hundreds of lives, had been sac-ficed. The complex forces of great nations had been rayed unsuccessfully. I had believed the thing could done by simpler methods, without the sacrifice of e, without using other people's money; and, with this nviction, had gone north. I now came south, with no pectations of reward except such as would come from simple success in a purely private undertaking.

I wish to emphasize that I regarded my entire ex-rience as something purely personal. I supposed at the newspapers would announce my return, and at there would be a three days' breath of attention, and at that would be all. So far as I was personally con-rned, my chief thought was one of satisfaction at hav-g satisfied myself, and an intense longing for home.

We camped at Cape York. Before us was the eat white expanse of Melville Bay to the distant anish shores. Few men had ever ventured over this. hat luck was in store for us could not be guessed. it we were ready for every emergency. We moved stward to an island where the natives greeted us with thusiasm, and then we started over treacherous ice uthward. The snow was not deep; the ice proved

fairly smooth. The seals, basking in the new sun
sun, augmented our supplies. Frequent bear tr
added the spirit of the chase, which doubled our sp
In two days we had the "Devil's Thumb" to our left,
at the end of three and a half days the cheer of Da
cliffs and semi-civilized Eskimos came under our eye

The route from Annoatok to this point, follow
the circuitous twists over sea and land, was almos
long as that from Annoatok to the Pole, but we had
ered it in less than a month. With a record m
across Melville Bay, we had crossed a long line of t
ble, in which Mylius Ericksen and his companions ne
succumbed after weeks of frosty torture. We had
it in a few days, and in comfort, with the luxur
abundant food gathered en route.

Behind the Danish archipelago, traveling was
and safe. As we went along, from village to vil
the Eskimos told the story of the Polar conquest.
idly we pushed along to Tassuasak, which we rea
in the middle of May. This is one of the small tra
posts belonging to the district of Upernavik.

At Tassuasak I met Charles Dahl, a cong
Danish official, with whom I stayed a week. He s
only Danish, which I did not understand. Despite
fact that our language was unintelligible, we talked
two or three o'clock in the morning, somehow conve
our thoughts, and when he realized what I told hi
took my hand, offering warm, whole-souled N
appreciation.

Here I secured for Mr. Whitney tobacco and
needed supplies. For the Eskimos, various pre
were bought, all of which were packed on the retur

eds. Then the time arrived to bid the final adieu to y faithful wild men of the Far North. Tears took the ace of words in that parting.

By sledge and oomiak (skin boat) I now continued y journey to Upernavik.

Upernavik is one of the largest Danish settle- ents in Greenland and one of the most important trad- g posts. It is a small town with a population of about ree hundred Eskimos, who live in box-shaped huts of rf. The town affords residence for about six Danish ficials, who live, with their families, in comfortable uses.

I reached there early one morning about May 20, 09, and went at once to the house of Governor Kraul. ne governor himself—a tall, bald-headed, dignified an, a bachelor, about fifty years of age, of genial man- r and considerable literary and scientific attain- ents—answered my knock on the door. He admitted e hospitably, and then looked me over from head to ot.

I was a hard-looking visitor. I wore an old seal- in coat, worn bearskin trousers, stockings of hareskin owing above torn seal boots. I was reasonably dirty. y face was haggard and bronzed, my hair was uncut, ng and straggling. However, I felt reassured in a th and clean underclothing secured a week before at assuasak. Later these clothes were replaced by new othes given me by Governor Kraul, some of which I ore on my trip to Copenhagen. My appearance was ch that I was not surprised by the governor's ques- on: "Have you any lice on you?"

Some years before he had entertained some Arctic

pilgrims, and a peculiar breed of parasites rema to plague the village for a long time. I convinced that, in spite of my unprepossessing appearanc was safe in sheltering me.

At his house I had all the luxuries of a refined with a large library at my disposal. I had also a comfortable feather-bed with clean sheets. I slep hours every day, devoting about four or five hou my work on my notes.

At breakfast I told Governor Kraul briefly o journey, and although he was polite and pleasa could see that he was skeptical as to my having rea the Pole. I remained with him a month, using his and paper putting the finishing touches on my n tive—on which I had done much work at Cape Sp My notes and papers were scattered about, and ernor Kraul read them, and as he read them his d were dispelled and he waxed enthusiastic.

Governor Kraul had had no news of the world for about a year. He was as anxious as I wa letters and papers. I went over his last year's with a good deal of interest. While thus engaged, one foggy morning, a big steamer came into port was the steam whaler *Morning* of Dundee. Her ma Captain Adams, came ashore with letters and news. recited the remarkable journey of Shackleton t South Pole as his opening item in the cycle of the incidents. After that he gave it as his opinion England had become Americanized in its politics after recounting the year's luck in whaling, sealing fishing, he then informed me that from Americ greatest news was the success of "The Merry Wi

nd "The Dollar Princess." I was invited aboard to at the first beefsteak and first fresh civilized food that had eaten in two years. I then told him of my Polar onquest. He was keenly interested in my story, all f my reports seeming to confirm his own preconceived leas of conditions about the Pole. When I went ashore took a present of a bag of potatoes. To Governor Kraul and myself these potatoes proved to be the great- st delicacy, for to both the flavor and real fresh, mealy otatoes gave our meals the finishing touches of a fine essert.

I gave Captain Adams some information about new unting grounds which, as he left, he said would be ied.*

Life at Upernavik was interesting. Among other ings, we noted the total eclipse of the sun on June 17. ccording to our time, it began in the evening at ghteen minutes past seven and ended ten minutes after ine.

For a number of days the natives had looked with nxiety upon the coming of the mysterious darkness ttending the eclipse, for now we were in a land of nxiety and uneasiness. It was said that storms would llow each other, displaying the atmospheric rage; that

---

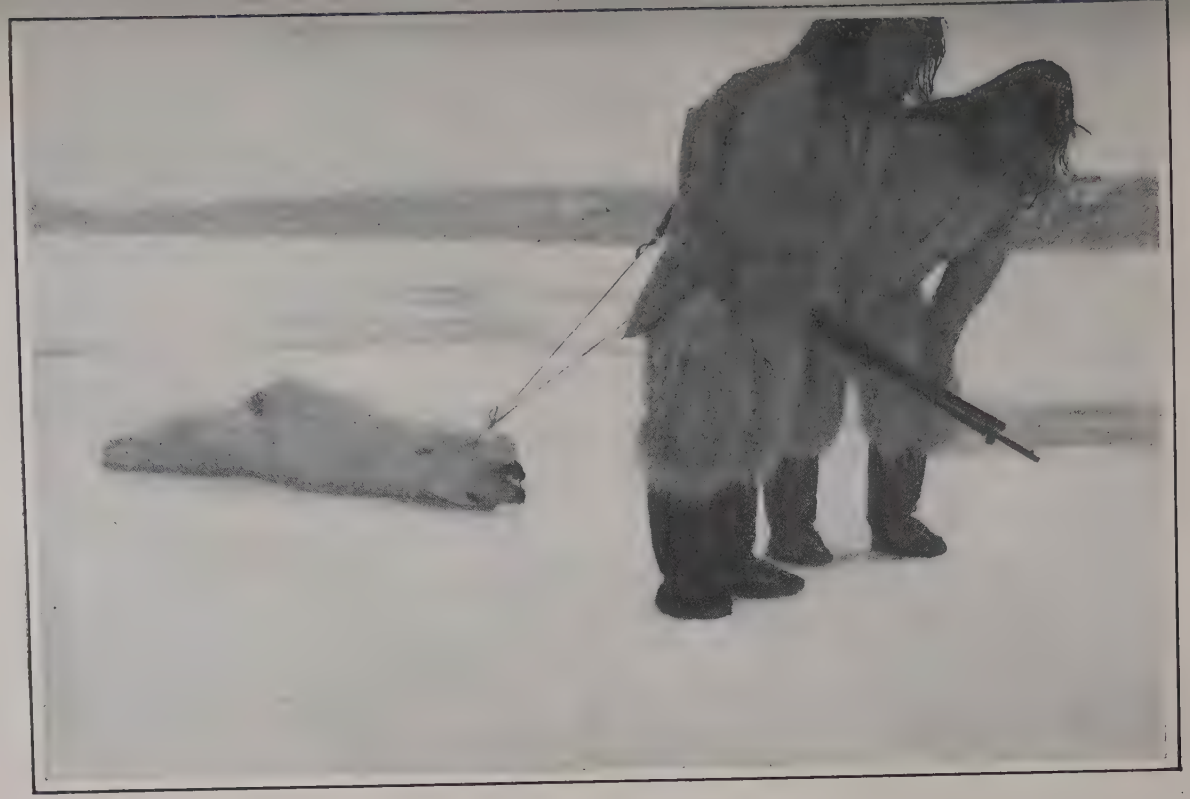
*When Captain Adams arrived off the haunts of the northernmost kimos, he sent ashore a letter to be passed along to Mr. Peary, as he s expected to return south during that summer. In his letter Captain dams told of my attainment of the Pole. The letter got into Mr. ary's hands before he returned to Labrador. With this letter in his cket, Mr. Peary gave as his principal reason for doubting my success at nobody else had been told that I had reached the Pole. I told Whit- y, I had told Pritchard—thus Peary's charge was proven false later. But y did he suppress the information which Captain Adams' letter con- ned? With this letter in his pocket, why did Mr. Peary say that no e had been told?

seals could not be sought, and that all good people sh
pray. Although a violent southwest gale did rush
the last days before the eclipse were clear and warm.

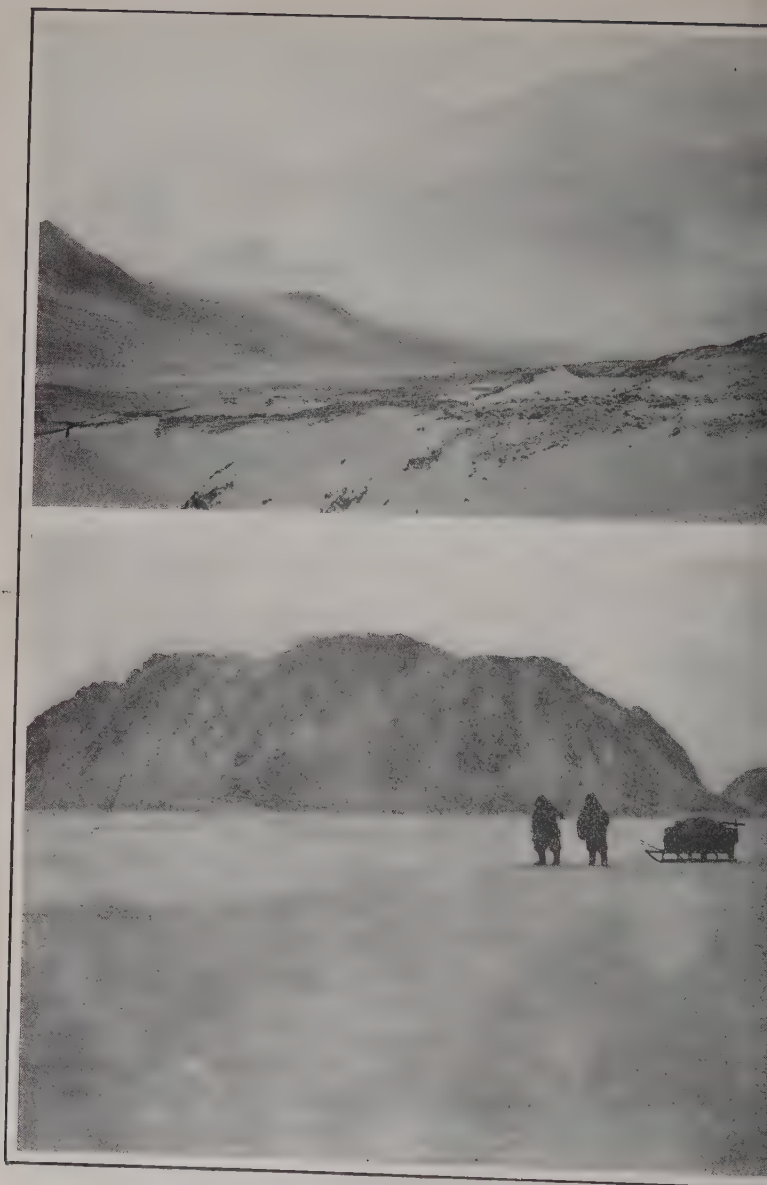
Governor Kraul suggested a camp on the
rocks east. Mr. Anderson, the governor's assistant,
I joined in the expedition. We took smoked and a
glasses, a pen and paper, a camera and field glasses.
little disk was cut out of the northern side of the
before we started. There was no wind, and the sky
cloudless. A better opportunity could not have
afforded. It had been quite warm. The chirp o
snow bunting and the buzz of bees gave the first jo
rebound of the short Arctic summer. Small sand
rose in clouds, and the waters glittered with midsun
incandescence. Small groups of natives, in gorg
attire, gathered in many places, and occasionally
a sly glance at the sun as if something was abo
happen. They talked in muffled undertones.

When one-third of the sun's disk was obscur
was impossible to see the cut circle with the unprot
eye. It grew perceptibly dark. The natives qu
and moved toward the church. The birds cease
sing; the flies sank to the ground. With the fa
light the air quickly chilled, the bright contour o
land blurred, the deep blue of the sea faded to a
purple-blue seemingly lighter, but the midday spl
of high lights and shadows was lost. The burning g
of the waters under the sun now quickly changed
silvery glow. The alabaster and ultramarine bl
the icebergs was veiled in gray.

When a thread of light spread the cut out, we
that the total eclipse was over. In what seemed



SAVED FROM STARVATION—THE RESULT OF ONE OF OUR LAST CARTRIDGES



"MILES AND MILES OF DESOLATION."
HOMEWARD BOUND

Copyright, 1909, *"New York Herald Co."*

few seconds the gloom of night brightened to the sparkle of noon.

At the darkest time the natives had called for open church doors, and a sense of immediate danger came over the savage horizon with the force of a panic. A single star was visible for about a minute before and after the total eclipse. A slight salmon flush remained along the western horizon; otherwise the sky varied in tones of purple-blue.

After the sea had brightened to its normal luster, Governor Kraul gave the entire native settlement a feast of figs.

About June 20, the Danish supply ship, *Godthaab,* with Captain Henning Shoubye in command, arrived from South Greenland. Inspector Dougaard Jensen and Handelschef Weche were aboard on a tour of inspection along the Danish settlements. A corps of scientific observers were also aboard. Among these were Professors Thompsen and Steensby and Dr. Krabbe. Governor Kraul asked me to accompany him aboard the *Godthaab.* Thus I first met this group of men, who afterwards did so much to make my journey southward to Copenhagen interesting and agreeable. The Governor told them of the conquest of the Pole. At the time their interest in the news was not very marked, but later every phase of the entire trip was thoroughly discussed.

In a few days the *Godthaab* sailed from Upernavik to Umanak, and I took passage on her. Captain Shoubye quietly and persistently questioned me as to details of my trip. Apparently he became convinced that I was stating facts, for when we arrived at Umanak, the

social metropolis of North Greenland, the people en siastically received me, having been informed of my by the captain.

After coaling at a place near Umanak we sta south.

At the "King's Guest House" in Eggedesmi the only hotel in Greenland, I met Dr. Norman-H sen, a scientist, with whom I talked. He questi me, and a fraternal confidence was soon established.

Later the *Godthaab,* which took the missio expedition to the northernmost Eskimo settlemen North Star Bay and then returned, arrived from G York with Knud Rassmussen and other Danes ab They had a story that my two Eskimos had said I taken them to the "Big Nail."

FROM GREENLAND TO COPENHAGEN

FOREWARNING OF THE POLAR CONTROVERSY—BANQUET AT EGGEDESMINDE—ON BOARD THE HANS EGEDE——CABLEGRAMS SENT FROM LERWICK—THE OVATION AT COPENHAGEN—BEWILDERED AMIDST THE GENERAL ENTHUSIASM—PEARY'S FIRST MESSAGES—EMBARK ON OSCAR II FOR NEW YORK

XXXI

At the Danish Metropolis

At Eggedesminde was given the first banquet in my honor. At the table were about twenty people. Knud Rassmussen, the writer, among others spoke. In an excited talk in Danish, mixed with English and German, he foretold the return of Mr. Peary and prophesied discord. This made little impression at the time and was recalled only by later events.

At this point I wish to express my gratitude and appreciation of the universal courtesy of which I was the recipient at every Danish settlement in my southward progress along the coast of Greenland.

At Eggedesminde Inspector Daugaard-Jensen endeavored to secure an idle walrus schooner for me. By this I hoped to get to Labrador and thence to New York. This involved considerable official delay, and I

estimated I could make better time by going to Cope
hagen on the *Hans Egede*. Although every berth
this boat, when it arrived, was engaged, Inspec
Daugaard-Jensen, with the same characteristic kin
ness and courtesy shown me by all the Danes, secu
for me comfortable quarters.

On board were a number of scientific men a
Danish correspondents. As the story of my quest h
spread along the Greenland coast, and as conflicti
reports might be sent out, Inspector Daugaard-Jens
suggested that I cable a first account to the world.

The anxiety of the newspaper correspondents
board gave me the idea that my story might have c
siderable financial value. I was certainly in need
money. I had only forty or fifty dollars and I need
clothing and money for my passage from Copenhag
to New York.

The suggestions and assistance of Inspector D
gaard-Jensen were very helpful. Iceland and the Fa
Islands, frequent ports of call for the Danish steame
because of a full passenger list and the absence of co
mercial needs, were not visited by the *Hans Egede*
this return trip. The captain decided to put into L
wick, in the Shetland Islands, so that I could send
message.

I prepared a story of about 2,000 words, a
went ashore at Lerwick. No one but myself and a r
resentative of the captain was allowed to land.
swore the cable operator to secrecy, sent several offi
and private messages, and one to James Gordon B
nett briefly telling of my discovery. As the operator
fused to be responsible for the press message, it

left with the Danish consul. To Mr. Bennett I cabled: "Message left in care of Danish consul, 2,000 words. For it $3,000 expected. If you want it, send for it."

Our little boat pulled back to the *Hans Egede,* and the ship continued on her journey to Copenhagen. Two days passed. On board we talked of my trip as quite a commonplace thing. I made some appointments for a short stay in Copenhagen.

Off the Skaw, the northernmost point of Denmark, a Danish man-of-war came alongside us. There was a congratulatory message from the Minister of State. This greatly surprised me.

Meanwhile a motor boat puffed over the unsteady sea and a half dozen seasick newspaper men, looking like wet cats, jumped over the rails. They had been permitted to board on the pretext that they had a message from the American Minister, Dr. Egan. I took them to my cabin and asked whether the New York *Herald* had printed my cable. The correspondent of the *Politiken* drew out a Danish paper in which I recognized the story. I talked with the newspaper men for five minutes and my prevailing impression was that they did not know what they wanted. They told me Fleet Street had moved to Copenhagen. I confess all of this seemed foolish at the time.

They told me that dinners and receptions awaited me at Copenhagen. That puzzled me, and when I thought of my clothes I became distressed. I wore a dirty, oily suit. I had only one set of clean linen and one cap. After consulting with the Inspector we guessed at my measurements, and a telegram was written to a tailor at Copenhagen to have some clothing

ready for me. At Elsinore cables began to arrive, an thence onward I became a helpless leaf on a whirlwin of excitement. I let the people about plan and thin for me, and had a say in nothing. A cable from M Bennett saying that he had never paid $3,000 so wil ingly gave me pleasure. There was relief in this, to for my expenses at the hotel in Eggedesminde and o the *Hans Egede* were unpaid.

At Elsinore many people came aboard with whor I shook hands and muttered inanities in response t congratulations. Reporters who were not seasic thronged the ship, each one insisting on a special inte view. Why should I be interviewed? It seemed sill to make such a fuss.

Cablegrams and letters piled in my cabin. Wit my usual methodical desire to read and answer all con munications I sat down to this task, which soon seeme hopeless. I was becoming intensely puzzled, and not-knowing-where-I-was-at sensation confused m I did not have a minute for reflection, and before I coul approximate my situation, we arrived at Copenhagen.

Like a bolt from the blue, there burst about me th clamor of Copenhagen's ovation. I was utterly b wildered by it. I found no reason in my mind for i About the North Pole I had never felt such exultatio I could not bring myself to feel what all this indicate that I had accomplished anything extraordinarily ma velous. For days I could not grasp the reason for th world-excitement.

When I went on deck, as we approached the cit I saw far in the distance flags flying. Like a dartin army of water bugs, innumerable craft of all kind we

ping toward us on the sunlit water. Tugs and tors, rowboats and sailboats, soon surrounded and lowed us. The flags of all nations dangled on the corated craft. People shouted, it seemed, in every ague. Wave after wave of cheering rolled over the ter. Horns blew, there was the sound of music, guns ploded. All about, balancing on unsteady craft, their ads hooded in black, were the omnipresent moving-ture-machine operators at work. All this passed as a ving picture itself, I standing there, dazed, simply zed.

Amidst increasing cheering the *Hans Egede* pped anchor. Prince Christian, the crown prince, ince Waldemar, King Frederick's brother, United ates Minister Egan, and many other distinguished ntlemen in good clothes greeted me. That they were ple who wore good clothes was my predominant im-ssion. Mentally I compared their well-tailored gar-nts with my dirty, soiled, bagged-at-the-knees suit. offed my old dirty cap, and as I shook hands with Prince Christian and Prince Waldemar, tall, splen-men, I felt very sheepish. While all this was going I think I forgot about the North Pole. I was most omfortable.

For a while it was impossible to get ashore. Along pier to which we drew, the crowd seemed to drag the water. About me was a babel of sound, of ch I heard, the whole time, no intelligible word. I pushed, lifted ashore, the crown prince before me, liam T. Stead, the English journalist, behind. I ost fell, trying to get a footing. On both sides the ss of people closed upon us. I fought like a swimmer

struggling for life, and, becoming helpless, was pus
and carried along. I walked two steps on the gro
and five on the air. Somebody grabbed my hat,
other pulled off a cuff, others got buttons; but flo
came in exchange. At times Stead held me from
ing. I was weak and almost stifled. On both sid
me rushed a flood of blurred human faces. I was
delirium. I ceased to think, was unable to think,
hours.

We finally reached the Meteorological building
was pushed through the iron gates. I heard t
slammed behind me. I paused to breathe. Somel
mentioned something about a speech. "My God
muttered. I could no more think than fly. I was pu
onto a balcony. I remember opening my mouth,
I do not know a word I said. There followed a l
noise. I suppose it was applause. Emerging from
black, lonely Arctic night, the contrast of that rus
flood of human faces staggered me. Yes, there wa
other sensation—that of being a stranger among str
people, in a city where, however much I might be
ored, I had no old-time friend. This curiously
pressed me.

Through a back entrance I was smuggled int
automobile. The late Commander Hovgaard, a me
of the Nordenskjöld expedition, took charge of af
and I was taken to the Phoenix Hotel. A
ments had also been reserved for me at the Bristo
Angleterre, but I had no voice in the plans, for wh
was glad.

I was shown to my room and, while washing
face and hands, had a moment to think. "Wha

devil is it all about?" I remember repeating to myself. I was simply dazed. A barber arrived; I submitted to a shave. Meanwhile a manicure girl appeared and took charge of my hands. Through the bewildered days that followed, the thought of this girl, like the obsession of a delirious man, followed me. I had not paid or tipped her, and with the girl's image a perturbed feeling persisted, "Here is some one I have wronged." I repeated that over and over again. This shows the overwrought state of my mind at the time.

Next the bedroom was a large, comfortable reception room, already filled with flowers. Beyond that was a large room in which I found many suits of clothes, some smaller, some bigger than the estimated size wired from the ship. At this moment there came Mr. Ralph L. Shainwald—an old friend and a companion of the first expedition to Mt. McKinley. He selected for me suitable things. Hastily I fell into one of these, and mechanically put on clean linen—or rather, the clothing was put on by my attendants.

Now I was carried to the American Legation, where I lunched with Minister Egan, and I might have been eating sawdust for all the impression food made on me. For an hour, I have been told since, I was plied with questions. It is a strange phenomenon how our bodies will act and our lips frame words when the mind is blank. I had no more idea of my answers than the man in the moon.

Upon my brain, with the quick, nervous twitter of moving-picture impressions, swam continually the scenes through which I moved. I have a recollection, on my return to the hotel, of going through hundreds of

telegrams. Just as a man looks at his watch and put it in his pocket without noting the time, so I read thes messages of congratulation. Tremendous offers o money from publishers, and for lecture engagement and opportunities by which I might become a music-ha attraction excited no interest one way or another.

My desire to show appreciation of the hospitalit of the Danes by returning to America on a Danis steamer prevented my even considering some of thes offers. If I had planned to deceive the world for money is it reasonable to believe I should have thrown awa huge sums for this simple show of courtesy?

Having lunched with Minister Egan, I spent pa of the afternoon of the day of my arrival hastily scan ning a voluminous pile of correspondence. Money o fers and important messages were necessarily pushe aside. I had been honored by a summons to the roy presence, and shortly before five o'clock repaired to th royal palace.

I still retain in my mental retina a picture of th king. It is a gracious, kindly memory. Surrounded b the queen and his three daughters, Princesses Ingebor Thyra, and Dagmar, he rose, a gray-haired, fatherly ol man, and with warmness of feeling extended his han Out of that human sea of swirling white faces and sta ing eyes, in which I had struggled as a swimmer for lif I remember feeling a sense of security and rest. W talked, I think, of general topics.

I returned to the hotel. Into my brain came th words, from some one, that the newspaper correspo dents, representing the great dailies and magazines the world, were waiting for me. Would I see them?

nt downstairs and for an hour was grilled with ques-ns. They came like shots, in many tongues, and only w and then did familiar English words strike me and iver in my brain cells.

I have been told I was self-possessed and calm. ad I gone through 30,000 square miles of land? Was competent to take observations? Could I sit down and vent observations? Had I been fully possessed, I sup-se, these sudden doubts expressed would have caused me wonderment; doubtless I was puzzled below the alm of consciousness, where, they say, the secret service the mind grasps the most elusive things. I have since ad my replies and marveled at the lucidity of certain swers; only my bewilderment, unless I were mis-oted, can explain the absurdity of others.

My impression of the banquet that night in the City all is very vague. I talked aimlessly. There were eeches, toasts were drunk; I replied. The North Pole as, I suppose, the subject, but so bewildered was I the time, that nothing was further from my mind than e North Pole. If an idea came now and then it was e feeling that I must get away without offending ese people. I felt the atmosphere of excitement about e for days, pressing me, crushing me.

My time was occupied with consultations, recep-ns, lunches, and dinners, between which there was a verish effort to answer increasingly accumulating legrams. Mr. E. G. Wyckoff, an old friend, now me along and took from me certain business cares. y day there was excitement; by night excitement; there as excitement in my dreams. I slept no more than e hours a night—if I could call it sleep.

As a surcease from this turmoil came the even
at King Frederick's summer palace, where I dined v
the royal family and many notable guests. All were
kindly, the surroundings were so unostentatious, t
for a short while my confusion passed.

I remember being cornered near a piano after d
ner by the young members of the family and plied w
questions. I felt for once absolutely at ease and t
them of the wild animals and exciting hunts of the no
Otherwise we talked of commonplace topics, and ra
was the North Pole mentioned.

Until after midnight, on my return to my hote
sat up with the late Commander Hovgaard and P
fessor Olafsen, secretary of the Geographical Soci
I clearly recall an afternoon when Professor Torp, r
tor of the university, and Professor Elis Stromg
informed me that the university desired to honor
with a decoration. Professor Stromgren asked me ab
my methods of observation and I explained them fre
He believed my claim. The question of certain, ab
lute and detailed proofs never occurred to me. I
sure of the verity of my claim. I knew I had been
accurate in my scientific work as anyone could be.

My first public account of my exploit was delive
before the Geographical Society on the evening of S
tember 7, and in the presence of the king and qu
Prince and Princess George of Greece, most of
members of the royal family, and the most promin
people of Copenhagen. I had outlined my talk
written parts of it. With the exception of these, wh
I read, I spoke extempore. Because of the probabi
of the audience not understanding English, I confi

nyself to a brief narrative. The audience listened uietly and their credence seemed but the undemonstrative acceptance of an every-day fact.

Not knowing that a medal was to be presented to ne at that time, I descended from the platform on concluding my speech. I met the crown prince, who was scending, and who spoke to me. I did not understand im and proceeded to the floor before the stage. Embarrassed by my misunderstanding, he unfolded his apers and began a presentation speech. Confused, I emained standing below. Whether I ascended the tage and made a reply or received the medal from the loor, I do not now remember.

During the several days that followed I spent most f my time answering correspondence and attending to ocal obligations. An entire day was spent autographng photographs for members of the royal family. After nuch hard work I got things in such shape that I saw ny way clear to go to Brussels, return to Copenhagen, nd make an early start for home.

I had delivered my talk before the Geographical ociety. The reporters had seen me, and assailed me vith questions, and had packed their suit cases. Tired o death and exhausted with want of sleep, I viewed he prospect of a departure with relief. Because of my ondition I refused an invitation to attend a banquet vhich the newspaper *Politiken* gave to the foreign correspondents at the Tivoli restaurant.

They insisted that I come, if only for five minutes, nd promised that there would be no attempt at interiewing. I went and listened wearily to the speeches, nade in different languages, and felt no stir at the ap-

plause. While the representative of the *Matin* speaking in French, some one tiptoed up to me placed a cablegram under my plate. From all sides tendants appeared with cables which were quietly pla under the plates of the various reporters. The *M* man stopped; we looked at the cables. A deadly fell in the room. You could have heard a pin drop. was Peary's first message—"Stars and Stripes na to the Pole!"

My first feeling, as I read it, was of spontaneous lief. Well, I thought, he got there! On my right left men were arguing about it. It was declared a h I recognized the characteristic phrasing as Peary's knew that the operators along the Labrador coast k Peary and that it would be almost impossible to pe trate a joke. I told this to the dinner party. speeches continued. No reference was made to the sage, but the air seemed charged with electricity.

My feeling at the news, as I analyze it, was no envy or chagrin. I thought of Peary's hard, long y of effort, and I was glad; I felt no rivalry about Pole; I did feel, aside from the futility of reaching Pole itself, that Peary's trip possibly might be of g scientific value; that he had probably discovered lands and mapped new seas of ice. "There is g enough for all," I told the reporters.

At the hotel a pile of telegrams six inches h from various papers, awaited me. I picked eight re sentative papers and made some diplomatic re expressing what I felt. That Peary would contest claim never entered my head. It did seem, and seems, in itself too inconsequential a thing to make

a fuss about. This may be hard to believe to those who have magnified the heroism of such an achievement, a thing I never did feel and could not feel.

While sitting at the farewell dinner of the Geographical Society the following day, Mr. Peary's second message, saying that my Eskimos declared I had not gone far out of sight of land, came to me. Those about received it with indignation. Many advised me to reply in biting terms. This I did not do; did not feel like doing.

Peary's messages caused me to make a change in my plans. Previously I had accepted an invitation to go to Brussels, but now, as I was being attacked, I determined to return home immediately and face the charges in person. I took passage on the steamship *Oscar II,* sailing direct from Copenhagen to New York.

COPENHAGEN TO THE UNITED STATE

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC—RECEPTION IN NEW YORK—B
WILDERING CYCLONE OF EVENTS—INSIDE NEWS
THE PEARY ATTACK—HOW THE WEB OF SHAME W
WOVEN

XXXII

Peary's Underhand Work at Labrador

It seemed that, coming from the companionle solitude of the North, destiny in the shape of crow was determined to pursue me. I expected to transf from the *Melchior* to the *Oscar II* at Christiansaan Norway, quietly and make my way home in peace. Christiansaand the noise began. On a smaller sca was repeated the previous ovation of Copenhagen.

On board the *Oscar II* I really got more sleep th I had for months previous or months afterwards. Aft several days of seasickness I experienced the joys comparative rest and slept like a child. My brain st seemed numbed. There were on the boat no curiosit seekers; no crowds stifled me nor did applause thund in my ears.

Every few minutes, before we got out of touch wi the wireless, there were messages; communicatio from friends, from newspapers and magazines; repe

ions of the early charges made against me; questions oncerning Peary's messages and my attitude toward im. When the boat approached Newfoundland the ireless again became disturbing. Then came the "gold rick" cable.

At this time, every vestige of pleasure in the hought of the thing I had accomplished left me. Since hen, and to this day, I almost view all my efforts ith regret. I doubt if any man ever lived in the elief of an accomplishment and got so little pleasure, nd so much bitterness, from it. That my Eskimos had old Mr. Peary they had been but two days out of sight f land seemed probable; it was a belief I had always ncouraged. That Mr. Peary should persistently ttack me did arouse a feeling of chagrin and injury.

I spent most of my time alone in my cabin or stroll- ng on the deck. The people aboard considered Peary's essages amusing. I talked little; I tried to analyze the ituation in my mind, but wearily I gave it up; mentally was still dazed.

During the trip Director Cold, chief of the Danish Jnited Steamship Company, helped me with small de- ails in every way; Lonsdale, my secretary, and Mr. Cold's secretary were busy copying my notes and my arrative story, which I had agreed to give to the New York *Herald*. I had made no plans; my one object as to see my family.

As we approached New York the wireless brought ne news of the ovation under way. This amazed and illed me with dismay. I had considered the exagger- ted reception of Copenhagen a manifestation of local xcitement, partly due to the interest of the Danes in

the North. New York, I concluded, was too big unemotional, too much interested in bigger matte bother much about the North Pole. This I told R M. Berry, the Berlin representative of the Associ Press, who accompanied me on the boat. He disag with me.

Having burned one hundred tons of coal in c to make time, the *Oscar II* arrived along Amer shores a day before that arranged for my reception as not to frustrate any plans, we lay off Shelter Is until the next day. It was my wish to send a mes to Mrs. Cook and ask her to come out. But the was rough; and, moreover, she was not well. Now bearing squads of reporters began to arrive. We ag to let no one aboard. The New York *Journal,* characteristic enterprise, had brought Anthony I on its tug with a note from Mrs. Cook. So an excep had to be made. An old friend and a letter from wife could not be sent away.

That night I slept little. Outside I heard the thud of the sea. Voices exploded from megaph every few minutes. Mingled emotions filled me. anticipation of meeting wife and children was sw that again, after an absence of more than two yea should step upon the shores of my own land fille with emotions too strong for words.

The next morning I was up with the rising o sun. We arrived at Quarantine soon after s About us on the waves danced a dozen tugs wit porters. In the distance appeared a tug toward w I strained my eyes, for I was told it bore my wife children. With a feeling of delight, which only

separation can give, I boarded this, and in a moment they were in my arms. I was conscious of confusion about me; of whistling and shrieking; uncanny magnified voices thundering from scores of megaphones; of a band playing an American air. When the *Grand Republic,* thrilling a metallic salute, steamed toward us, and the cheers of hundreds rent the air, I remembered asking myself what it could be all about. Why all this agitation?

Again the contagion of excitement bewildered me; the big boat drew near to a tug, above me swirled a cloud of hundreds of faces; around me the sunlit sea, with decorated craft, whirled and danced. As I giddily ascended the gangplank and felt a wreath of roses flung about me I was conscious chiefly of an unsuitable lack of appreciation. I spoke briefly; friends and relatives greeted me; the shaking of thousands of hands began; and all the while a deep hurt, a feeling of soreness, oppressed me.

From that day on until after I left New York, my life was a kaleidoscopic whirl of excitement, for which I found no reason. I had no time to analyze or estimate public enthusiasm and any change of that enthusiasm into doubt. I had no sense of perspective; involuntarily I was swept through a cyclone of events. The bewilderment which came upon me at Copenhagen returned, and with it a feeling of helplessness, of puzzlement; I felt much as a child might when taking its first ride in a carousel. Each day thereafter, from morning until morning there was a continuous rush of excitement; at no time, until I fled from it, did I get more than four hours' sleep at night—disturbed sleep at that.

I had not a moment for reflection, and even now, aft
recovering from the lack of mental perception whi
inevitably followed, it is with difficulty that I recall n
impressions at the time. I suppose there are those wi
think that I was having a good time, but it was t
hardest time of my life.

I remember standing in the pilot house of t
Grand Republic, my little ones by me, and watchi
thousands of men along the wharves of the East Riv
going mad. The world seemed engaged in some fra
tic revel. Factories became vocal and screamed hid
ously; boats became hoarse with shrieking; the meg
phone cry was maddening. Drawing up to a gay
decorated pier, a thunder of voices assailed me. I f
crushed by the unearthly din.

I was involuntarily shoved along, and found myse
in an automobile—one of many, all decorated with flag
Cameras clicked like rapid-fire guns. A band playe
roaring voices like beating sound waves rose and fe
faces swam before me.

Through streets jammed with people we mov
along. I hardly spoke a word to my wife, who sat nea
Out of the scene of tumult, familiar faces peered no
and again. I remember being touched by the sight
thousands of school children, assembled outside of pub
schools and waving American flags.

In the neighborhood of the new bridge, under t
arch, I recall seeing the eager face of my favorite bo
hood school-teacher. It struck me at the time that s
hardly seemed aged a day. Something swelled up with
me, and I was conscious of a desire to lean out throu
the crowd and draw her into the machine. Through t

thick congestion it was difficult to move; even the police were helpless. Now and again people tried to climb into the machine and were torn away.

At the Bushwick Club I lunched in a small room with friends, and a feeling of pleasure warmed my heart. During the reception words of confidence were spoken and somehow filtered into my mind. I shook hands until my arms were sore, bowed my head until my neck ached. I was forced to retire. Later there was dinner at the club, after which I received seven hundred singers. By this time I felt like a machine. My brain was blank. About midnight, utterly exhausted, I arrived at the Waldorf-Astoria, where I fought through a crowd in the lobby. I think I sat and listened to Mrs. Cook telling me news of home and the family until night merged into morning.

Next day the storm through which I was being swept began again. During that and the days following I made many mistakes, did and said unwise things. I want to show you, in telling of these events, just how helpless I was; what a victim of circumstance; how unfitted to bear the physical and mental demands of a ceaseless procession of public functions, lectures, dinners, receptions, days and nights of traveling, and how unable to cope with the many charges. In sixty days there were not less than two hundred lectures, dinners, and receptions, not to mention the unremitting train of press interviews. With no club of friends or organization of any kind behind me, I stood the strain alone.

I was ignorant of much that was said about me. I had no one to gauge my situation at any time and advise me. About me was an unbearable pressure from

friends and foes; I stood it until I could stand it n
longer. There was not a minute of relief, not a minut
to think. Coming after two years spent in the Arcti
at a time when nature was paying the debt of lon
starvation and hardship, the stress of events inevitabl
developed a mental strain bordering on madnes
Where could I go to get rest from it all? This was m
last thought at night and my first thought in th
morning.

During my second day at the Waldorf I had to rea
proofs of the narrative to be printed in the *Herald*, g
over the plans of my book with the New York publish
ing house with whom I had signed a contract, and ex
amine hundreds of films to select photographs. Ther
were hundreds of letters and telegrams; scores of re
porters demanding interviews; hundreds of callers, fe
of whom I was able to see. An army of publishers
lecture managers, and even vaudeville managers sen
up their cards.

The chief event of the first day in New York wa
the inquisition by newspaper reporters. They bot
interested and amused me. I had gone through th
same ordeal in Copenhagen, and I knew that America
interviewers are famed for their wolfish propensities.

Before I saw the sensation-hungry press men, I go
certain news that shocked my sense of the fairness of th
American press. Someone interested in my case ha
sent me unsolicited copies of all telegrams, cables an
wireless messages passing between New York and th
Peary ship. These messages now continued to com
daily, and thus I was afforded a splendid opportunit
to watch an underhand game of deceit wherein M

eary was shown to be in league with a New York
per aiming secretly to further his claims and to cast
ubt upon mine.

Among these was a message asking a certain editor
meet Peary at Bangor, Maine, to arrange for the pro-
eary campaign of bribery and conspiracy which fol-
wed. In another, and the most remarkable message,
r. Peary first showed the sneaking methods by which
e whole controversy was conducted. A long list of
estions had been prepared by Mr. Peary at Battle
arbor, covering, as rival interests dictated, every
ase of Polar work. These questions were sent to the
ew York *Times* with instructions to compel answers
om me on each of a series of catch phrases.

When the *Times* reporter came to me with these, I
cognized the Peary phraseology at once. I after-
ards compared the copy of Peary's telegram with
at of the *Times,* and found in it nearly every question
ked by the reporters. While the questions were being
ad off, it required a good deal of patience to conceal
y irritation, as I knew Mr. Peary was talking through
e smooth-faced, smiling press cubs, none of whom
ew that he was Peary's mouthpiece. Every one of the
eary questions, however, was amusing, for I had an-
ered each a dozen times in Europe. But if Mr.
eary must question me, why did he stoop to the hypoc-
y of doing it through others? The other reporters
ked many questions, the reports of which I have not
en since. But the duplicity of this little trick left a
ong impression of unfairness.

At about this time I began to examine critically the
ny efforts which Mr. Peary had begun to make to

discredit my achievement. In going over such of reports of his own claims as had gotten to me, I wa once struck with the statements parallel to mine w he had sent out, and since these so thoroughly proved case I felt that I could be liberal and patient with Peary's ill-temper.

I now learned that after Mr. Peary got the reports of my attainment of the Pole at the wire station at Labrador, he withdrew behind the rocks place where no one was looking, and digested that port. His own report came after the digestion of m In the meantime, his delay in proceeding to Sydn Nova Scotia, and his silence, were explained by the cial announcement that the ship was being washed cleaned. This was manifestly absurd. No seaman turning from a voyage of a year, where sailors have occupation whatever except such work, waits until gets to port before cleaning his decks. Furtherm this hiding behind the rocks of Labrador continued weeks. What was the mysterious occupation of Peary? The *Roosevelt,* as described by visitors w she arrived at Sydney, was still very dirty. When Peary's much-heralded report was finally printed, ev Arctic explorer at once said the astonishing para statements in Mr. Peary's narrative either proved case or convicted Mr. Peary of plagiarism. My st by this time, had got well along in the New Y *Herald.* To help Mr. Peary out of his posit McMillan later rushed to the press. He was un contract not to write or talk to the press, nor to lect write magazine articles or books, as were all of Pea men. But this prohibition was waived tempora

Then McMillan made the statement that Dr. Cook must have gotten the "parallel data" and inside information from Mr. Peary's Eskimos. Everyone acquainted with Greenland, including McMillan, knows that such intercommunication was impossible. I had left for Upernavik by the time Peary returned to Etah. Therefore, McMillan and Peary both were caught in a deliberate lie, as were also Bartlett* and Borup later. These were Mr. Peary's witnesses in the broadside of charges with which I was to be annihilated.

A few days after my arrival in America I learned for the first time of the strange death of Ross Marvin. We were asked by Mr. Peary to believe that this young man of more than average intelligence, a graduate of Cornell University and of the New York Nautical School, a man of experience on the Polar seas, stepped over young ice alone, without a life-line, and sank through a film of ice to a grave in the Arctic waters.

An idiot might do that; but Marvin, unless he went

---

*Captain Robert A. Bartlett, of the Peary ship *Roosevelt,* has figured much in this controversy. Most of his reported statements, I am inclined to believe, are distorted. But he has allowed the words attributed to him to stand; therefore, the harm done is just as great as if the charges were true. He allowed Henry Rood, in *The Saturday Evening Post,* to say that my expedition was possible only through the advice of Bartlett. Every statement which Rood made, as Bartlett knows, is a lie. He has allowed this to stand, and he thereby stands convicted as party to a faked article written with the express purpose of inflicting an injury.

Bartlett cross-questioned my Eskimos about instruments. By showing them a sextant and other apparatus he learned that I not only had a full set, but he also learned how I used them. Peary, although having Bartlett's report on this, insinuated that I had no instruments, and that I made no observations. Bartlett knew this to be a lie, but he remained silent. He is therefore a party to a Peary lie.

In the early press reports Bartlett is credited with saying that "Cook had no instruments." A year later, after Bartlett returned from another trip north, faked pictures and faked news items were printed with the Bartlett interviews and reports. There was no protest, and at the same time Bartlett said that books, instruments, and things belonging to me had been destroyed. In the following year Bartlett announced that he was

suddenly mad, would not do it. To cross the young ic of open leads, like that in which Marvin is said to hav perished, is a daily, almost hourly, experience in Arcti travel. To safeguard each other's lives, and to sav sledges and dog teams, life-lines are carried in coils o the upstanders of the sled. When about to risk a cross ing, a line is always fixed from one to the other and fron sled to sled. When this is done, and an accident hap pens such as that which is alleged to have befalle Marvin, the victim is saved by the pull of his companion on the line. This is done as unfailingly as one eat meals. Would a man of Marvin's experience and in telligence neglect such a precaution? I knew such a accident might have happened to the inexperienced ex plorers of the days of Franklin, but to-day it seeme incredible. Furthermore, Peary was boasting of wha he styled the "Peary system," for which is claimed suc thoroughness that without it no other explorer coul reach the Pole. If Marvin's death was natural, then h is a victim of this system.

"going after Cook's instruments." Has the press lied, or has Bartle lied? Next to Henson, Mr. Peary's colored servant, Captain Bartlett Peary's star witness.

George Borup, in "A Tenderfoot With Peary," after repeating in h book many pro-Peary lies, tried to prove his assertion by an alleged stu of my sledge (P. 300): "Except for its being shortened, the sledge w the same as when it had left Annoatok. It weighed perhaps thirty pound and was very flimsy."

This is a deliberate lie, for it was only a half-sled, reassembled a repaired by old bits of driftwood. After this first lie he says, in t same paragraph: "Yet it had only two cracks in it." The upstanders h been cracked in a dozen places, the runners were broken, and every pa was cracked.

Borup shows by his orthography of Eskimo words that he knows almo nothing of the Eskimo language. Therefore he may be dismissed as inco petent where Eskimo reports are to be interpreted. He is committed the Peary interests, which also eliminates him from the jury. But in report of my sled he has stooped to lies which forever deprive him being credited with any honest opinion on the Polar controversy.

But let us read between the lines of this harrowing gedy. After learning of my attainment of the Pole, ary rushed to the wireless. With a letter in his cket from Captain Adams which gave the news that rted the ire of envy, and which also gave the news t convicted Peary of a lie, he thereafter for a week more kept the wires busy with the famous "gold ck" messages.

Marvin's death, and the duty to a bereaved family, ich ordinary humanity would have dictated, were of consequence to one making envious, vicious attacks. r a week all the world blushed with shame because of dishonor thus brought upon our country and our g. In New York there was a happy home, a loving ther, a fond sister; anxious friends were all busy in eparing surprises for the happy homecoming of the beloved by all. It was a busy week, with joyous, rt-stirring anticipation. There was no news from Peary ship. Not a word came to indicate that their pected returning hero had been lost in the icy seas. that mother's yearning heart her boy was nearing me—but alas! no news came! A week passed, and l no news!

At last, after Peary had digested my narrative, carefully prepared press report was put on the es. Ross Marvin's family, engrossed in prepara- ns for a reception with flowers and flags, was about see, in cold, black print, that he for whom their hearts t expectantly was no more. At the last moment, ary's conscience seemingly troubled him. A long ssage was sent to a friend to break the news and to ten the effects of the press reports on that poor

mother and sister. That message was sent "Colle
A man who had given years of his time and his lif
glorify Peary was not worthy of a prepaid telegr

Later, an important letter from Marvin reache
own home. In it the stealing of my supplies is refe
to in a way to show that Marvin condemned Pe
The public ought to know the wording of this part o
letter. Why has it been suppressed? Marvin's de
to my understanding, does not seem natural. Wi
good deal of empty verbiage the sacrifice of this
fortunate young man is explained; but two quest
are forced at once: Why was Marvin without a
line? Why were conveniently lost with him cer
data that might disprove Peary's case?

If Marvin sank into the ice, as Peary said he
then Peary is responsible for the loss of that life, fo
did not surround him with proper safeguards.
death of this man points to something more
tragedy. Since Marvin's soundings were made u
the authority of the Coast and Geodetic Survey,
American Government is, therefore, answerable for
death.

Mr. Peary's treatment of Marvin wearied m
all the Peary talk at the time; and, furthermore, a
Mr. Peary's charges, of which so much fuss was m
carried the self-evident origin of cruel envy and sel
ness. First, the Eskimos, put through a third de
behind closed doors, were reported to have said th
had not been more than two sleeps out of sight of
This was easily explained. They had been instru
not to tell Mr. Peary of my affairs, and they had
encouraged to believe themselves always near

hen this charge was dropped, and the next was made, ie one about my not reporting the alleged cache at Cape Thomas Hubbard." That assertion, instead of ijuring me, convicted Peary of trying to steal from aptain Sverdrup the honor of discovering and naming vartevoeg. For it was shown that by deception "Cape homas Hubbard" had been written over a point dis-vered years earlier by another explorer. For this nd of honor Hubbard had contributed to Peary's xpeditions. But is not the obliteration of a geo-raphic name for money a kind of geographic larceny?

Then was forced the charge that I had told no one my Polar success in the North, and therefore the tire report was an afterthought. Whitney and Prich-d later cleared this up, but at the very time when eary made this charge he had in his possession a letter om Captain Adams, of the whaler *Morning,* which he d received in the North, wherein my attainment of the ole was stated. When Peary got the Adams letter he it on full steam, abandoned his plan to visit other reenland ports, and came direct to Labrador, to the reless. Why was the Adams letter suppressed, when was charged that I had told no one? And, further-ore, why had Mr. Peary told no one on his ship of his n success until he neared Battle Harbor?

All of these charges betrayed untruthful methods the part of Mr. Peary in his own method of presen-tion. Automatically, without a word of defence on y part, each charge rebounded on the charger.

Then there came the page broadside of rearranged arges printed by every American paper. It con-ined nothing new in the text, but with it there was a

faked map, copied from Sverdrup, which was mad
appear as though drawn by Eskimos. The best an
to this whole problem is that from the same ton
with which Mr. Peary tried to discredit me has c
a much more formidable charge against Mr. Pe
For these same Eskimos have since said, wit
quizzing from me, that Mr. Peary never got to the
and that he never saw Crocker Land.

This part of the controversy was thoroughly
lyzed by Professor W. F. Armbruster and Dr. H
Schwartz in the St. Louis *Mirror**.

While this controversy early began to rage,
tremendous offers of money which came in every
contributed to my bewilderment. They seemed f

---

*Professor Armbruster and Dr. Schwartz, of St. Louis, at a
when few papers had the courage to print articles in my defence, ap
to W. R. Reedy, of the *Mirror,* for space to uncover the unfair meth
the Pro-Peary conspiracy. This space was liberally granted, a
whole controversy was scientifically analyzed by the *Mirror* in a
biased manner. Here is shown an important phase of the Peary c
from the *Mirror,* April 21, 1910. As it clearly reveals the facts, I p
part of it as follows:

The point made by Dr. Schwartz, that there is a contradiction b
Peary's statements of September 28 and October 13, is well take
statement of October 13 is a point-blank contradiction of the previo
Dr. Schwartz notes that when Peary made, on September 28, what
called his strongest indictment of Dr. Cook, Peary must have ha
him at Bar Harbor the chart with the trail of Cook's route, and
that, as the later charge was by far the stronger indictment of th
there must be some other explanation of the contradiction.

Analysis of this contradiction develops one of the most serious p
tions of the whole Polar controversy. Mr. Peary might now say t
was holding his strongest point in reserve, but such explanation
not be sufficient, for he stated that the indictment of September 28
strongest that has been advanced in Arctic exploration ever sin
great expedition was sent there," and no child is so simple as to belie
the indictment of September 28 is at all comparable in magnitude
one of October 13. Upon analysis, we find that there is indeed
explanation, and only one, and that is, that *when the indictment of S
ber 28 was made, the one of October 13 had not been conceived
cocted,* and it will show that Peary, Bartlett, McMillan, Borup and
all who signed the statement of October 13, perpetrated a gross
hood and imposition upon the public. All are caught in the one ne

If this coterie had received from the Eskimos such informatio

lous; the purport was beyond me. I imagined this as part of a dream from which I should awake. Were I the calculating monster of cupidity which some believe me, I suppose I should have been more circumspect in making my financial arrangements.

I should hardly, for instance, have sold my narrative story to Mr. James Gordon Bennett for $25,000 when there were single offers of $50,000, $75,000, $100,000, and more, for it. While I was in Copenhagen, and before the *Herald* offer was accepted, Mr. W. T. Stead had come with a message from W. R. Hearst with instructions to double any other offer presented for my narrative. Had I accepted Mr. Hearst's

---

claimed by them in their statement of October 13, then they must have received it from the Eskimos *before Peary and his party left Etah on their return to America.* If they had the information when they left the Eskimos at Etah, on their return to America, then they had it when they arrived at Indian Harbor, and before their statement of September 28 was made.

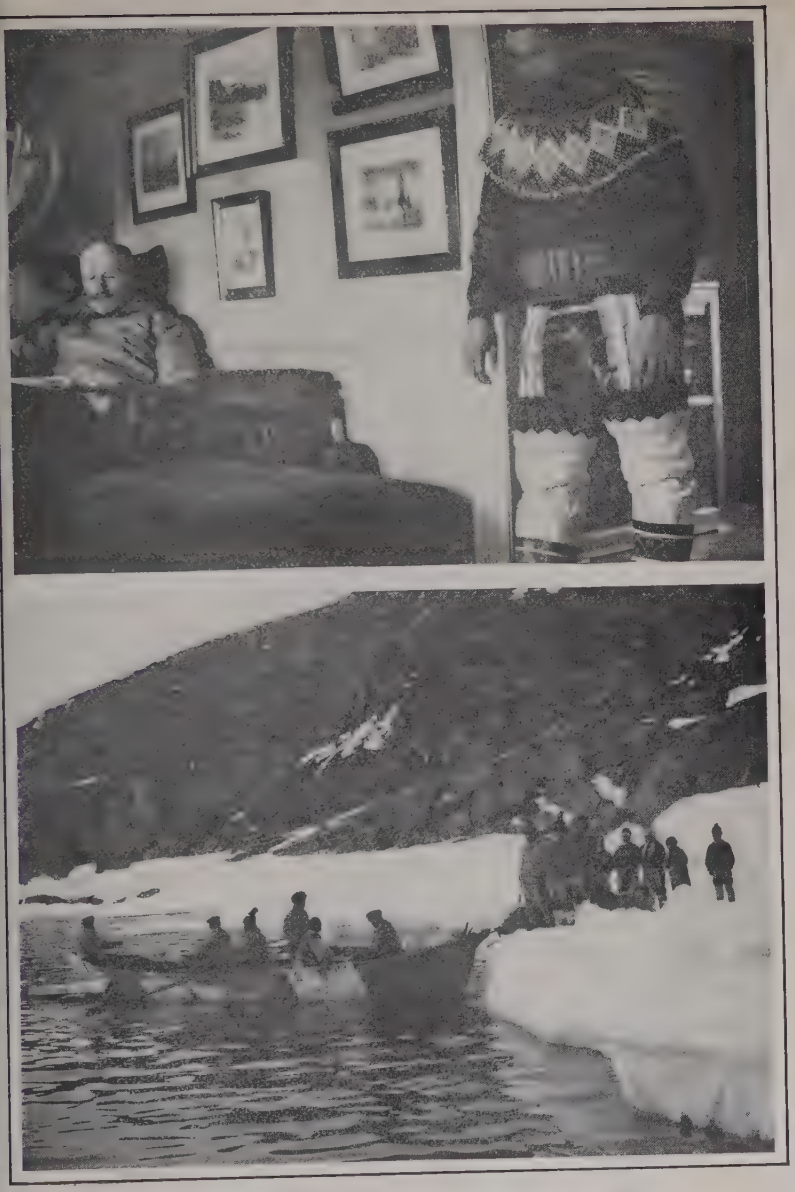
In their statement of October 13, 1909, Peary, Bartlett, McMillan, Borup and Henson state, and sign their names to the statement made to the world and copyrighted, that they had a map on which E-tuk-i-shook and Ah-we-lah, Dr. Cook's two Eskimos, had traced for them the route taken by Dr. Cook, and that this was also supported by the verbal statements of the two Eskimos, *that Dr. Cook had reached the northern point of Heiberg Land, or Cape Thomas Hubbard; that he had gone two sleeps north of it, had then turned to the west or southwest, and returned to the northern headland of Heiberg Land, but on the west or northwest side, and had sent back one of the Eskimos to the cache left on the headland, but on the east side of the point, and remained at this new place on the west side of the point for four or five sleeps.* Then, all the time that Peary was challenging and impugning that Dr. Cook had reached even the northern point of Heiberg Land, according to their own statement of October 13, *they had in their pockets the map and information from the Eskimos that Dr. Cook had not only reached the northern point of Heiberg Land, but traveled above it and turned around the point.* In so challenging that Dr. Cook had reached even the northern point of said land, and thereby discrediting Dr. Cook with all the force and influence at their command, when, according to their own later statement, they had then and at that time, and before such time (since they left Etah on their return to America), the statements, trail of route and testimony of the Eskimos entirely to the contrary, *Peary and his coterie deliberately and knowingly prepetrated on the public the grossest of falsehoods and impositions.*

There are several other contradictions in the statement of October 13.

bid he would have paid $400,000 for what I sold f
$25,000. Here is a sacrifice of $375,000. Does th
look as if I tried to hoax the world for sordid gain,
my enemies would like the public to believe? Wh
Mr. Bennett asked and offered $25,000 for was a seri
of four articles on adventures in the North, for use
the Sunday supplement of the *Herald*. I had no su
articles prepared at the time, nor, as I knew, should
have time to write these. I did have the narrative sto
of my trip, which consisted of twenty-five thousand
thirty thousand words, complete. I decided, when
heard the first reports of doubt cast on my claim,
publish my narrative story as an honest and since
proof of my claim as soon as possible. So I gave th
to Mr. Bennett for the sum offered purely for Sund
articles.

One is the statement that Pan-ic-pa (the father of E-tuk-i-shook), w
familiar with the first third and last third of the journey of Dr. Co
and his two Eskimos. Pan-ic-pa may be familiar with the territory of
last third of the route, but not with the journey made by Dr. Cook a
E-tuk-i-shook and Ah-we-lah over this part of the route, for these th
alone made the journey from Cape Sparbo to Annoatok. Pan-ic-pa w
only as far as the northern point of Heiberg Land, and returned from th
nearly a year before Dr. Cook and his two Eskimos arrived from Ca
Sparbo. This is shown by Peary and his party themselves in their sta
ment that Pan-ic-pa, the father of E-tuk-i-shook, a very intelligent m
*who was in the party of Eskimos that came back from Dr. Cook fr
the northern end of Nansen's Strait* (Sound), came in and indicated
same localities and details as the two boys. Of course Pan-ic-pa co
only indicate the localities that he had himself journeyed to with Dr. Co
and not any after he had left Dr. Cook and the two Eskimos at
norther point of Heiberg Land, or the northern end of Nansen's Sou
which is the same thing.

Another contradiction, a very serious one indeed, as important as
first of the foregoing contradictions is, that if Peary and his party h
such information from the Eskimos as they claimed in their statement
October 13, then they knew that the little sledge of Dr. Cook wh
they saw at Etah was not the sledge that made the trip to the Po
The printed reports show that long before October 13 Peary and all
henchmen were challenging and charging to the public that the little s
in question left with Whitney, could not possibly have made the trip to
Pole. In the statement of October 13, Peary and his party state th



GOVERNOR KRAUL IN HIS STUDY

ARRIVAL AT UPERNAVIK

POLAR TRAGEDY—A DESERTED CHILD OF THE SULTAN OF TH
NORTH AND ITS MOTHER

Mr. Bennett offered me $5,000 additional for the European rights of this story. To this offer I made no reply, giving Mr. Bennett the sole news rights of the story for the entire world.

When I reached New York, needing ready money, I wired Mr. Bennett for an advance on my story. He cabled back an immediate order for the entire sum of $25,000. This gave me a sudden glow, a feeling of pleasure at what I regarded as a display of confidence.

With my lecture work and traveling I was kept so busy that I did not have time to go over the story, typewritten from my almost illegible notes, which was sent to the New York *Herald*. When I did go over the proofs and found many grievous errors, the *Herald* had

---

according to the Eskimos, Dr. Cook and his two Eskimos started from the northern point of Heiberg Land with only two sledges. Further on in the statement, that the dogs and one sledge were abandoned in Jones Sound, and that at Cape Vera—western end of Jones Sound—Peary and his party say that E-tuk-i-shook and Ah-we-lah, Dr. Cook's two Eskimos, informed them that (quoting Peary and his party's statement verbatim), "here they cut the remaining sledge off—that is, shortened it, as it was awkward to transport with the boat, and near here they killed a walrus."

During all the time then, before October 13, *that Peary and his party were belittling this sled, and referring to its character as a positive proof that Dr. Cook could not have reached the Pole, and stating that it would have been knocked to pieces in a few days, they, according to their own statement of October* 13, *knew, even while using such argument against Dr. Cook, that the little sled was not the original sled, but only a part of one which the desperate and fearfully hard-pressed wanderers had themselves—having no dogs—dragged their food for three hundred miles over one of the roughest and most terrible strectches of the frozen zone, never before traveled by man.* According to their own statement of October 13, Peary and his clique convict themselves of boldly and deliberately perpetrating gross falsehoods against Dr. Cook and upon the people. Then shall we believe anything further from them?

There is only one rational view to take of their statement of October 13. That, knowing their first charges were certain to fail, the statement of October 13 was concocted for their own base purposes. *No sane person can believe that if they had had such exceedingly damaging information as is claimed by them in their statement of October* 13, *they could have instead made use of charges far less damaging and known to them to be false.*

W. J. Armbruster.

St. Louis, Mo., April 13, 1910.

already syndicated the story. It was too late for
corrections, and thus many errors appeared.

I made a contract with a New York publish
house, while in Copenhagen, with the idea of gett
out my book and all proofs possible as soon as
presses would allow, in view of the imminent con
versy. For the English and American rights to
book I was to receive $150,000 in a lump sum and
additional $150,000 in royalties. Although pa
were signed for this, later on, when things seemed tu
ing against me and I saw the publishers were gett
"cold feet," I voluntarily freed them from the contr

By the time I left Copenhagen, as I figured la
offers for book and magazine material and lect
had aggregated just one and one-half million doll
A prominent New York manager made me an offe
$250,000 for a series of lectures. During the first
days I had absolutely no system of caring for this co
spondence, hundreds of important cablegrams remai
unopened, and huge offers of money were ignored.
was only after Minister Egan sent Walter Lonsdal
response to my request for a competent secretary,
some intelligible information was gleaned from the r
of correspondence. Most of it, as a matter of fact,
read only when we were on the *Oscar II,* bound
home.

After making my arrangement with Mr. Ben
the *Matin* of Paris had sent me an offer of $50,000
the serial rights of a French translation of the stor
appear in the *Herald.* This included a lecture u
the auspices of the paper in Paris. My anxiety to
home prevented a consideration of this; and it was

fter I sailed on the *Oscar II* that I realized I could have one to Paris, delivered the lecture, and returned to New York by a fast boat.

On the *Oscar II* a wireless had reached me of a large offer for a lecture during the convention in St. Louis. This I decided to accept, the simple reason being that I needed money.

Much criticism has been hurled at me because I started on a lecture campaign when I should have prepared my data and submitted proof. At that time I was in no position to anticipate or understand this criticism. Every explorer for fifty years had done the same thing, all had delivered lectures and written articles about their work after a first preliminary report. Supplementary and detailed data were usually given long afterwards, not as proof but as a part of the plan of recording ultimate results. I had the precedents of Stanley, Nordenskjöld, Nansen, Peary, and others.

Had I anticipated the furore that was being raised about proofs, I probably should have taken public opinion into my consideration. So firm was my own conviction of achievement that the difficulty of supplying such absolute proof as the unique occasion afterwards demanded never occurred to me. My feeling at the time was that I was under no obligation to patrons, to the Government, to any society, or anyone, and that I had a right to deliver lectures at a time when public interest was keyed up, and to prepare my detailed reports at a time when I should have more leisure.

My family needed money. Huge sums were offered me hourly; I should have been unwise indeed had I not accepted some of the offers. I am advised

that stories of enormous lecture profits have been
I am informed that the newspapers said I was to rec
$25,000 for going to St. Louis. The truth is that I
less than half that, though I believe St. Louis prob
spent more than $25,000 in preparing for my app
ance there. All told, I delivered about twenty lect
in various large cities, receiving from $1,000 to $10
per lecture. My expenses were heavy, so that in
end I netted less than $25,000. When I determine
stop the lecture work and prepare my data, I canc
$140,000 worth of lecture engagements.

Each day there was a routine of lunches
speeches, dinners with speeches, suppers with spee
The task of devising speeches was ever present; wit
it did not come easy. But speeches must be made,
I felt a tense strain, as if something were drawing
mentality from me.

Everywhere I went crowds pressed about me
shook hands until the flesh of one finger was actu
worn through to the bone. Hundreds of people
came to see me.

About this time, too, my bewildered brain bega
realize that I was also the object of most fero
attacks from many quarters. I had no time to rea
newspapers, and these charges and suspicions filter
to me through reporters and friends. Usually
reached me in an exaggerated or a distorted form.

There began at this time the publication of i
merable fake interviews and stories misrepresen
me.* One interviewer quoted me as saying

*One of the meanest and pettiest charges concocted for Mr. Pea
time when personal veracity was regarded as the test of rival clai

Dagaard Jensen had seen my records, and therefore onfirmed my claim to the people in Copenhagen; nother that I said Governor Kraul of Greenland had eported talking with my Eskimos, who had confirmed y report. Dagaard Jensen justly denied this by ble, as I had made no such statement. That about overnor Kraul was absurd on the face of it, as he was thousand miles away from my Eskimos. I have no eans of knowing the embarrassing statements attrib-ed to me—things which were variously denied, and hich hurt me. There was not time for me to consider answer them.

Then came the blow which almost stunned me—the ews that Harry Whitney had not been allowed by eary to bring my instruments and notes home with m.

During the long night at Cape Sparbo I had care-lly figured out and reduced most of my important servations. The old, rubbed, oily, and torn field

---

t I had attempted to steal the scientific work of a missionary while I s on the Belgica Antarctic Expedition. Director Townsend, of the w York Aquarium, who, like Mr. Peary, was drawing a salary from taxpayers while his energies were spent in another mission, declared had taken a dictionary, compiled by Thos. Bridges, of Indian words, d had put it forth as my own work. Dalenbagh, of the American ographical Society, and of the "Worm Diggers' Union," polly-like, also peated this charge. "Of the other charges against Dr. Cook we are at ," he said, "but here is something that we know about." By expending cents in stamps, five minutes with the pen, both Townsend and lenbaugh might have learned that the dishonor which they were trying to ach to some one else was on themselves.

Under big headlines, "Dr. Cook Steals a Missionary's Work," the w York *Times* and other pro-Peary papers printed columns of absolute in what purported to be interviews with Townsend. Dalenbaugh, point-to this gleefully, said "Dr. Cook has been guilty of wrong-doing for ny years."

Now what were the facts? Among the scientific collections of the lgian Expedition, was a series of notes, embodying a Yahagan Indian ctionary, made by the missionary, Thomas Bridges. Although this was little use to anybody, it was a scientific record worthy of preservation.

notes, the instrumental corrections and the direct re
ings were packed with the instruments, and these w
mostly left with Mr. Whitney. The figures were i
portant for future recalculation, but otherwise had
seemed materially important to me, for they had ser
their purpose. I had with me all the important da
such as is usually given in a traveler's narrative.
more had ever been asked before.

Under ordinary circumstances, these instrume
and papers would not have been of great value,
under the public excitement their importance was i
mensely enhanced.

I had publicly announced that Mr. Whitney wo
bring these with him on the boat in which he was
return. Had there been no notes and no instrument
hardly should have said this were I perpetrating a fra
for I should have known that the failure of Mr. Whitn
to supply these would provoke widespread suspici

In a friendly spirit toward the late Mr. Bridges and his Indians, I
suaded the Belgians at great expense to publish the work. It was wri
in the old Ellis system of orthography, which is not generally underst
Working on this material for one year without pay, I changed i
ordinary English orthography, but made few other alterations. The
is not yet printed, but part of it is in press. The introduction was pri
five years ago, and among the first paragraphs appear these words:

"My visit among the tribe of Fuegians was not of sufficient lengt
make a thorough study, nor had I the opportunity to collect much
from Indians, but I was singularly fortunate in being in the compan
Mr. Thomas Bridges and Mr. John Lawrence, men who have made
people their life study. The credit of collecting and making this Yah
Grammar and Vocabulary belongs solely to Mr. Bridges, who devoted
of his time during thirty-seven years to recording this material. My
is limited to a slight re-arrangement of the words, a few additions of
and words, and a conversion of the Ellis phonetic characters in which
native words were written into ordinary English orthography. It is h
that this study of Yahagan language, with a few of their tales and t
tions, will, with a report of the French Expedition, make a fitting en
an important record of a vanishing people."

Then follows a short favorable biography of the man whose wo
was accused of stealing.

is is just what happened. Had I foreseen the trou-
e that resulted, I should have taken my instruments
th me to Upernavik, and have supplied my observa-
ns and notes at once.

As I have said before, I believed in an accomplish-
nt which I felt was largely personal, for which a
rld excitement was not warranted and in which I had
ch a sure confidence that I never thought of abso-
ely accurate proof. This was my folly—for which
e made me pay. Imagine my dismay, the heart-
kness which seized me when, through the din of tumult
d excitement, in the midst of suspicion, came the news
at Mr. Whitney had been forced by Mr. Peary to
e from the *Roosevelt* and bury the very material
th which I might have dispelled suspicion and quelled
e storm of unmerited abuse.

The instruments carried on my northern trip, and
t with Mr. Whitney, and which he had seen, consisted
one French sextant; one aluminum surveying com-
ss, with azimuth attachment, bought of Keuffer &
ssen, New York; one glass artifical horizon, set in a
n metal frame, adjusted by spirit levels and thumb-
ews, bought of Hutchinson, Boston; one aneroid
rometer, aluminum, bought of Hicks; an aluminum
se with maximum and minimum spirit thermometer;
her thermometers, and one liquid compass.

Other instruments used about stations were also
t. With these were papers giving some instrumental
rrections, readings, and comparisons, and other occa-
nal notes, and a small diary, mostly loose leaves, con-
ining some direct field reading of instruments and
eteorological data. These took up very little space;

and, if I remember correctly, all were snugly packe
one of the instrument cases.

Mr. Whitney especially asked, as a personal fa
the honor of caring for my flag. Later, after his ret
he said that as Mr. Peary had refused to let him
aboard my things, he had no alternative but to b
them at Etah. I have no complaint to make aga
Mr. Peary about this. He was at liberty to pick
freight of his own ship. But he later said: "His [
Cook's] leaving of his records at Etah was a scheme
which he could claim that they were lost." If
Peary knew this, why did he not bring them?

At the time I felt crippled; my feeling of disg
with the problem, with myself, and with the situa
began. It would be impossible to give in my repo
continuous line of observations. I had no correcti
for the instruments. I knew they might vary. I had
means of checking them. I had some copies of the or
nal data, but they were not complete. I should hav
rest my whole case on a report with reduced obse
tions, for I knew it would not be possible to send a
to Etah until the following year. And I also knew
if Eskimos were not given strong explicit instructi
all would be lost.

Meanwhile, many apparently trivial accusati
against me were being widely discussed, which, n
refuted, had their weight in the long run in discredi
my good faith. On every side I was attacked, no
much for unintentional error, as for deliberate fa
hood.

In the bewildering days that followed—du
which I traveled to various cities to fulfill lecture

gements—I felt alone, a victim of such pressure as, I lieve, has seldom been the fate of any human being.

Friends confused me as much as the attacks of foes. me advised one thing; others another; my brain stag- red with their well-meaning advice. Most of them anted me to "light out," as they expressed it, and tack Mr. Peary. A number suggested the formation an organization, the work of which would be to issue unter attacks on Mr. Peary, to be written by various en, and to reply systematically to charges made ainst me. Such a course was distasteful to me, and, rthermore, the selfish, envious origin of all of Mr. eary's charges seemed evident.

Many of the other attacks seemed so ridiculous that felt no one would believe them—which was another of y many mistakes. The more serious charges I be- ved could wait until I had time to sit down and reply them at length. I felt the futility of any fragment- y retorts. At no time did I have an intelligent grasp the situation, of the excited and exaggerated interest the public, or of the fluctuating state of public inion.

In my many years of Arctic work I had gathered ctures of almost every phase of Arctic life and scene; subsequent trips, unless for some special reason, I did t duplicate photographs of impregnable, unmeltable adlands, or of walrus, or icebergs which I considered pical. In the early rush for illustrative material I ve a number of these to the *Herald,* stating they were enes I had passed, but which had been taken on an rlier expedition. By some mistake, which is not usual in newspaper offices, one of these pictures was

put under a caption, "Pictures of Dr. Cook's Po
Trip," or something to this effect. Whereupon, M
Herbert Bridgman, secretary of the Peary Arctic Cl
shouted aloud, "Fraud!" and others took up the c
A further charge that these pictures were not mine
all, but had been stolen or borrowed from Herbert Be
was advanced—an absolute untruth, as I had the neg
tives, from which these pictures were made, in my p
session.

What, in those early days, had seemed a serio
criticism offered against my claim, was that I had e
ceeded possible speed limits by asserting an average
about fifteen miles a day. The English critics w
particularly severe. According to their reading, t
had never been done before. Admiral Melville h
taken this up in America before my arrival; by t
time I got to New York, Mr. Peary had made a rep
of twenty to forty-five miles daily under similar con
tions, and I asked myself the reason of the sudden hu

Much space was now given to the criticism
learned men of my giving seconds in observations. T
point was taken that as you near the Pole the degr
of longitude narrow, and seconds are of no consequen
Therefore I was charged with trying to fake an imp
sible accuracy. I always regarded seconds as of lit
consequence, put them down as a matter of routine
for in that snow-blinding, bewildering North I work
more like a machine than a reasoning being—and n
the inadvertent use of these was used to cast suspici
upon me.

With this attack, like echoes from many plac
came reiterations of the criticism, which, polly-like, w

ken up by Rear-Admiral Chester. Professor Stockell of Cleveland had earlier brought out this academic scussion. Because I had seen the midnight sun for e first time on April 7 it was claimed I must have en at a more southern point of the globe than I beved. At the time it seemed the only serious scientific iticism of my reports which was used against me.

Whether I was on a more southerly point of the obe than I believed or not, I had not used the midnight n, seen through a mystic maze of unknowable refracon, to determine position; to do so would have been possible. With a constant moving and grinding of e ice, causing opening lanes of water, from which the equality of temperature drew an evaporation like eam from a volcano, it is impossible at this season to e a low sun with a clear horizon. One looks through opaque veil of blinding crystals. Every Arctic travr knows that even when the sun is seen on a clear rizon, as it returns after the long night, his eyes are ceived—he does not see the sun at all, but a refracted age caused by the optical deception of atmospheric stortions. For this reason, as I knew, all observaons of the sun when very low are worthless as a means determining position. The assumption that I had ne this seemed mere foolishness to me at the time.

Staggered by the blow that Whitney had buried my struments in the North, the recurring thoughts of ese harassing charges certainly had no soothing effect.

Alone, I was unable to cope with matters, anyway. under-estimated the effect of the cumulating attacks. pressed by the undercurrent feeling that it was all a ss about very little, a thing of insignificant worth, and

disturbed by the growing uncertainty of proving suc
claim to the point of hair-breadth accuracy by
figures, despair overcame me.

I was so busy I could not pause to think, and
conscious only of the rush, the labor, the worry. I
longer slept; indigestion naturally seized me as its
tim. A mental depression brought desperate premo
tions.

I developed a severe case of laryngitis in Washi
ton; it got worse as I went to Baltimore and Pittsbu
At St. Louis, where I talked before an audience said
number twelve thousand persons, I could hardly ra
my voice above a whisper. The lecture was given w
physical anguish. I was feverish and mentally daz
Thereafter, day by day, my thoughts became less coh
ent; I, more like a machine.

I do not exaggerate when I say that there
practically not one hour of pleasure in those troub
days. The dinner which was given by the Arc
travelers at the Waldorf-Astoria pleased me more th
anything during the entire experience. I felt the cl
presence of hundreds of warm friends; I was consci
of their good will.

I can recall the ceremony of presenting the keys
the City of New York to me, but I was so confused a
half ill that I was not in a condition to appreciate
honor.

After I had been on my lecture tour for a f
weeks, I began to feel persecuted. On every side
sensed hostility; the sight of crowds filled me with
growing sort of terror. I did not realize at the ti
that I was passing from periods of mental depression

angerous periods of nervous tension. I was pursued
y reporters, people with craning necks, good-natured
emonstrations of friendliness that irritated me. In the
ains I viewed the whirling landscape without, and felt
yself part of it—as a delirious man swept and hurtled
rough space.

I suppose I answered questions intelligently; like
n automaton delivered my lectures, shook hands. I
ave been told I smiled pleasantly always—mentally I

Author's Note.—I have never attempted to disprove Mr. Peary's
aim to having reached the North Pole. I prefer to believe that Mr.
eary reached the North Pole.

So avid have been my enemies, however, to cast discredit upon my
n achievement, by such trivial and petty charges, that it seems curious
ey have never noticed or have remained silent about many striking and
aggering discrepancies in Mr. Peary's own published account of his
urney.

In Mr. Peary's book, entitled "The North Pole; Its Discovery, 1909,"
blished by Frederick A. Stokes Company, on page 302, appears the
llowing:

"We turned our backs upon the Pole at about four o'clock of the
ternoon of April 7."

According to a statement made on page 304, Mr. Peary took time on
s return trip to take a sounding of the sea five miles from the Pole.

On page 305, Mr. Peary says: "Friday, April 9, was a wild day. All
y long the wind blew strong from the north-northeast, increasing finally
a gale." And on page 306: "We camped that night at 87° 47′."

Mr. Peary thus claims to have traveled from the Pole to this point, a
stance of 133 nautical miles, or 153 statute miles, in a little over two
ys. This would average 76½ statute miles a day. Could a pedestrian
ake such speed? During this time Mr. Peary camped twice, to make
a, eat lunch, feed the dogs, and rest—several hours in each camp.

Why I should never have gone out of sight of land for more than
o days, as he has charged, when such miraculous speed can be made on the
rcumpolar sea, is something Mr. Peary might find interesting reasons to
plain.

On page 310, Mr. Peary says: "We were coming down the North
le hill in fine shape now, and another double march, April 16-17, brought
to our eleventh upward camp at 85° 8′, one hundred and twenty-one
les from Cape Columbia."

According to this, Mr. Peary covered the distance from 87° 47′, on
pril 9, to 85° 8′, on April 17—a distance of 159 nautical miles in eight
y. This averaged twenty miles a day.

On page 316, he says: "It was almost exactly six o'clock on the
rning of April 23 when we reached the igloo of 'Crane City,' at Cape
lumbia, and the work was done."

was never conscious of a smile. It is strange how, r
chine-like, a man can conduct himself like a reasona
being when, mentally, he is at sea. I have read a gr
deal about the subconscious mind; on no other the
can I account for my rational conduct in public at
time. Really, as I view myself from the angle of
present, I marvel that a man so distraught did not
desperate things.

Mr. Peary left 85° 8′ on April 17, according to his statement,
traveled 121 miles to Cape Columbia in six days, arriving on April
This last stretch was at the rate of twenty miles a day. To sum up
traveled from the North Pole, according to his statements, to land
follows:

The first 133 nautical miles southward in two days, at the rate
66 nautical miles, or 76½ statute miles, a day; the last 279 nautical m
in fourteen days, an average of 20 miles a day.

According to Peary's book, Bartlett left him at 87° 46′, and
Peary started on his final spurt to the Pole a little after midnight on
morning of April 2. By arriving at the point where he left Bartlett on
evening of April 9, he would have made the distance of 270 miles
the Pole from this point and back, in a little over seven days.

In the New York *World* of October 3, 1910, page 3, column 6, Matt
Henson makes the following statement: "On the way up we had to b
a trail, and averaged only eighteen to twenty miles a day. On the
back we had our own trail to within one hundred miles of land, and
Captain Bartlett's trail. We made from twenty to forty miles a day."

At the rate of twenty miles a day on the way up, which He
claims was made, it would have taken 6 days and 18 hours to cover
distance of 135 miles from 87° 47′ to the Pole. Adding the thirty h
Mr. Peary claims he spent at the Pole for observations, eight days w
have elapsed before they started back. Peary says the round trip of
miles from 87° 47′ N. to the Pole and the return to the same latitude
done in seven days and a few hours.

Why has Mr. Peary never been asked to explain his miraculous s
and the discrepancy between his statement and Henson's?

Henson was Mr. Peary's sole witness. When Mr. Peary, in a fra
up document, endeavors to disprove my claim by quoting my Eskimo
would be just as fair to apply Henson's words to disprove Peary.

Moreover, inasmuch as Mr. Peary's partisans attacked my s
limits when I made my first reports, does it not seem curious indeed
they now accept as infallible, and *ex cathedra*, the published report
the almost supernatural feat in covering distance made by Mr. Peary?

THE KEY TO THE CONTROVERSY

PEARY AND HIS PAST—HIS DEALING WITH RIVAL EXPLORERS—THE DEATH OF ASTRUP—THE THEFT OF THE "GREAT IRON STONE," THE NATIVES' SOLE SOURCE OF IRON

XXXIII

Actions Which Call for Investigation

Aiming to be retired from the Navy as a Captain, with a comfortable pension; aiming eventually to wear the stripes of a Rear-Admiral, which necessitated a promotion over the heads of others in the normal line of advancement, a second Polar victory, which was all that Peary could honestly claim, was not sufficient. Something must be done to destroy in the public eye the merits of my achievement for the first attainment of the Pole. I had reached the Pole on April 21, 1908. Mr. Peary's claims were for April 6, 1909, a year later. To destroy the advantage of priority of my conquest, and to establish himself as the first and only one who had reached the Pole, was now the one predominant effort to which Mr. Peary and his coterie of conspirators set themselves. To this end the cables were now made to burn with an abusive campaign, which the press, eager for sensations, took up from land's end to land's end,

even to the two worlds. The wireless operators pic
up messages that were being thrown from ship to s
and from point to point. Each carried unkind insin
tions coming from the lips of Mr. Peary. The p
and the public were induced to believe that Pea
words came from one who was himself above the sha
of suspicion. Their efforts, however, as we will
later, did not differ from the battle of envy for
against others before me, but it was now done m
openly.

It was difficult to remain silent against such wo
wide slanders. But I reasoned that truth would
mately prevail, and that the rebound of the Ameri
spirit of fair play would quell the storm.

I had known for nearly a quarter of a century
man for whom the press now attacked me. I had ser
on two of his expeditions without pay; I had watc
his successes and his failures; I had admired his str
qualities, and I had shivered with the shocks of
wrongdoings. But still I did not feel that anyth
was to be gained by retaliative abuse; and the t
about him, out of charity, I hesitated to tell. N
argued, this warfare of the many against one, under
dictates of envy, must ultimately bring to light its
injustice.

I had always reasoned that a quiet, dignified, r
assailing bearing would be most effective in a battl
this kind. Contrary to the general belief at the t
this was not done out of respect for Mr. Peary
seemed the best means to a worthier end. But I did
know at this time that the press, dog-like, jumps u
him who maintains a non-attacking attitude. In m

ern times, the old Christian philosophy of turning the other cheek, as I have found, does not give the desired results.

The press, which, at my home-coming, had lavished praise and glowing panegyric, now, as promptly, swung completely around and heaped upon my head terms of opprobrium and obloquy. Faked news items were issued to discredit me by Peary's associates; editors devoted space to jibes and sarcasms at my expense; clever writers and cartoonists did their best to make my name a humorous byword with my countrymen. Much of this I did not know until long after.

The suddenness of all this—the terrible injustice and unreasonableness of it—simply overwhelmed me. Arriving from the cruel North, completely spent in body and in mind, the rest that I was urgently in need of had been constantly denied me. Instead, I had been caught up and held within a perfect maelstrom of excitement. That excitement still ran like fever in my veins. The plaudits of the multitude were still ringing in my ears when this horror of a world's contumely burst on my head. I could only bow my head and let the storm spend itself about me. Sick at heart and dazed in mind, conscious only of a vague disgust with all the world and myself, I longed for respite and forgetfulness within the bosom of my family.

So, quietly, I decided to retire for a year, out of reach of the yellow papers; out of reach of the grind of the pro-Peary mill of infamy, still maintaining silence rather than stoop to the indignity of showing up the dark side of Mr. Peary's character. Having returned, I hesitate to do it now; but the weaving of the leprous

blanket of infamy with which Peary and his supporte attempted to cover me cannot be understood unless look through Mr. Peary's eyes—regard other explore as he regarded them; regard the North as his inalie able property as he did, and regard his infamous, hig handed injustices as right.

I have now decided to uncover the incentive of t one-sided fight to which I have so long maintained non-attacking attitude. I had hoped, almost again hope, that the public would ultimately understan without a word from me, the humbug of the mudslinge who were attempting to defame my character. I h felt sure that the hand which did the besmearing w silhouetted clearly against the blackness of its own ma ing. But the storm of a sensation-seeking press la so thickened the atmosphere that the public, from whi one has a sure guarantee of fair play, was denied clear view.

Now that the storm has spent its force; now th the hand which did the mudslinging has within its gra the unearned gain which it sought; now that a cle point of observation can be presented, I am compelle with much reluctance and distaste, to reveal t unpleasant and unknown past of the man who tried ruin me; showing how unscrupulous and brutal he w to others before me; with evidence in hand, I sh reveal how he wove his web of defamation and how friends conspired with him in the darkest, meanest a most brazen conspiracy in the history of exploration.

In doing this, my aim is not to challenge M Peary's claim, but to throw light on unwritten pages history, which pages furnish the key to unlock the lo

losed door of the Polar controversy and the pro-Peary onspiracy.

From the earliest days, Mr. Peary's effort to reach he Pole was undertaken primarily for purposes of ersonal commercial gain. For twenty years he has assed the hat along lines of easy money. That hat ould be passing to-day if the game had not been, in the pinion of many, spoiled by my success.

For nearly twenty years he sought to be promoted ver the heads of stay-at-home but hardworking naval fficers. During all of this time, while on salary as a aval officer, he was away engaged in private enterrises from which hundreds of thousands of dollars went nto his pockets. By wire-pulling and lobbying he ucceeded in having the American Navy pay him an unarned salary. Such a man could not afford to divide he fruits of Polar attainment with another.

In 1891, as the steamer *Kite* went north, Mr. Peary egan to evince the brutal, selfish spirit which later was hown to every explorer who had the misfortune to cross is trail. Nansen had crossed Greenland; his splendid uccess was in the public eye. Mr. Peary attempted to elittle the merited applause by saying that Nansen had orrowed the "Peary system." But Peary had borowed the Nordenskiold system, without giving credit. A few months later, Mr. John M. Verhoeff, the meteoologist of the *Kite* expedition, was accorded such unrotherly treatment that he left his body in a glacial revasse in preference to coming home on the same ship ith Mr. Peary. This man had paid $2,000 for the rivilege of being Peary's companion.

Eivind Astrup, another companion of Peary, a few

years later was publicly denounced because he h
written a book on his own scientific observations a
did work which Peary had himself neglected to
This attempt to discredit a young, sensitive explo
was followed by his mental unbalancement and suici

About 1897, Peary took from the people of
Farthest North the Eskimos' treasured "Star Ston
At some remote period in the unknown history of
frigid North, thousands of years ago, when, possib
the primitive forefathers of the Eskimos were perishi
from inability to obtain food in that fierce war wag
between Nature and crude, blindly struggling, a
riginal life because of a lack of weapons with which
kill, there swiftly, roaringly, descended from the m
terious skies a gigantic meteoric mass of burning, whi
hot iron. Whence it came, those dazed and start
people knew not; they regarded it, as their descenda
have regarded it, with baffled mystified terror; lat
with reverence, gratitude, and a feeling akin to a
Gazing skyward, in the long, starlit nights, there
doubtedly welled up surgingly in the wild hearts
these innocent, Spartan children of nature, a feeling
vague, instinctive wonder at the Power which swu
the boreal lamps in heaven; which moves the worlds
space; which sweeps in the northern winds, and whi
for the creatures of its creation, apparently conscious
and often by means seemingly miraculous, provi
methods of obtaining the sources of life. As the met
and its two smaller fragments cooled, the natives,
the innate and adaptive ingenuity of aboriginal m
learned to chip masses from it, from which were shap
knives and arrows and spearheads. It became th

nine of treasure, more precious than gold; it was their nly means of making weapons for obtaining that which ustained life. With new weapons, they developed the rt of spear-casting and arrow-throwing. As the cenuries passed, animals fell easy prey to their skill; the tarvation of elder ages gave way to plenty.

The arm of God, it is said in the Scriptures, is long. From the far skies it extended to these people of an ce-sheeted, rigorous land, that they might survive, this niraculous treasure. It seemed, however, that the arm f man, in its greed, proved likewise long; and as the trange providence which gave these people their chief neans of killing was kind, so the arm of man was cruel.

In 1894, R. E. Peary, regarding the Arctic world s his own, the people as his vassals, came north, and a ear later took from these natives, without their conent, the two smaller fragments. In 1897 he took "The Tent," or Great Iron Stone, the natives' last and one ource of mineral wealth and ancestral treasure. That was these people's great source of securing metal neant nothing to him; that it was a scientific curio, whereby he might secure a specious credit from the ell-fed armchair gentlemen of science at home, meant nuch to the man who later did not hesitate to employ nethods of dishonor to try to secure exclusive credit of he achievement of the Pole. Just as he later tried to ob me of honor, so he ruthlessly took from these people thing that meant abundance of game—and game here meant life.

The great "Iron Stone" was hauled aboard the S. S. *Hope,* and brought to New York. Today it reposes in the Museum of Natural History—a bulky,

black heap of metal, which can be viewed any day by t
well-fed and curious. In the North, where he w
not go again to give his mythical "abundance of gu
and ammunition," the Eskimos need the metal wh
was sold to Mrs. Morris K. Jesup (who presented it
the museum) for $40,000. That money went into M
Peary's pockets. In a land where laws existed this
would be regarded as a high-handed, monumental a
dishonorable theft. One who might attempt now
purloin the ill-gotten hulk from the museum would
prosecuted. Taken from the people to whose anc
tors it was sent, as if by a providence that is divine, a
to whom it meant life, it gave Mr. Peary so-called sci
tific honors among his friends. In the name of religi
it has been said, many crimes have been committed.
remained for this man to reveal what atrocious thi
could be done in the fair name of science.

At about the same time a group of seven or eig
Eskimos were put aboard a ship against their will a
brought to New York for museum purposes. Th
were locked up in a cellar in New York, awaiting
market place. Before the profit-time arrived, becau
of unhygienic surroundings and improper food, all
one died. When in the grip of death, through a M
Smith, who ministered to their last wants, th
appealed with tears in their eyes for some word fr
Mr. Peary. They begged that he extend them
attention of visiting them before their eyes closed t
world of misery and trouble. There came no word a
no responsive call from the man who was responsi
for their suffering. Of seven or eight innocent w
people, but one little child survived. That on

Iene—was later even denied a passage back to his athers' land by Mr. Peary.

A few years later, the Danish Literary Expedition isited the northernmost Eskimos in their houses. The plendid hospitality shown the Danes by the Eskimos aved their lives. The Danish people, aiming to xpress their gratitude for this unselfish Eskimo kind- ess, sent a ship to their shores on the following year, oaded with presents, at an expenditure of many thou- ands of kroner. That ship, under the direction of Cap- ain Schoubye, left at North Star great quantities of ood, iron and wood. After the Danes had turned their acks, Mr. Peary came along and deliberately, high- andedly, took many of the things. This story is told oday by every member of the tribe whom Peary claims o have befriended, whom he calls "my people."

The sad story of the unavoidable deaths by starva- ion of the members of General Greely's Expedition has or years been issued and reissued to the press by Mr. Peary and his press agents, in such form as to discredit General Greely and his co-workers. His own inhuman oings about Cape Sabine and the old Greely stamping- rounds have been suppressed.

In 1901 the ship *Erik* left Mr. Peary, with a large roup of native helpers, near Cape Sabine. An pidemic, brought by the Peary ship, soon after attacked he Eskimos. Many died; others survived to endure a low torture. Peary had no doctor and no medicine. n the year previous, Peary had shown the same spirit o the ever faithful Dr. Dedrick that he had shown to Verhoeff, to Astrup, and to others. Although Dedrick ould not endure Peary's unfairness, he remained,

against instructions, within reach for just such a emergency as this epidemic presented. He offered h services when the epidemic broke out, but Peary refuse his offer, and allowed the natives to die rather ths permit a competent medical expert to attend th afflicted.

Near the same point, a year later, Captain Ott Sverdrup wintered with his ship. His mission was t explore the great unknown to the west. This unex plored country had been under Mr. Peary's eye for te years; but instead of exploring it, his time was spent i an easy and comparatively luxurious life about comfortable camp. When Sverdrup's men visited th Peary ship, they were denied common brotherly cou tesy and were refused the hospitality which is universall granted, by an unwritten law, to all field workers. M Peary even refused to send him, on his returning shi important letters and papers which Sverdrup desire taken back. He also refused to allow Sverdrup to tak native guides and dogs—which did not belong to M Peary. This same courtesy was later denied to Cap tain Bernier, of the Canadian Expedition.

Thus attempting to make a private preserve of th unclaimed North, he attempted to discredit and thwa every other explorer's effort. In line with the sam policy, every member of every Peary expedition ha been muzzled with a contract which prevented talkin or writing after the expedition's return—contracts b which Mr. Peary derived the sole credit, the enti profit, and all the honor of the results of the men wh volunteered their services and risked their lives. Th same spirit was shown at the time when, at 87° 45′,

turned Captain Bartlett back, because he (Peary), to use his own words, "wanted all the honors."

In profiting by his long quest for funds for legitimate exploration, we find Peary engaged in private enterprises for which public funds were used. Much of his money was, in my judgment, used to promote a lucrative fur and ivory trade, while the real effort of getting to the Pole was delayed, seemingly, for commercial gain. I believe the Pole might have been reached ten years earlier. But delay was profitable.

After being thus engaged for years in a propaganda of self-exploitation, in assailing other explorers whom he regarded as rivals, in committing deeds in the North unworthy of an American and officer of the Navy, Peary, knowing that I had started Poleward, knowing that relief must inevitably be required, ultimately appropriated my supplies, and absolutely prevented any effort to reach me, which even the natives themselves might have made. Peary knew he was endangering my life. He knew that he was getting ivory and furs in return for supplies belonging to me, and which I should need. He knew, also, that it would not coincide with his selfish purposes of appropriating all honor and profit if I reached the Pole and should return and tell the world. His deliberate act was in itself—whether so designed or not—an effort to kill a brother explorer. The stains of at least a dozen other lives are on this man.

The property which Peary took from Francke and myself, with the hand of a buccaneer and the heart of a hypocrite, was worth thirty-five thousand dollars. This was done, not to insure expedition needs, but to satisfy

a hunger for commercial gain, and to inflict a cowardl underhanded injury on a rival. All of my caches, n camp equipment, my food, were taken; and under h own handwriting he gave the orders which deprived u of all relief efforts at a time when relief was of vit importance. Certainly to all appearances this was deliberate, preconceived plan to kill a rival worker b starvation. Here we find an American naval offic stooping to a trick for which he would be hanged in mining camp.

Many members of his expeditions, some rough se men, speak with shuddering of his actions in that fa away North. In my possession are affidavits, volu tarily made and given to me by members of Mr. Peary expeditions, revealing gross actions, which, in an offic of the Navy, call for investigation. Mention has be made of certain facts, because, only by knowing the things, can people understand the spirit and charact of the man and the unscrupulous attacks made up me, and understand, also, why, out of a sense of de cacy and dislike for mudslinging, I remained silent long. It is only because the public has been misled a sensational press, because I realize I have suffered my own silence, in order that history may know the fu truth and accord a just verdict, that with reluctan with a sense of shuddering distaste, I have been co pelled to present these unpleasant pages of unwritt Arctic history.

When Mr. Peary and his partisans attacked m they hesitated at nothing that was untrue, cruel a dishonorable—forgery and perjury even seemed jus fiable to them in their effort to discredit me. I st

esitate to speak of certain unworthy, unblushing and tterly cruel acts of which Mr. Peary is guilty. I ould have preferred to remain silent about the actions f which I have told.

Assuming the attitude of one above reproach, Peary, pon his return, assailed me as a dishonest person who ied to rob him of honor. Had the actual and full uths been told at the time about Peary's life in the orth, his charges would have rebounded annihilatingly pon himself. For certain things the people of this untry, who are clean, honest and fair, will not stand. he facts told about Peary in the affidavits given me ake his charges of dishonor and dishonesty against e a travesty, indeed. Yet, at a time when I might ve profited by revealing phases of Mr. Peary's per- nal character, I preferred to remain silent. Of cer- in things men do not care to speak. Although Mr. eary and his friends endeavored to make the Polar ntroversy a personal one, I regarded Mr. Peary's rsonal actions as having no bearing upon his, or my, ving attained the Pole. He and his friends forced a rsonal fight; they tried to injure my veracity, my putation for truth-telling, my personal honor. I had ped against hope that the truth would resolve itself ithout any necessity of my revealing elements of Mr. eary's character. I have herein recited pages from his st, known to Arctic explorers but not to the general blic, so that his attitude toward me may be under- od. Yet all, indeed, has not been told. Although r. Peary did not scruple to lie about me, I still hesitate tell the full truth about him.

In the white, frozen North a tragedy was enacted

which would bring tears to the hearts of all who poss human tenderness and kindness. This has never be written. To write it would still further reveal the ru lessness, the selfishness, the cruelty of the man who tri to ruin me. Yet here I prefer the charity of silen where, indeed, charity is not at all merited.

The knowledge of these facts tempered the sho I felt when the Peary campaign of defamation w first made against me. I told myself that a man w had done these things would, in the nature of things, branded by the truth, as he deserved.

I was not so greatly surprised that Peary tried steal my honor. I knew that he had stolen tangi things. Yet the theft of food, even though a man's l depends upon it, is not so awful as the attempt to st the good name a father hopes to bequeath his childr Yet Peary has attempted to do this.

He has attempted to blacken me in the eyes my family; but, with the conscience of a brute, he deserted two of his own children—left them to sta and freeze in the cheerless north. They are th today crying for food and a father, while he enjoy life of luxury at the expense of the American t payers. This statement calls for an investigation the Secretary of the Navy. See photograph of deserted child of the Sultan of the North, facing p 493.

THE MT. McKINLEY BRIBERY

THE BRIBED, FAKED AND FORGED NEWS ITEMS—THE PRO-PEARY MONEY POWERS ENCOURAGE PERJURY—MT. M'KINLEY HONESTLY CLIMBED—HOW, FOR PEARY, A SIMILAR PEAK WAS FAKED

XXXIV

How a Man's Soul Was Marketed

After Mr. Peary had done his utmost to try to disprove my Polar attainment; after the chain of newspapers which, for him, in conjunction with the New York *Times,* had printed the same egregious lies on the same days, from the Atlantic to the Pacific; after they had expended all possible ammunition, the damages inflicted were still insufficient. My narrative, as published in the New York *Herald,* was still more generally credited than Mr. Peary's. To gain his end, something else had to be done. Something else *was* done. The darkest page of defamation in the world's history of exploration was now written by the hands of bribers and perjurers.

The public suddenly turned from the newspaper-inculcated idea of "proof" in figures to a more sane examination of personal veracity. To destroy my reputation for truth in the public mind was the next

unscrupulous effort decided upon. The selfish a
self-evident press campaign, obviously managed by t
Peary cabal, to that end had given unsatisfactory
sults. Some vital blow must be delivered by fair mea
or otherwise.

The climb of Mt. McKinley was now challenge

I had made a first ascent of the great mid-Alask
peak in 1906. The record of that conquest was pu
lished during my absence in the North, under the tit
"To the Top of the Continent." The book, bei
printed at a time when I was unable to see the proo
contained some mistakes; but in it was all the data th
could be presented for such an undertaking.

The Board of Aldermen of the City of New Yo
decided to honor me by offering the keys and the fr
dom of the metropolis on October 15. This was to
an important event. The pro-Peary conspiracy aimi
to deliver striking blows through the press, their pro
ganda was so planned that the bribed, faked and forg
news items were issued on days which gave th
dramatic and psychologic climaxes. Two days bef
the New York demonstration in my favor, the pret
tious full-page broadside of distorted Eskimo inform
tion was issued. This fell flat; for it was instantly se
to be a pretentious rearrangement of old charges. I
it was so played up as to fill columns of newspa
space and impress readers by its magnitude. This w
followed by the Barrill affidavit, similarly played up
as to fill a full newspaper page, which I shall anal
later. All this was done to draw a black clo
over the day of honor in New York, the 15th day
October.

Since the published affidavit of my old associate, arrill, was a document which proved him a self-onfessed liar; since the affidavit carried with it the armarks of pro-Peary bribery and perjury, I reasoned gain that fair-minded people would in time see through is moneyed campaign of dishonor. In all history it as been shown that he who seeks to besmear others sually leaves the greatest amount of mud on himself. ut again I had not counted on the unfairness of the ress.

The only reason given that I should have faked the imb of Mt. McKinley is that, in some vague way, I as to profit mightily by a successful report. The xpedition was to have been financed by a rich Phila-elphia sportsman. He did advance the greater por-on of the sum required. We were to prepare a game ail for him. Something interfered, he relinquished his ip, and did not send the balance of money promised.

The result was that many checks I had given out ent to protest. Harper & Brothers had agreed, before arting, to pay me $1,500 for an account of the expedi-on, whether successful or not. On my return this was aid, and went to meet outstanding debts—debts to pay hich I embarrassed myself. Instead of "profits" from is alleged "fake," I suffered a loss of several thousand ollars.

As is quite usual in all exploring expeditions, some f the members of my Mt. McKinley expedition, who d not share in the final success, were disgruntled. hief among these was Herschell Parker. Owing to -health and inexperience, Parker had proved himself efficient in Alaskan work. Climbing a little peak

forty miles from the great mountain, when he was w
me, he had pronounced Mt. McKinley unclimbal
Climbing a similar hill, four years later, he stooped
the humbug of offering a photograph of it as a para
to my picture of the top of Mt. McKinley. This n
was so ill-fitted for such work that two men were
quired to help him mount a horse. But I insisted t
we continue at least to the base of the mountain.
the first large glacier, Parker and his compani
Belmore Brown, balked, halting in front of an insign
cant ice-wall. The ascent of Mt. McKinley, still thir
five miles off, they said, was impossible. Parker
turned, and in a trail of four thousand miles to N
York told every press representative how impossible
the ascent of Mt. McKinley. By the time Par
reached New York a cable went through that the th
was done. At a point four thousand miles from
scene of action, he again cried, "Impossible!" Whe
returned to New York, however, a month later,
Parker learned the details, he publicly and privat
credited my ascent of Mt. McKinley. Nothing furt
was said to doubt the climb until two years later, w
he lined up with the Peary interests.

Using Parker as a tool, Peary's Arctic C
through him, first forced the side-issue of Mt. McK
ley. With the Barrill affidavit, made later, w
printed other affidavits by Barrill's friends, who had
been within fifty miles of the mountain when it
climbed. This act, to me, was a bitter climax of in
tice. But I have since learned that Printz got $50
pro-Peary money; that both Miller and Beecher w
promised large amounts, but were cheated at the "sh

own." Printz afterwards wrote that he would make n affidavit for me for $300, and at Missoula he made n affidavit in which he attempted to defend me.* This e offered to sell to Roscoe Mitchell for $1,000.

While easy pro-Peary money was passing in the Vest, Parker came forward with his old grudge. His hief contention was that, because he had taken home ith him in deserting the object of the expedition a ypsometer, I could not have measured the high alti- ıdes claimed. The altitude had been measured by iangulation by the hydrographer of the expedition, ut I had other methods of measuring the ascent.

I had two aneroid barometers, specially marked for ery high climbing, thermometers, and all the usual lpine instruments. The hypsometer was not at that me an important instrument. Parker also showed nfair methods by allowing the press repeatedly to print iat he had been the leader and the organizer of the xpedition. This he knew to be false. I had organized vo expeditions to explore Mt. McKinley, at a cost of 28,000. Of this Parker had furnished $2,500. Parker ook no part in the organization of the last expedition, ad given no advice to help supply an adequate equip- ent, and in the field his presence was a daily handicap the progress of the expedition. Heretofore, this was

---

*Letter from Barrill's associate:

MISSOULA, MONT., Oct. 12, 1909.

Friend Cook—I am sorry that I can't come at present. But will come d see you in about fifteen days if you will send me Three Hundred and fty ($350.00), and I will say that the report in the papers (that Dr. ook did not ascend Mt. McKinley), from what I have, is not true.

Hoping to see you soon.

Your friend,
(Signed) FRED PRINTZ.

never indicated. But when he allows himself to
quoted as the leader of an expedition upon which
attempts to throw discredit, then it is right that all
facts be known.

In the press reports, when Parker was first he
from, came the news that on the Pacific coast
Tacoma, a lawyer by the name of J. M. Ashton
retained by someone. To the press Ashton said he
engaged "to look into the McKinley business," bu
did not know by whom—whether by Cook or Pe
He was "engaged" in a business too questionable to
who furnished the money.

In the final ascent of Mt. McKinley there was
me Edward Barrill, the affidavit-maker. He wa
good-natured and hard-working packer, who
proved himself a most able climber. Together
ascended the mountain in September, 1906. To
time (1909) there was not the slightest doubt about
footprints on the top of the great mountain. Ba
had told everybody that he knew, and all who w
listen to him, that the mountain was climbed. He
from house to house boastfully, with my book under
arm, telling and retelling the story of the ascent of
McKinley. That anyone should now believe the
davit, secured and printed for Peary, did not to
seem reasonable.

Parker, filling the position of betrayer and tra
to one who had saved his life many times, had deci
as the Polar controversy opened, to direct the
McKinley side-issue of the pro-Peary effort.

The first news of bribery in the matter came f
Darby, Montana. This was Barrill's home town.

Peary man from Chicago was there. He frankly said that he would pay Barrill $1,000 to offer news that would discredit the climb of Mt. McKinley. Other news of the dishonest pro-Peary movement induced me to send Roscoe Mitchell, of the New York *Herald,* to the working ground of the bribers. Mitchell was working under the direction of my attorneys, H. Wellington Wack, of New York, Colonel Marshal, of Missoula, and General Weed, of Helena, Montana.

Mitchell secured testimony and evidence regarding the buying of Barrill, but was unable to put the conspirators in jail. At Hamilton, Montana, there had appeared a man with $5,000 to pass to Barrill. Barrill's first reply was that he had climbed the mountain; that Dr. Cook had climbed the mountain; that to take that $5,000, in his own words, he "would have to sell his own soul." Barrill's business partner, Bridgeford, was present. He later made an affidavit for Mr. Mitchell covering this part of the pro-Peary perjury effort.

A little later, however, Barrill said to his partner he "might as well see what was in it." Five thousand dollars to Barrill meant more than five million dollars to Mr. Peary or his friends. To Barrill, ignorant, poor, good-natured, but weak, it was an irresistible temptation.

Barrill now went to Seattle. He visited the office of the Seattle *Times.* In the presence of the editor, Mr. Joe Blethen, he dickered for the sale of an affidavit to discredit me. He knew such an affidavit had news value. Indefinite offers ranging from $5,000 to $10,000 were made. Not getting a lump sum off-hand, Barrill,

dissatisfied, then went over to Tacoma, to the mysteri
Mr. Ashton. That all this was done, was told me
my trip west shortly afterward, by Mr. Blethen himse

After visiting Ashton, Barrill was seen in a ba
in Tacoma. Barrill had said to his partner that to ma
an affidavit denying my climb would be "selling
soul." Barrill, ill at ease, reluctant, appeared. It i
terrible thing to lure a weak man to dishonor; it is s
more tragic and awful when that man is bought so
lie may hurt another. The time for the parting of
soul had arrived in the bank. With the sadness o
funeral mourner Barrill was pushed along. The talk w
in a muffled undertone. But it all happened. In the pr
ence of a witness, whose evidence I am ready to produ
$1,500 was passed to him. This money was paid
large bills, and placed in Barrill's money-belt. Th
were other considerations, and I know where some
this money was spent. His soul was marketed at la
The infamous affidavit was then prepared.

This affidavit was printed first in the New Yo
Globe. The *Globe* is partly owned and entirely c
trolled by General Thomas H. Hubbard, the Presid
of the Peary Club. With General Hubbard, Mr. Pe
had consulted at Bar Harbor immediately after
return from Sydney. Together they had outlined th
campaign. General Hubbard is a multi-millionai
A tremendous amount of money was spent in the Pe
campaign. In the Mt. McKinley affidavit of Bar
we can trace bribery, a conspiracy, and black dishon
right up to the door of R. E. Peary.

If Peary is not the most unscrupulous self-see
in the history of exploration, caught in underhand, s

reptitious acts too cowardly to be credited to a thief, caught in the act of bartering for men's souls and honor in as ruthless a way as he high-handedly took others' property in the North; if he, drawing an unearned salary from the American Navy, has not brindled his soul with stripes that fit his body for jail, let him come forward and reply. If Peary is not the most conscienceless of self-exploiters in all history, caught in the act of stealing honor by forcing dishonor, let him come forward and explain the Mt. McKinley perjury.

Now let us examine the others who were lined up in this desperate black hand movement. In New York there is a club, at first organized to bring explorers together and to encourage original research. It bore the name of Explorers' Club; but, as is so often the case with clubs that monopolize a pretentious name, the membership degenerated. It is now merely an association of museum collectors. Among real explorers, this club to-day is jocularly known as the "Worm Diggers' Union." In 1909 Mr. Peary was president. His press agent, Bridgman, was the moving spirit, and one of Colonel Mann's muck-rakers was secretary. Of course, such a society, committed to Peary, had no use for Dr. Cook.

In a spirit of helping along the pro-Peary conspiracy, and after the Barrill affidavit was secured, the Explorers' Club took upon itself the superrogatory duty of appointing a committee to pass on my ascent of Mt. McKinley. There was but one real explorer on this committee. The others were kitchen geographers, whose honor and fairness had been bartered to the Peary interests before the investigation began. Without a

line of data before them, they decided, with glee a gusto, that Mt. McKinley had not been climbed. T was what one would expect from such an honor-bli group of meddlers. But Mr. Peary's press work Bridgman, who himself had engineered the investig tion, used this seeming verdict of experts to Mr. Pear advantage.*

Still all these combined underhanded efforts fai to reach vital spots and to turn the entire public M Peary's way. Something more must still be do Peary's press agent offered $3,000, and the coward Ashton, of Tacoma, offered another $3,000, to send expedition to Alaska, to further the pro-Peary effort down a rival. The traitor, Parker, responded. He w joined by the other quitter, Belmore Brown, who h conveniently forgotten to return borrowed money to r This Peary-Parker-Brown combination went to Alas in 1910, engaged in mining pursuits and hunting adv tures. They returned with the expected and framed port that Mt. McKinley had not been climbed, and th they had climbed a snow-hill, had photographed it, a that the photograph was similar to mine of the topm peak of Mt. McKinley. Mt. McKinley has a base twen five miles wide; it has upon the various slopes of giant uplift hundreds of peaks, all glacial, polished, a of a similar contour. No one peak towers gigantica above the others. On the top are many peaks, no p

*While this book was going through the press, several chapters of proof-sheets, stolen from the printers, Messrs. Lent & Graff, were fo on the table of the Explorers' Club on June 27, 1911. It is importan note that this pro-Peary repository of bribed, faked and forged writi which were issued to defame me, is also the den for stolen goods. Who the thieves who congregate there to deposit their booty? Why the t of a part of my book? What humbug has this club and its shame president next to offer?

lar one of which can with any accuracy of inches be ided arbitrarily as the very highest. The top of a untain does not converge to a pin-point apex. One ks out, not into immediate space on all sides, but r an area, as I have said, of many peaks. My otograph of the peak, which loomed highest among others on the top, possesses a profile not unsual ong ice-cut rocks. The Peary-Parker-Brown seek- tried hard to duplicate this photograph, so as to w I had faked my picture. The thing might have n done easily in the Canadian Rockies. It could be e in a dozen more accessible places in Alaska; but, hout real work, it could be only crudely done near McKinley. The photograph which Peary's friends red to discredit the first ascent is one of a double k, part of which vaguely suggests but a poor outline Mt. McKinley, and in which a rock has been faked. o is responsible for this humbug? Where is the ative? The photograph bears no actual semblance ny picture of the top of Mt. McKinley whatever. why was the negative faked? Parker excuses the lent unfairness of the dissimilar photograph by say- that he could not get the same position as I must e had. But is laziness or haste an excuse when a n's honor is assailed.†

---

†Letter from an onlooker when Mt. McKinley was climbed:
Dr. Cook's Friends:
Professor Parker says "regretfully" that Dr. Cook's evidence as to the t of Mt. McKinley was unconvincing.
was located in the foothills of Mt. McKinley, and had been for t a year, when Dr. Cook, Professor H. C. Parker, Mr. Porter, the grapher of the party, and Mr. Miller, Fred Printz and the rest of the . landed at the head-waters of the Yentna River, in the foothills of McKinley.
met Professor Parker and the rest of the party, and saw a great

Let us follow the Peary high-handed humb
further. To the southeast of Mt. McKinley is a h
mountain, which I named Mt. Disston in 1905.
peak was robbed of its name, and over it Parker w
Mt. Huntington. To the northeast of Mt. McKi
is another peak, charted on my maps, to which P
gave the name of the president of the Peary A
Trust. To this peak was given the same name, by
same methods of stealing the credit of other explo
as that adopted by Peary when, in response to $25
of easy money, he wrote the same name, "Thomas H
bard," over Sverdrup's northern point of Heil

---

deal of them while they were up there, as I had three mining cam
the foothills from which they made their try for the top of the mou
I let Dr. Cook have one of my Indian hunters, who knew every fo
the country around there, for a guide. Dr. Cook also had some
caches in my camps, leaving supplies which he did not take along
his pack-trains. Some of Dr. Cook's party were in our camps nearly
day or so, and consequently I became very well posted in regard t
Cook's affairs, and very well acquainted with him. Dr. Parker shou
the last one to say anything about mountain-climbing or anything
connected with the expedition, or anything where it takes a man and
to accomplish results—good results; as he showed himself to be the re
kind of a tenderfoot while in the foothills of Mt. McKinley, and wa
laughing stock of the country. Mt. McKinley and the country a
there was too rough for him. He got "cold feet," and started bac
the States, before he had even seen much of the country around there

Looking over my memoranda, I find that Dr. Cook had given u
attempt to climb Mt. McKinley for the time being, and had sent
and Miller on a hunting expedition, and the rest of the party was sca
out to hunt up something new.

At that time I came into Youngstown, and the boys were getting
to strike out on their different routes, and Dr. Cook was going do
Tyonic, in Cook's Inlet, with his launch, to meet a friend, Mr. Di
who expected to go on a hunting trip with him. The friend di
arrive, so Dr. Cook returned to the head-waters of the Yentna Riv
Youngstown, arriving there on Monday, August 27. On Sunday, A
28, he started down to the Sushitna River. I went down with him
as the Sushitna Station, and he told me he was going to run up the
and strike Fish Creek, which ran up on another side of Mt. McKinle
see what the chances were to make the top of the continent from tha
He made it. I was one of the last to see him start on the ascent, an
of the first to see him when he returned after he had made the ascent

Dr. Cook proved to be a man in every respect, as unselfish as h

Land. Can it be doubted that the Peary-Parker-Brown propaganda of hypocrisy and dishonor in Alaska is guided by no other spirit than that of Mr. Peary?

Many persons say: "We will credit Dr. Cook's attainment of the Pole if this Mt. McKinley matter is cleared up." I have heard this often. I have offered in my book proofs of the climb—the same proofs any

---

courageous, always giving the other fellow a thought before thinking of himself.

Upon his arrival from the ascent of the mountain, although tired and worn and in a bad physical condition himself, he gave his unlimited attention to a party of prospectors who had been picked up from a wreck in the river, and brought into camp in an almost dying condition just before his arrival. He spent hours working over these men, and did not give himself a thought until they were properly cared for.

Evidence? No man who has known Dr. Cook, been with him, worked with him, and learned by personal experience of his courage, energy and perseverance, would ask for evidence beyond his word.

Dr. Cook is one of the most daring men, and can stand more hardships than any man I have ever met, and I believe I have met some of the most able men of the world when it comes to roughing it over the trails in Alaska and the North.

Dr. Cook climbed Mt. McKinley. Of course there are always skeptics—men who have a wishbone instead of a backbone, and who, when wishing has brought to them no good results, their last effort is pushed forth in criticism of the things which have been constructed or accomplished by men, their superiors.

If Professor Parker wants evidence to convince him, I think he can find it, provided he will put himself to as much trouble in looking for evidence as he has in criticising such evidence as he has obtained.

Respectfully yours,

J. A. MacDonald.

Vontrigger, California.

Author's Note.—It is a curious fact that most men who have assailed me are themselves sailing under false colors. Herschell Parker was an assistant professor and instructor in the Department of Physics in Columbia University. This gave him the advantage of using the title, "Professor," but, like many others, his university association was mostly for the prestige it gave him. His professorship assumption was, therefore, a deception. Instead of devoting himself conscientiously to university interests, he was, like Peary, engaged in private enterprises—such as the Parker-Clark light, and other ventures—and employed substitute instructors to do the work for which he drew a salary, and for which he claimed the honor and the prestige. A man who thus sails falsely under the banner of a professorship is just the man to try to steal the honor of other men. Here is a make-believe professor who is not a professor; whose dwarfed conscience is eased by drippings from the Arctic Trust; who has stooped to a photographic humbug. He is a fitting exponent of the bribing pro-Peary propaganda.

mountain-climber offers. To discredit these, my e
mies stooped to bribery. I have in my possession, a
have stated here, proofs of this. Such proofs are ev
more tangible than the climbing of a far-away mou
tain. Is any other clarifier or any other evide
required to prove the pro-Peary frauds?

THE PEARY-PARKER-BROWN HUMBUG UP TO DATE

This chapter is best closed by an analysis of the second effort of Pa
and Brown. It will be remembered that in their first venture as hirelings of
Peary propaganda, they balked at the north-east ridge, without making a ser
attempt. This ridge—(the ridge upon which I had climbed to the top of
McKinley) was pronounced impossible and therefore my claim in their ju
ment was false, for such a statement $3,000.00 had been paid. During the sp
of 1912, again with $5,000 of Pro-Peary money to discredit me—The same b
lings went through the range, attacked the same ridge from the west and by
really able efforts of their guide, La Voy, a point near the top was reached.
Associated Press report of this effort said that the principal result of the exp
tion was to show that the north-east ridge (the ridge which I had climbed),
climbable. The very men sent out and paid, therefore, by my enemies to
prove my work have proven, against their will, my first ascent of Mt. McKin

Two other exploring parties were about the slopes of Mt. McKinley du
the time of the Peary-Parker defamers. The first, a group of hardy Alas
pioneers, whose report is written in the Overland Magazine for February, 1
by Ralph H. Cairns—after an unbiased study of reports both for and agai
Cairns credits my first ascent. The well known Engineer R. C. Bates, who
U. S. revenue inspector of mines and an explorer and mountain climber, did m
pioneer work about Mt. McKinley. He also goes on record in the Los Ang
Tribune of February 13th, 1913, as saying: "Dr. Cook really succeeded in asc
ing the north-east ridge of Mt. McKinley as claimed in 1906." Bates confi
the charge of $5,000 being paid the Parker-Brown expedition to refute my
ascent, and says: "In 1906 Dr. Cook claimed he climbed Mt. McKinley by
north-east ridge. In the account of the 1910 expedition, Parker claimed
'the north-east ridge, the one used by Dr. Cook, was absolutely unsurmountal
I, with a party of two, explored the mountain in 1911 and selected the north-
ridge as the only feasible route to the top. I ascended to 11,000 feet, accor
to barometric measure. I told of the exploit to members of the Parker pa
who took the same course in 1912. Mr. Parker now contradicts his former st
ment by saying, 'The north-east ridge is the only feasible ridge, and who
goes up will follow in my footsteps.'" It is important to note that Dr. Co
previous footsteps were eliminated, $5,000 had been paid for that very purp

In a personal interview Mr. Bates made the very grave change that
of the leaders of the very expedition sent out to discredit me, had offered
a bribe to swear falsely to certain assessment work on claims which had not b
done. The Peary-Parker-Brown movement is therefore from many source
proven propaganda of bribery, conspiracy and perjury. That such men can esc
the doom of prison cells is a parody upon human decency, and yet such are
men who are responsible for the distrust which has been thrown on my work

THE DUNKLE-LOOSE FORGERY

ITS PRO-PEARY MAKING

XXXV

The Last Perjured Defamation

With the bitterness of the money-bought document shatter my veracity regarding the ascent of Mt. cKinley ever before me, I canceled in November all lecture engagements. Mr. William M. Grey, then naging my tour, broke contracts covering over 40,000. But, for the time being, these could not be ed. I was nearing a stage of mental and physical haustion, and required rest. Seeking a quiet retreat, wife and I left the Waldorf-Astoria and secured arters at the Gramatan Inn, in Bronxville, N. Y. re was prepared my report and data to be sent to penhagen.

At this time, as if again destined by fate, innocently nade my greatest error, opened myself to what be- ne the most serious and damaging charge against my od faith, and the misstated account of which, pub- ed later, was used by my enemies in their efforts brand me as a conscious faker and deliberate fraud.

When I now think of the incidents leading up to acquaintance of Dunkle and Loose, it does seem t I had lost all sense of balance, and that my brain

was befogged. Shortly before I had started W
Dunkle was brought to me by Mr. Bradley on the
text of wanting to talk life insurance.

During my lecture tour threats from fan
reached me, and in my nervous condition it was
hard for me to believe that my life was in dan
Then, too, it seemed that all the money I had n
might be spent in efforts to defend myself. I dec
to protect my wife and children by life insurance.
Dunkle guessed this—if he did—I do not know.
at just the right moment he appeared, and I fell int
insurance trap.

At the time I did not know that Dunkle had
a professional "subscription-raiser," who, while I
in the North, had volunteered to raise money for a n
expedition—provided he was given an exorbitant
centage.

For this reason both Anthony Fiala and D
Wallace had refused to introduce him to me befo
secured the introduction by Mr. Bradley. When
Cook first saw him, with feminine intuition she said

"Don't have anything to do with that man
don't like his looks."

I did not heed this, however. After some t
life insurance talk, he surprised me by saying in
vantly:

"By the way, I have an expert navigator, a f
of mine, who can prove that Peary was not at the P

"I have not challenged Mr. Peary's claim,"
plied, "and do not wish to. The New York *He*
however, may listen to what you have to say."
was all that was said at the time.

After my return from the western lecture tour, unkle seemed to be always around, and at every oppor- nity spoke to me. He gained a measure of confidence criticising the press campaign waged against me. I turally felt kindly toward anyone who was sympa- etic. At this time, when the problem of accurate servations was worrying me, when my mind was ginning to weigh the problem of scientific accuracy— ain just at the psychological moment—Dunkle ought Loose out to the Gramatan Inn and intro- ced him to me, saying that he was an expert vigator.

Pretending a knowledge of the situation in Europe, oose told me the Danes were becoming impatient. I plied that I was busy preparing my report.

"Something ought to be done in the meantime," he d. "Now, I have connections with some of the Scan- navian papers, and I think some friendly articles in e meantime would allay this unrest."

The idea seemed reasonable; anything that would lp me was welcome, and I told Loose, if he wanted to, at he might go ahead. He visited me several times, d broached the subject of the possible outcome of the penhagen verdict. By this time I felt fairly friendly th him. Finally he brought me several articles. ey seemed weak and irrelevant. Lonsdale read em, said there was not much to them, but that they ght help. Loose mailed the articles—or said he did. nen, to my amazement, he made the audacious sugges- n that I let him go over my material. I flatly fused.

He pointed out, what I myself had been thinking

about, that all observations were subject to extr
inaccuracy. He suggested his working mine out b
ward to verify them. As I regarded him as an exp
enced navigator, I thought this of interest. I was
a navigator, and, moreover, had had no chance of ch
ing my figures. So, desiring an independent view,
thinking that another man's method might satisfy
doubts, I told him to go ahead, using the figures p
lished in my story in the New York *Herald.*

At the time I told him to purchase for me a "B
ditch Navigator," which I lacked, and any other al
nacs and charts he needed for himself. He came ou
the Gramatan to live. Arrangements for his stay
been made by Dunkle—under the name of Lewis, I h
been told since—but I knew nothing of this at the ti
I gave Loose $250, which was to compensate him in
for the articles and his running expenses. It struck
that he took an unnecessarily long time to finish
work of checking my calculations.

Late one night, returning from the city, I wen
his room. Dunkle was there. Papers were strewn
over the room.

"Well," said Loose, "I think we have this thing
fixed up."

Dunkle, smooth-tongued and friendly as ever, s
"Now, Doctor, I want to advise you to put your
observations aside. *Send these to Copenhagen!"*

I looked up amazed, incredulous. I felt stun
for the moment, and said little. I then took the trou
to look over all the papers carefully. There was a
set of faked observations. The examination took
an hour. During that time Dunkle and Loose w

talking in a low tone. I did not hear what they said. I saw at once the game the rascals had been playing. The insinuation of their nefarious suggestion for the moment cleared my mind, and a dull anger filled me.

"Gentlemen," I said, "pack up every scrap of this paper in that dress-suit case. Take all of your belongings and leave this hotel at once."

I stood there while they did so. Not a word was spoken. Sheepish and silent, they shuffled from the room, ashamed and taken aback. Sick at heart at the thought that these men should have considered me unscrupulous enough to buy and use their faked figures, I went to my room. From that day—November 22—I have not received a letter or telegram from either.

Months later, in South America, I read with horrified amazement a summary of the account of this occurrence, sold by Dunkle and Loose to the New York *Times*. Distorted and twisted as it was I doubt if even the *Times* would have used it had Dunkle and Loose not forced the lie that these faked figures were sent to Copenhagen. They knew, as God knows, that every scrap of paper on which they wrote was packed in a suit-case as dirty as the intent of their sin-blotted paper.

If my report to the Copenhagen University proved anything, it was, by comparison, figure by figure, with the affidavits published, that in this at least I was guilty of no fraud.

In a re-examination later, a handwriting expert has come to the conclusion that the name of Loose was forged, and Loose was later put in jail for another offense. To the city editor of a New York evening paper Loose offered to sell a story retracting the

charges published in the *Times*. Dunkle admitted witnesses that he had been paid for the affidavit pu lished in the New York *Times*. Loose, willing to di credit the *Times* story, said, however, he "wanted b money" for a retraction. One question that is forced the interest of fair-play is, Why did the New Yo *Times,* without investigation, print a news item which a man's honor is attacked, which is not only perjury but a forgery? The managing editor w shown the evidence of this forgery, admitted its forc but not a word was printed to counteract the harm do by printing false news.

Captain E. B. Baldwin, a year later, discover that this pro-Peary faked stuff was in possession Professor James H. Gore, one of Mr. Peary's friends the National Geographic Society, which prostituted i name for Peary by passing upon valueless "proofs From the methods pursued by this society later, I a inclined to the belief that the Dunkle-Loose fake w concocted for members of this society. If not, how do it happen that Professor Gore is in possession of th faked, forged, and perjured stuff?

HOW A GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY PROSTITUTED ITS NAME

XXXVI

The Washington Verdict—The Copenhagen Verdict

While one group of pro-Peary men were early engaged in various conspiracies, extending from New York to the Pacific coast, fabricating false charges, faking, and forging news items designed to injure me, men higher up in Washington were planning other deceptions behind closed doors. The Mt. McKinley bribery and the Dunkle-Loose humbug had the desired effect in reducing the opposition in Washington, and by December of 1909 the controversy was settled to Mr. Peary's satisfaction by a group of men who, by deception, betrayed public trust.

The National Geographic Society very early assumed a meddlesome air in an effort to dictate the distribution of Polar honors. With the excuse that they would give a gold medal to him who could prove priority to the claim of Polar discovery, they began a series of movements that would put a dishonorable political campaign to shame. In the light of later developments, medals from this society are regarded by true scientific workers as badges of dishonor. By way

of explanation, one of the officers said that they ma
it a rule to examine all original field observations bef
the society honored an explorer. This was a deliber
falsehood, for no explorer going to Washington h
previously packed his field papers and instruments
inspection. If so, then this society again convicts its
of a humbug, as it did later. Mr. Peary had been giv
a gold medal for his claim of having reached the f
thest north in 1906. Peary admitted that his positi
rested on one imperfect observation. I happen
quite by accident, to be in a position, soon after Pear
return, to examine the instruments with which
farthest north observations had been made. Eve
apparatus was so bent and bruised that further obser
tions were impossible. Of course Peary will say th
the instruments were injured en route on the retu
But this does not excuse the idle boast of the memb
of the National Geographic Society, who said that th
always examined a returning explorer's field notes a
apparatus, when in this case they did not see
Peary's observations nor his instruments.

As a matter of fact, the National Geographic,
every other geographic society, had previously rated
merits of an explorer's work by his published repo
Their tactics were now changed to bring about a posit
where they might focus the controversy to Mr. Pear
and their advantage. There would have been no ha
in this effort, if it had been honest; but, as we will
presently, falsehood and deception were evident
every move.

The position of the National Geographic Soci
is very generally misunderstood because of its pret

tious use of the word "National." In reality, it is neither national nor geographic. It is a kind of self-admiration society, which serves the mission of a lecture bureau. It has no connection with the Government and has no geographic authority save that which it assumes. As a lecture bureau it had retained Mr. Peary to fill an important position as its principal star for many years. To keep him in the field as their head-line attraction they had paid $1,000 to Mr. Peary for the very venture now in question. This so-called "National" Geographic Society was, therefore, a stock owner in the venture upon which they passed as an unbiased jury.

Of course Mr. Peary consented to rest his case in their hands; but, for reasons above indicated and for others given below, I refused to have any dealings with such an unfair combination. The Government was appealed to, and every political and private wire was pulled to compel me to submit my case to a packed jury. During all the time when this was done, its moving spirits, Gilbert Grosvenor and Admiral Chester, were publicly and privately saying things about me and my attainment of the Pole that no gentleman would utter. That Mr. Peary was a member of this society; that his friends were absolute dictators of the power of appointment; that they were stock owners in Mr. Peary's enterprise—all of this, and a good many other facts, were carefully suppressed. To the public this society declared they were "neutral, unbiased and scientific"—no more deliberate lie than which was ever forced upon the public.

Of course I refused to place my case in dishonest

pro-Peary hands. With shameless audacity this societ
helped Mr. Peary carry along his press campaign b
disseminating the cowardly slurs of Grosvenor, Cheste
and others. They watched and encouraged th
McKinley bribery; they closed their eyes to the Kenna
lies. Through Chester and others, they faked pages o
sensational pseudo-scientific news, all with the one cen
tered aim of forcing doubt on opposing interests befor
the crucial moment, when, behind closed doors, the ma
ter could be settled to their liking.

Thus, when Peary, his club, and his affiliate
boosters at Washington were carrying their press slan
ders to a focus, there came a loud cry from the Nation
Geographic Society for proofs.

With some wrangling, and a good deal of prote
from half-hearted men, like Professor Moore, a ju
was appointed to pass upon Mr. Peary's claims an
mine. My claims were to be passed upon against m
will. Unbiased and real Arctic explorers like Gener
Greely and Admiral Schley were carefully exclude
from this jury. Instead, armchair geographers, wh
were closely related to the Peary interests, were a
pointed as a "neutral jury," as follows:

Henry Gannett, a close personal friend of M
Peary.

C. M. Chester, related to Mr. Peary's fur trader,
member of a coterie that divided the profits of fleecin
the Eskimos.

O. H. Tittman, chief of a department under whi
part of Mr. Peary's work was done.

With a flourish of trumpets, including pages
self-boosting news distributed by Mr. Peary's pre

agents, this commission began its important investigation. At the time, it was said that all of Mr. Peary's original field papers and instruments were under careful scrutiny. Later it was shown that one of the jury saw only COPIES. On November 4, 1909, was issued the verdict of this jury: "That Commander Peary reached the North Pole on April 6, 1909."

This verdict, at its face value, was fair; but the circumstances which surrounded it before and after were such as to raise a doubt that can never be removed. With the verdict came the insinuation that no one else had reached the Pole before Peary; that my claim of priority was dishonest. A nagging press campaign continued to emanate from Washington.

I have no objection to Mr. Peary's friends endorsing him—a friend who will stretch a point is not to be condemned. But when such friends stoop to dishonorable methods to inflict injury upon others, then a protest is in order. My aim here is not to deny that Mr. Peary reached the Pole near enough for all practical purposes, but to show how men sacrificed their word of honor to boost Mr. Peary and to discredit me.

The verdict of this jury which was to settle the controversy for all time was sent out on wires that encircled the globe. Soon after there was a call for the data upon which that jury passed. The public called for it; the Government called for it; foreign geographical societies asked for it. No one was allowed to see the wonderful "proofs." Why?

Officially, that commission said that Mr. Peary's contract with a magazine prevented the publication of the "proofs." But every member of the commission

was on the Government pay-roll. Why, may we ask, should a Government official be muzzled with a bid for commercial gain? This contract was held by Benjamin Hampton, of *Hampton's Magazine*. If Hampton's contract muzzled the Government officials, Mr. Hampton thought so little of the so-called "proofs" that he did not print them. For, in *Hampton's* installment with the eye-attracting title, "Peary Proofs Positive," the real data upon which the Peary case rests were eliminated. Why? In Mr. Peary's own book that material is again suppressed. Why? For the same reason that the jury was muzzled. *The material would not bear public scrutiny!*

The real difficulty is that, in the haste to floor rival claims, Mr. Peary and all his biased helpers fixed as the crucial test of Polar attainment an examination of field observations. Mr. Peary had his; he had refused to let Whitney bring part of mine from the North; and therefore, he and his friends supposed that I was helpless, by assuming this false position. But when Mr. Peary's own material was examined, it was found that his position rested on a set of worthless observations—calculations of altitudes of the sun so low that it is questionable if the observation could have been made at all. So long as three men, behind closed doors, could be made to say "Yes, Peary reached the Pole," and so long as this verdict came with the authority of a Geographic Society and the seeming endorsement of national prestige, the false position could be impressed upon the pubic as a *bona-fide* verdict. But, with publicity, the whole railroading game would be spoiled. These three men could be influenced. But there are

undred thousand other men in the world whose lives epend upon their knowledge of just such observations s were here involved. They knew publicity would ring the attention of these men to the fact that Mr. 'eary's polar claim rests upon the impossible observa- ons of a sun at an altitude less than 7° above the orizon. The three armchair geographers, seldom out f reach of dusty book-shelves, passed upon these orthless observations. Not one of one hundred ousand honest sextant experts would credit such an bservation as that upon which Mr. Peary's case rests— ot even in home regions, where for centuries tables for rrections have been gathered.

*A year later, at the Congressional investigation of e Naval Committee in Washington, Mr. Peary and vo of his jurors admitted that in the much-heralded eary proofs "there was no proof." Members of the eographic Society acknowledged their "examination" Peary's instruments was made in the Pennsylvania

---

*When Mr. Peary first returned from the North, and began his acks upon me, he caused a demand for "proofs" through the New York *nes* and its affiliated papers; he had them call for my instruments; he inuated that I had had no instruments with me in the North (despite fact that Captain Bartlett had informed him that my own Eskimos l testified that I had); he declared that any Polar claim must be estab- ed by an examination of observations and an examination of the olorer's instruments.

In view of the unwarranted newspaper call for "proofs," I was em- rassed by having left my instruments with Whitney. Mr. Peary had however. But were they carefully examined by the august body who eagerly decided he reached the Pole? Was the verdict of the self- ointed arbiters of the so-called National Geographic Society based on such examination as Mr. Peary—concerning my case—had declared essary?

Testifying before the subcommittee of the Committee on Naval Affairs, en the move was on to have Peary made a Rear-Admiral, Henry Gan- t, one of the three members of the National Geographic Society, who passed on Peary's claim, admitted that their examination of Mr. Peary's truments was casually and hastily made in the Pennsylvania Station at

Station, when they opened Mr. Peary's trunk a casually looked over its contents. Therefore, M Peary's claim for a second victory now rests upon book.

In forcing the controversy, the press and the pub have come to the conclusion that one or the other repo must be discredited. This is an incorrect point of vie Each case must be judged upon its own merits. prove my case, it is not necessary to disprove Peary nor, to prove Peary's, should it have been necessary try to disprove mine.

Much has been said about my case resting in f eign hands. This came about in a natural way. It w

---

Washington. When Peary later appeared in person before the commit he admitted having come to Washington from Portland, Maine, to con with the members of the National Geographic Society who were to exar his proofs, and that he had brought his instruments with him in a tr which was left at the station. The following took place (See official gressional Report, Private Calendar No. 733, Sixty-first Congress, T Session, House of Representatives, Report No. 1961, pages 21 and 22):

"Mr. Roberts—How did the instruments come down?

"Captain Peary—They came in a trunk.

"Mr. Roberts—Your trunk?

"Captain Peary—Yes.

"Mr. Roberts—After you reached the station and found the tr what did you and the committee do regarding the instruments?

"Captain Peary—I should say that we opened the trunk there in station.

"Mr. Roberts—That is, in the baggage-room of the station?

"Captain Peary—Yes.

"Mr. Roberts—Were the instruments all taken out?

"Captain Peary—*That I could not say. Members of the comm will probably remember better than I.*

"Mr. Roberts—Well, do you not have any recollection of whe they took them out and examined them?

"Captain Peary—Some were taken out, I should say; whether all taken out I could not say.

"Mr. Roberts—Was any test of those instruments made by any m ber of the committee to ascertain whether or not the instruments inaccurate?

"Captain Peary—*That I could not say. I should imagine that it w not be possible to make tests there.*

"Mr. Roberts—Were those instruments ever in the possession of committee other than the inspection at the station?

not intended to convey the idea that my own countrymen were incompetent or dishonest. In the case of the National Geographic Society they have irretrievably prostituted their name; but the same is not true of other American authorities.

When I came to Copenhagen, the Danish Geographic Society gave me a first spontaneous hearing. The Copenhagen University honored me. It was, therefore, but proper that the Danes should be the first to pass upon the merits of my claim. While these arrangements were in progress, I met Professor Thorp, the Rector of the University of Copenhagen, at the American Legation. I did not know the purport of that meeting, nor of his detailed, careful questions; but on the 6th of September appeared an official statement in the press reports. In these it was stated that the

---

"Captain Peary—NOT TO MY KNOWLEDGE."

NOTE.—This, then, was the basis of the glorious verdict of the packed jury which assailed me; which demanded as necessary instruments of me which had been left in the North, and which posed as a fair body of experts!

All important questions asked of Peary, Tittman and Gannett were hedged, their aim being to avoid publicity. In substance, they admitted that in the "Peary Proofs," passed upon a year before, there was no proof. They admitted that their favorable verdict was reached upon an examination of COPIES of Mr. Peary's observations, and that the examination and decision occurred at a sort of social gathering in the house of Admiral Chester, who had attacked me. Chairman Roberts, commenting on the testimony, wrote (see page 15):

"From these extracts from the testimony it will be seen that Mr. Gannett, after his careful examination of Captain Peary's proofs and records, did not know how many days it took Captain Peary from the time he left Bartlett to reach the Pole and return to the *Roosevelt,* that information being supplied by a Mr. Grosvenor. It will be also observed that Mr. Gannett, as a result of his careful examination of Captain Peary's proofs and records, gives Captain Peary, in his final dash to the Pole, the following equipment: Two sledges, 36 or 32 dogs, 2 Eskimos, and Henson. It will be seen later from Captain Peary's testimony, that he had on that final dash 40 dogs, 5 sledges, and a total of six men in his party. This discrepancy on so vital a point must seem quite conclusive that the examination of the Geographic Society's committee was anything but careful."

meeting had been arranged to satisfy the Universit authorities as to whether the Pole had been reache Among other things, Professor Thorp said:

"As there were certain questions of a special astr nomical nature with which I myself was not sufficient acquainted, I called in our greatest astronomical scie tist, Professor Stromgren, who put an exhaustive seri of mathematical, technical and natural scientific que tions to Dr. Cook, based particularly on those of h contentions on which some doubts had been cast.

"Dr. Cook answered all to our full satisfactio He showed no nervousness or excitement at any tim I dare say, therefore, that there is no justification f anybody to throw the slightest doubt on his claim have reached the Pole and the means by which he did i Professor Stromgren and I are entirely satisfied wi the evidence."

I have always maintained that the proof of explorer's doings was not to be found in a few di connected figures, but in the continuity of his fin book which presents his case. To this end I prepare a report, accompanied by the important part of t original field notes and a complete set of reduc observations. These were submitted to the Universi of Copenhagen in December of 1909. The verdict this was that in such material there was no absolu proof of the attainment of the Pole.

The Peary press agents were in Copenhagen, a sent this news out so as to convey the idea that Cope hagen had denounced me; that, in their opinion, t Pole had not been reached as claimed, and that I h hoaxed the world for sordid gain; all of which w

rue. But the press flaunted my name in big head-
s as a faker.

"In the Cook data there is no proof," they repeated
he verdict of Copenhagen.

A year later Mr. Peary and his jurors confessed
villingly in Congress that in the Peary data there
s no proof.

This was reported in the official Congressional
mphlets, but, so far as I know, not a single newspaper
played the news. The two cases, therefore, so far as
dicts go, are parallel.

Wearied of the whole problem of undesirable pub-
ty; mentally and physically exhausted; disgusted
h the detestable and slanderous campaign, which, for
. Peary, the press forced unremittingly, I decided to
away for a year, to rest and recuperate. This could
be done if I took the press into my confidence; and,
refore, I quietly departed from New York, to be
ned by my family later. Out of the public eye, life,
me, assumed a new interest. In the meantime, the
lic agitation was stilled. Time gave a better per-
ctive to the case; Mr. Peary got that for which his
d had reached. He was made a Rear-Admiral, with
ension of $6,000 under retirement.

By the time I had resolved my case, I received
ough my brother, William L. Cook, of Brooklyn,
my London solicitor, various offers from news-
ers and magazines for any statement I desired to
e. Because I had gone away quietly and remained
seclusion, the newspapers had inflamed the public
n an abnormal curiosity in my so-called mysterious
ppearance. This fact imparted a great sensational

value to any news of my public reappearance or to
statement which I might make. Eager to secu
"beat," newspapers were offering my brother as hig
one thousand dollars merely for my address.
New York newspaper which had led the attack aga
me sent an offer, through my London solicitor, of
figure which I might make for my first exclusive st
ment to the public. One magazine offered me
thousand dollars for a series of articles.

While in London I received a message from
T. Everett Harry, of *Hampton's Magazine,* conc
ing the publication of a series of articles explaining
case. Mr. Harry came to London and talked
plans for these. The opportunity of addressing
same public, through the same medium, as Mr. P
had in his serial story, strongly influenced me—in
so strongly that, while I had a standing offer of
thousand dollars, I finally gave my articles to *Ha*
ton's for little more than four thousand dollars.

In order that *Hampton's Magazine* might be
by the publicity attaching to my first statement, an
response to the editor's request, I came quietly to
United States with Mr. Harry, by way of Canada
consult with the editor before making final arra
ments. Mr. Harry and I had agreed upon the ou
for the articles. They were to be a series of hear
heart talks, embodying the psychological phases of
Polar controversy and my own actions. In the
determined fully to state my case, explain the un
cious controversy, and analyze the impossibility
mathematically ascertaining the Pole or of proving
a claim by figures. The articles that eventu

peared in *Hampton's,* with the exception of unauthor-ed editorial changes and excisions of vitally important atter concerning Mr. Peary, were practically the same planned in London.

Coming down from Quebec, I stopped in Troy, ew York, to await Mr. Hampton, who was to come om New York. While there, a sub-editor, with all newspaper man's sensational instincts, came to see me. e communicated, it seems, a brilliant scheme for a ries of articles. As he outlined it, I was to go secretly New York, submit myself to several employed alien-s who should pronounce me insane, whereupon I was write several articles in which I should admit having rived at the conclusion that I reached the Pole while entally unbalanced! This admission was to be sup-rted by the alienists' purchased report! This plan, I as told, would "put me right" and make a great nsational story!

When I was told of this I felt staggered. Did ople—could they—deem me such a hoax that, in der to obtain an unwarranted sympathy, or to make oney, I should be willing to admit to such a shameful, ad, atrocious and despicable lie? I said nothing when e suggestion was made. At heart, I felt achingly rt. I felt that this newspaper man, not hesitating deceiving the public in order to get a sensation, garded me as a scoundrel. I was learning, too, as I d throughout the heart-bitter controversy, the plicity of human nature.

After a talk with Mr. Hampton, who finally rived, and who, I am glad to say, had no such sugges-n himself to offer, I got to work on my articles after

the general plan spoken of in London. Th
were written at the Palatine Hotel, in N
burgh. The articles finished, I returned to Londo
settle certain business matter prior to my public ret
to America by Christmas.

Imagine my amazed indignation when, sho
before sailing, the cables brought the untrue news, "
Cook Confesses." Imagine my heart-aching disi
when, on reaching the shores of my native countr
found the magazine which was running the article
which I hoped to explain myself, had blazoned
sensation-provoking lie over its cover—"Dr. Co
Confession."

I had made no confession. I had made the adi
sion that I was uncertain as to having reached the e
mathematical Pole. That same admission Mr. Pe
would have to make had he been pinned down. He
make this admission, in fact, while his own article
year before, were being prepared, in the *Hampt*
office.

In order to advertise itself, the magazine emplo
the trick of construing a mere admission of uncerta
as to the exact pin-point attainment of the Pole
"confession." To the public I had apparently aut
ized this. The misrepresentation hurt me, and fo
time placed me in an unhappy dilemma.

Before the appearance of the January *Hampt*
in which the first instalment of my articles appea
a series of press stories supposedly based upon my fo
coming articles were prepared and sent out by the
editor who had suggested the insanity plan. These
prepared during the absence of Mr. Harry in Atla

City. By picking garbled extracts from my articles about the impossibility of a pin-point determination of the Pole, and the crazy mirage-effects of the Arctic world, these news-stories were construed to the effect that I admitted I did not know whether I had been at the North Pole or whether I had not been at the North Pole, and also that I admitted to a plea of insanity. These stories were printed on the first pages of hundreds of newspaper all over the country, under scare-heads of "Dr. Cook Admits Fake!" and "Dr. Cook Makes Plea of Insanity!"

In these reports, written by the sub-editor, he gave himself credit for the "discovery" of Dr. Cook and the securing of his articles for *Hampton's*. This claim for the magazine "beat" was as dishonest as his handling of the press matter for *Hampton's*. My dealings with the magazine were entirely through Mr. Harry, whose frankness and fair-dealing early disposed me to give my story to the publication he represented.

The widespread dissemination of the untrue and cruelly unfair "confession" and "insanity-plea" stories dazed me. I felt impotent, crushed. In my very effort to explain myself I was being irretrievably hurt. I was being made a catspaw for magazine and newspaper sensation.

But misrepresentations do not make history. The American people cannot always be hoodwinked. The reading public soon realized that my story was no more a confession than the "Peary Proof Positive" instalment in Hampton's had been the embodiment of any real Polar proofs.

Finding that it was impossible, in magazines and

newspapers, to tell the full truth; finding that what did say was garbled and distorted, I concluded t reserve the detailed facts for this book. There wer truths about Mr. Peary which, I suppose, no pape would have dared to print. I have told them here There were truths about myself which, because the explain me, the papers, preferring to attack me, woul not have printed. I have told them here.

I climbed Mt. McKinley, by my own efforts, with out assistance; I reached the Pole, save for my Eskimos alone. I had spent no one's money, lost no lives. claimed my victory honestly; and as a man believing i himself and his personal rights, at a time when I wa nervously unstrung and viciously attacked, I wen away to rest, rather than deal in dirty defamation alone. At a time when the tables seemed turned, whe the wolves of the press were desirous of rending me, came back to my country—alone.

I have now made my fight; I have been compelle to extreme measures of truth-telling that are abhorren to me. I have done this because, otherwise, peop would not understand the facts of the Polar contro versy or why I, reluctant, remained silent so long. have done this single-handedly. I have confidence i my people; more than that, I have implicit an indomitable confidence in—Truth.

RETROSPECT

Returning from the North, in September, 1909, while being honored in Copenhagen for my success in reaching the North Pole, there came, by wireless from Labrador, messages from Robert E. Peary, claiming the attainment exclusively as his own, and declaring that in my assertion I was, in his vernacular, offering the world a "gold brick."

On April 21, 1908, I had reached a spot which I ascertained, with as scientific accuracy as possible, to be the top of the axis around which the world spins—the North Pole.

On April 6, 1909, a year later, Mr. Peary claimed to have reached the same spot.

To substantiate his charge of fraud, Peary declared that my Eskimo companions had said I had been only two sleeps from land. Why, he further asked, had I not taken reputable witnesses with me on such a trip?

I had taken, on my final dash, two expert Eskimos. Mr. Peary had four Eskimos and a negro body servant.

Before launching further charges, Mr. Peary delayed his ship, the *Roosevelt,* at Battle Harbor, on the pretext of cleaning it, that he might digest my New York *Herald* story, compare it with his own, and fabricate his broadside of abuse. There he was in constant communication with the New York *Times,* General Thomas Hubbard—president of the Peary Arctic Club and financial sponsor of the "trust"—and Herbert L. Bridgman. The *Times,* eager to "beat" the *Herald,*

was desirous of descrediting me and launching Peary as the *bona-fide* North Pole discovery story. Gener Hubbard, Mr. Bridgman, and the "trust" were eag for a publicity and acclaim greater than that whi might attach to any honorable second victor. Dishon and perjury, to secure first honors, were not even to weighed in the balance.

When I arrived in New York, I was confronte by a series of technical questions, designed to baffle m These questions, I learned, had been sent to the *Tim* by Mr. Peary with instructions that the *Times* "g after" me.

I answered these questions. I had answered the in Europe. Mr. Peary, when he arrived at Sydne and afterward, refused to answer any questions. H continued simply to attack me, to make insinuatio aspersing my honesty, playing the secret back-ha game of defamation conducted by his friends of t Arctic Club.

Why had I not, on my return from my Polar tri told anyone of the achievement, Mr. Peary asked in a interview, aiming to show that my Polar attainme was an afterthought.

On my return to Etah I had told Harry Whitn and Pritchard. They, in turn, told Captain B Bartlett. Captain Bartlett, as well as the Eskim in turn told Peary at Etah that I claimed to ha reached the Pole. At the very moment when t charge was made, Peary had in his pocket Capta Adams' letter which gave the same information. W did Mr. Peary suppress this information, convicti himself of insinuating an untruth from three differe

urces to challenge my claim. Returning from the orth with the negro, Henson, and Eskimos, Mr. eary himself had not told his own companions on the *oosevelt* of his own success. Why was this?

In a portentous statement Mr. Peary and his party clared my Eskimos said I had not been more than o sleeps from land.

I had instructed my companions not to tell Peary my achievement. He had stolen my supplies. I felt m unworthy of the confidence of a brother explorer. had encouraged the delusion of E-tuk-i-shook and h-we-lah that almost daily mirages and low-lying ouds were signs of land, so as to prevent the native nic and desertion on the circumpolar sea. They d possibly told this to Peary in all honesty; but other tives also told him that we had reached the "Big ail."

Why was the news to Mr. Peary's liking given, ile that which he did not like was ignored?

Not long ago, Matthew Henson, interviewed in the uth, was quoted as saying that Peary did not get to e Pole. In another interview he said that Peary, te a tenderfoot, rode in a fur-cushioned sledge til they got to a place which was "far enough." I ll prefer to believe Peary rather than Henson. eary's Eskimo companions of a former trip positively ny Peary's claimed discovery of Crocker Land. I ll prefer to believe that Crocker Land does deserve a ace on the map. Peary's last Eskimo companions y that he did not reach the Pole. But I prefer to edit his claim. Mr. Peary's spirit has never been that fairness to others when a claim impignes upon his

own. He has always adopted the tactics of the clai jumper.

In a like manner, and with similar intent, M Peary had attacked many explorers before me. T prevent his companions from profiting by their ov work, members of each expedition were forced to sig contracts that barred press interviews, eliminated cam eras, prohibited lecturing or writing, or even trading f trophies. To insure Mr. Peary all the honor, his me were made slaves to his cause.

In a quarrel which resulted from these impossibl conditions, Eivind Astrup was assailed. Broke hearted, he committed suicide. Captain Otto Sverdru was made to feel the sting of the same grasping spir General A. W. Greely has been unjustly attacke All of this detestable selfishness culminated in the trea ment of Captain Bob Bartlett. When the Pole, Peary, seemed within reach, and the glory of victo was within grasp, the ever-faithful Bartlett was turn back and his place was taken by a negro, that Pea might be, to quote his own words, "the only white ma at the Pole."

When, on my return to New York, I found myse attacked by a man of this caliber, I decided that t public, without any counter-defamation on my pa would read him aright and see through the unscrupulo and dishonest campaign. So I remained silent.

Coming down to Portland from Sydney, where had landed, Mr. Peary gave out an interview insinuati that I had had no instruments with which to ta observations. "Would Dr. Cook," he asked, "if he h had instruments, have left them in the hands of a stra

r (Harry Whitney), when upon these depended his
me or his dishonor?"

On his return to this country, Mr. Whitney cor-
borated my statement of leaving my instruments with
n. Mr. Peary's own captain, who had cross-ques-
ned my Eskimos for Mr. Peary, later stated to two
agazine editors that my companions had described to
n the instruments I had had. Is it reasonable to
ppose that Mr. Peary did not know of this? I know
at he knew. If he is an honest man, why did he stoop
this dishonesty? Even if he believed me to be dis-
nest, dishonest methods only placed him in the class
the one he attacked as dishonest.

By using the same underhand methods, as when he
t the New York *Times* to cross-question me for him-
f, Peary now got his friends of the Geographic
ciety, who had boosted him, to call for "proofs."
ch proofs, it appeared, should always be presented
fore public honors were accepted or the returns of a
ture tour considered. But Peary had engaged in
ploration for twenty years, and had always given
tures at once, without ever offering proofs. I was
ked to cancel lecture engagements and furnish what
ary knew neither he nor anybody else could furnish
hand. For the proof of an explorer's doings is his
al book, which requires months and years to prepare.

With much blaring of trumpets, the Peary
roofs" were submitted to his friends of the National
eographic Society. With but a casual examination
copies of data, claimed at the time to be original field
tes, with no explanation of the wonderful instruments
on which it had been earlier claimed Polar honors

rested, an immediate and favorable verdict was r
dered.

A huge picture was published, showing learn
bewhiskered gentlemen examining the Peary "proof
and reaching their verdict. Mr. Peary's case for
rediscovery of the Pole was won—for the time. T
public were deceived into believing that positive pro
had been presented; that the society, acting as a com
tent and neutral jury, was honest. Later it was sho
that its members were financially interested in M
Peary's expedition, and still later it was admitted t
the Peary proofs contained no proof. All of this la
development has had no publicity.

In the meantime, I was attacked for delay. I
data was finally sent to the University of Copenhag
A verdict of "Unproven" was rendered.

Thereupon, Mr. Peary and his friends at o
shouted "Fraud!" The press parrot-like re-echoed t
shout. With this unfair insinuation there came to
the biting sting of a burning electric shock as the wi
quivered all around the world. At the Congressio
investigation, a year later, the Peary data was shown
be useless as proof. It was a verdict precisely like t
of Copenhagen on mine, but the press did not print
Did the Peary interests have any control over
American press or its sources of news distribution?

After the call for "proof" came charges, fr
members of the Peary cabal, that I was unable to t
observations. Mr. Peary was so much better equip
than I to do so! Moreover, he had had the able sci
tific assistance of Bartlett and—the negro.

When I was at the Pole the sun was 12° above

rizon. At the time Peary claims he was there it was
s than 7°. Difficult as it is to take observations at 12°,
cause of refracted light, any accurate observation at
is impossible. It is indeed, questionable if an obser-
tion could be made at all at the time when Peary
ims to have been at the Pole.

Finding that, despite all charges, the public be-
ed in me, Mr. Peary, through his coöperators,
tempted to discredit my veracity. An affidavit, which
s bought, as I have evidence to prove, was made by
rrill to the effect that I had not climbed Mt.
cKinley. The getting of this affidavit is placed at
e door of Mr. Peary.

Do honest men, with honest intentions, buy per-
red documents?

Do honest men, believing in themselves, besmirch
eir own honor by deliberate lying?

Dunkle and Loose came to me, offered to look over
e observations in my *Herald* story, and—suddenly—
my amazement—offered a set of faked observations,
nufactured at the instigation of someone. I re-
sed the batch of faked papers, and turned the two
farious conspirators out of my hotel.

A comparison of my Copenhagen report with the
nkle perjured story, later printed in the New York
mes, proves I used not one of their figures.
r. R. J. McLouglin later proved that the hand
ich signed "Dunkle" also signed "Loose" to that
ng document. It is, therefore, not only a perjury,
t a forgery.

Recently, Professor J. H. Gore, a member of the
tional Geographic Society, and one of Peary's

friends, acknowledged to Evelyn B. Baldwin that
had in his possession the faked observations which w
made by Dunkle and Loose.

How did he come by them? Why does he ha
them? What were the relations between Dunkle a
Loose, Peary's friends, the New York *Times,* and
National Geographic Society? Do honest men, w
honest intentions, conspire with men of this sort, m
who offered to sell me faked figures—most likely
betray me had I been dishonest enough to buy them
and who, failing, perjured themselves?

Disgusted, I decided to let my enemies exha
their abuse. I knew it eventually would rebound. I
termined to retire to rest, to resolve my case in quietu
and secrecy, I left America. My enemies gleefully p
claimed this an admission of imposture.

Yet, after they had turned almost every ne
paper in the country against me, having rested, havi
resolved my case, having secured damaging proofs
the facts of the conspiracy against me, I returned
America.

Realizing my error in so long remaining sile
realizing the power of a sensation-seeking press, wh
has no respect for individuals or of truth, I determin
painful as would be the task, to tell the unpleasa
distasteful truth about the man who tried to besmi
my name. This may seem unkind. But I was kind
long. Truth is often unpleasant, but it is less ma
cious than the sort of lies hurled at me.

After I had left America, the newspapers, de
ous of sensation, had played into the hands of th
who, with seeming triumph, assailed me. But me

hile, however, I was taking advantage of the opportunity to rest and gain an accurate perspective of the tuation. I thought out my case, considered it pro nd con, puzzled out the reasons for, and the source of, ne newspaper clamor against me. Through friends in merica who worked quietly and effectively, I secured vidence, which is embodied in affidavits, which laid are the methods employed to discredit me in the Mt. IcKinley affair. I learned of the methods used, and ust what charges were made, to discredit my Polar laim. Damaging admissions were secured concerning Ir. Peary's fabricated attacks from the mouths of Mr. eary's own associates. Knowing these facts, at the roper time, I returned to my native country to conront my enemies. I have proceeded in detail to state ıy case and reveal the hitherto unknown inside facts f the entire Polar controversy. I have stated certain acts before the public. Neither Mr. Peary nor his riends have replied. One point in the Polar controersy has never reached the public. Both Mr. Peary nd many of his friends asserted that I left the country ust in time to escape criminal prosecution. They said ne charge was to be that I had obtained money on a alse pretence by accepting fees for lecturing on my disovery. I returned to America. I have been lecturing or fees on my discovery since; I have not yet been rosecuted.

Were Mr. Peary not the sort of man who would oop to dishonor, to discredit a rival in order to gain n unfair advantage for himself, were he not guilty f the gross injustice I have stated, he would have had ll the opportunity in the world for effectively

coming back at me. But he has remained silent. Wh

I have, as I have said, absolute confidence in t good sense, spirit of fair-play, and ability of reasoni judgment of my people. My case rests, not with a body of armchair explorers or kitchen geographers, b with Arctic travelers who can see beyond the mist selfish interests, and with my fellow-countrymen, w breathe normal air and view without bias the large op fields of honest human endeavor.

In this book I have stated my case, presented n proofs. As to the relative merits of my claim, and M Peary's, place the two records side by side. Compa them. I shall be satisfied with your decision.

FREDERICK A. COOK.

APPENDIX

COPY OF THE FIELD NOTES

The following copy of the daily entries in one of my riginal note-books takes the expedition step by step from vartevoeg to the Pole and back to land.

As will be seen by those here reproduced, the original otes are mostly abbreviations and suggestions, hasty tabula- ions and reminders, memoranda to be later elaborated. The ard environment, the scarcity of materials, and cold fingers id not encourage extensive field notes. Most of these field otes were rewritten while in Jones Sound, and some were also opied and elaborated in Greenland.

In planning this expedition, every article of equipment nd every phase of effort was made subordinate to the one reat need of covering long distances. We deliberately set ut for the Pole, with a desperate resolution to succeed, and lthough appreciating the value of detail scientific work, I ealized that such work could not be undertaken in a pioneer roject like ours. We therefore did not burden ourselves ith cumbersome instruments, nor did we allow ourselves to be de-tracked in attractive scientific pursuits. Elaborate esults are not claimed, but the usual data of Arctic expedi- ons were gathered with fair success.

(Notes usually written at end of day's march.)

	Date.	Miles Covered.	OBSERVATIONS, ETC. (Exact copy from original Field Papers)
arch 08.	18	26	Svartevoeg. Made cache here for return. Supporting party goes back. Noon start; 4 men, 46 dogs, 4 sleds; 26 miles. Ice heavy, wavy; little snow; crystals hard; land screened by drift. Camp on old field. Night uncomfortable; air humid, penetrating. Snowhouse of hard snow imperfectly made. (Other notes of this date so dim that they cannot be read. *Compass directions, unless otherwise noted, are true.*)

	Date.	Miles Covered.	OBSERVATIONS, ETC. (Exact copy from original Field Papers)
March 1908.	19	21	Clearer, overland thick; —56° F.; Wind 2 W.; s feeble; blue haze. On march, ice smaller; use of ax crossings troublesome. Camp lee of big hummo Cannot send supply back; must follow for another da
	20	16	Land more clearly visible; sky overcast; wind W. S. V 1; ice worse. Small igloo. The last feed men return.
	21	29	Awoke, sun N. E.; orange glow; —63° F.; bar. 30.1 steady; no clouds; sky pale purple. More snow (ice); groaning sledges; mirages, lands, mountains, vo canoes. Air light; wind sky N.; Grant Land a me line; —46°. Torture of light snow; march 14 hours.
	22	22	A. M.; wind E. 3; —59°. Start 12 (noon); sky cleare wind 2; water sky N. Grant Land visible P. M (Later) Temp. rose to —46°. Wind tolerably hig pressure lines; the big lead. Camp on old field bank; ice noises; search for the crossing. Youn elastic ice.
	23	17	Cross the big lead. Young ice elastic and dangerou western sky again threatening; ice movement eas fields small; narrow open lanes. Course for 85th 97th; —40°; march 11 hours; 23 miles, credit 17 mil Ice noises; night beautiful; sun sank into pearly haz (Later) Orange glow; pack violet and pale purp blue; sky late—partly cl. appearance of land W.
	24	18	Observations 83.31—96.27; —41°; bar. 29.70. We bank of fog and haze. Start afternoon; no life; o seal hole and bear tracks; long march; ice improvin 10 h.; pedometer 21 m.; camp in coming storm; rus ing clouds; signs of land W. 18 m. (credited course).
	25	18	Early awakened by dogs. Storm spent soon; sunri temp. —26°, later —41°; west again smoky. Back the bags; cracking ice; the breaking and separati ice and the crevasse episode; in a bag and in wate ice-water and pemmican; masks of ice. Good mar over newly-fractured ice; ice in motion.
	26	17	Still windy; some drift snow; another storm threate ing. How we need rest! Strong wind during t night. Position D. R. 84.24—96.53.
	27	16	In camp until noon. Strong winds all night; eased noon; clearing some; sun; weather unsettled. Sh run; squally en route; made early camp. Bar. 29.05

	Date.	Miles Covered.	OBSERVATIONS, ETC. (Exact copy from original Field Papers)
arch 08.	28	0	Weather still unsettled. Temp. —41°; Bar. 29.15; west ugly. No progress. The drift. In camp. Anxious about stability of igloo. The collapsed camp. Midnight; north cloudy, but ice bright; many hummocks.
	29	9	Start early P. M. A little blue in the west; sun bursts; pack disturbed; hard traveling, due to fresh crevasses. Camp midnight; only 9 miles.
	30	10	Land, 9 A. M., cleared; land was seen; westerly clouds settled over it. Observations 84.50, 95.36; bearing of land, southern group, West by South to West by North true. Other bearings taken later place a coast line along the 102 meridian from lat. 84° 20′ to 85° 10′. There must be much open water about the land, for banks of vapor persistently hide part. A low fog persistent; cannot see shore; for days we have expected to see something W., but never a clear horizon. Probably two island S. like Heiberg, 1,800 ft. high, valleys, mountains, snow N., table 1,000, thin ice sheet, bright nights. From observation paper: Bar. 30.10, had risen from 29.50 in 2 hours; wind 2-3 mag. S.; clouds mist, East, water-bands W.; shadow (of 6 ft. pole) 39 ft.
	31	10	Land screened by mist; wind W. 2-0. Ice fracture; no sign of life—none since 83.
pril 08.	1	18	(Time of traveling) 9 to 6; ice better; fields larger; crevasses less troublesome; temp. —32°. There is no more darkness at night.
	2	12	(Start) 9.30; (stop) 8. Smooth ice; hard snow; ice 28 ft. and 32. Night bright but cloudy. Temp. —35°; bar. 30.10; leads difficult.
	3	10	8.30 to 6.30. Temp. —39°; bar. 30.12; sky clearing at noon, but low clouds and frosty haze persist in the W. and N. Night bright; sun at midnight under cloud and haze.
	4	14	8.45 to 6.10. Snow softer; used snowshoes; have crossed 11 crevasses; much chopping; brash and small hummocks.
	5	14	9 (A. M.) to 5.45 (P. M.). Snow better. Ice larger. Oh, so tired! Snowshoes.
	6	14	8.10 (A. M.) to 6.15 (P. M.). Snow hard. Ice flat. Few hummocks. Less wavy. Snow (shoes). Sun faces.

	Date.	Miles Covered.	OBSERVATIONS, ETC. (Exact copy from original Field Papers)
April 1908.	7	14	11 to 10. Beautiful clear weather; even the night clear. Midnight sun first seen. Ice 36 ft. (thi (Another measurement gave 21 feet.)
	8	9	Observation before starting, 86.36, 94.2. In spite what seemed like long marches we made only 106 m in 9 days. Much distance lost in crossings. (Fr field paper) bar. 29.50, rising; temp. —37°; wind m N. E., 2; clouds St. 3; shadow (6 ft. pole), 32 feet.
	9	14	9 A. M. to 5.30 P. M.; snow hard; ice about the sa wind cutting; frost bites. Clothes humid.
	10	16	10 P. M. to 7 A. M. Working hours changed; marches and long hours no longer possible; snow go ice steadily improving; bodily fatigue much felt; w 1—28 W.
	11	15	10.30 to 8 A. M. Observation end of March, 87.20, 95. the pack disturbance of B. Ld. lost; farthest no little crushed ice; old floes less irregular; anxious ab food; wind 3 W. (true); 300 miles in 24 days; w intermittent; too tired to read instruments. (Fr other field notes, Temp. —39°; bar. 29.90°.)
	12	21	11 P. M. to 7 A. M. Thoughts of return. F supply reduced. Hope to economize in warmer weath Very heavy ice. Much like land ice. Wind 2 W. S. The awful monotony!
	13	17	12 P. M. to 7 A. M. The same heavy glacier-like . . . . . The occasional sc Hummocks 15-20 ft. Ahwelah in tears at start. black. Sun under rushing vapors. Ice changes. Le
	14	23	11 P. M. to 7.10 A. M. 88.21, 95.52. Wind light penetrating. Off the big field, ice smaller. Some o leads. Little sign of pressure. Snow soft, but precipitation. Dogs get up better speed. 100 m from Pole. (From other observation papers: Bar. 29 falling; temp., —44°; shadow (6 ft. pole) 30½ fee
	15	14	10 P. M. to 7 A. M. Ice same. Wind —1, S. W. W ing to the limit of muscle capacity. So tired and we of the never ceasing tread!
	16	15	10.30 to 8 A. M. Ice passed. Several heavy old fi Made 6 crossings. Wind 1—3, W. S. W.

	Date.	Miles Covered.	OBSERVATIONS, ETC. (Exact copy from original Field Papers)
April 1908.	17	13	10.15 to 8 A. M. Ice same. Crevasses new. 7 crossings. Saw several big hummocks. Ice less troublesome. Temp., —40°; bar., 30.00. Sled friction less.
	18	14	9 P. M. to 6. Ice, though broken, smooth. The horizon line not so irregular as that of more S. ice. Sky and ice of a dark purple blue. (Bar. 30.02.)
	19	16	11 P. M. to 8 A. M. (Position) 89.31. D. R. 94.03. Camp on an old field—the only one on the horizon with big hummocks. Ice in very large fields; surface less irregular, but in other respects not different from farther S. Eskimos told that in two average marches Pole would be reached. Extra rations served. Camp in tent. (Bar., 29.98; Temp., —46°.)
	20	15½	8 P. M. to 4 A. M. An exciting run; ice aglow in purple and gold; Eskimos chanting. Wind, S. 1 89; 46.45. (D. R.) 94.52. New enthusiasm; good march. Temp., —36°; bar. (not legible on notes); course set for 97th.
	21	13⅓	1 A. M. to 9 A. M. Observations noon: 89; 59.45; ped. 14. Camp; sleep in tent short time; after observations advance; pitch tent; (also) made camp—snow—prepared for two rounds of observations. Temp., 37.7°; bar., 29.83. Nothing wonderful; no Pole; a sea of unknown depth; ice more active; new cracks; open leads; but surface like farther south. Overjoyed but find no words to express pleasure. So tired and weary! How we need a rest! 12, night. Sun seems as high as at noon, but in reality is a little higher, owing to its spiral ascent. The mental elation—the drying of furs, and (making) photos—Eskimos' ideas and disappointment of no Pole—thoughts of home and its cheer. But oh, such monotony of sky, wind and ice! The dangers of getting back. (From other observation papers: Temp. ranged from —36° by mercury thermometer to —39° by spirit thermometer; clouds Alt. St., 1; wind mag. S., 1; ice blink E.; water sky, W.; shadow (of 6 ft. pole) 28 feet.)
	22	0	Moved camp 4 m. magnetic S. Made 4 observations for altitude; S. at noon, W. at 6, N. at 12M, E. at 6 A. M. Ice same; more open water; wind 2-3; temp., —41°; (from field paper) W. S. W., 1 to 2. There are only two big hummocks in sight. (Made a series of observations for the sun's altitude, 2 on the 21st at the first camp, 4 on the 22nd at W. M. camp, and another midnight 22-23. Before we left deposited tube.)

	Date.	Miles Covered.	OBSERVATIONS, ETC. (Exact copy from original Field Papers)
April 1908.	23	20	Start for home. 12.30 to noon. Fairly clear—i smooth, but many new crevasses. Temp., —41°. Cor for 100 mer.
	24	16	11 P. M. to 9 A. M. These records, being made at t end of the day's journey, give the doings of the d previous—this note for the 24th is in reality written the morning of the 25th, when comfortable in cam Wind 1-2 W. Temp., —36°. Ice smooth—fields large 5 crossings; the pleasure of facing home.
	25	15	8-8. Temp., —37°; Wind 1-2 W. S. W.; ice same. T worry of ice breaking up for me, signs of joy for t Eskimo.
	26	14	9 to 7. Still much worried about return; possibility ice disruption and open water near land; wind ligh ice shows new cracks, but few have opened; seems be little pressure; few hummocks; snow hard and trav ing all that could be desired.
	27	14	9.30 to 8. Ice same; wind S. E. 1; good going; cro ings not troublesome; dogs in good spirits; Eskim happy; but all very tired. Temp., —40°.
	28	14	9.15 to 7.45. Ice same; wind 1 W.; snow moderate hard; few hummocks and no pressure lines.
	29	13	Midnight to 8.45 A. M. Ice more active; fresh crack some open cracks but no leads. Wind 1 S.
	30	15	Midnight to 8 A. M. Ped. registered 121 m. from Po camp by D. R., 87.59—100; observations 88.01, 97. Course half point more W. Temp., —34°. Start mo westerly.
May 1908.	1	18	12.30 to 9 A. M. Much color to the sunbursts, but t air humid; the temperature persistently near —40°, b considerable range with the direction of the light wir and mists when they come over leads. Much very hea smooth ice—undulating, not hummocky like S.
	2	12	2 A. M. to 11 A. M. Fog, clouds and wet air. Tem —15°. Hard to strike a course.
	3	13	1 A. M. to 10 A. M. Thick weather; wind E. 2; friction less; occasional light snow fall.
	4	14	3 to 11 A. M. Air clear but sky obscured; ice ve good, but hummocks appearing on the horizon.

	Date.	Miles Covered.	OBSERVATIONS, ETC. (Exact copy from original Field Papers)
ay 08.	5	11	11 P. M. to 6 A. M. Strong wind; occasional breathing spell behind hummocks; squally with drifts.
	6	0	In camp. Stopped by signs of storm; tried to build igloo but wind prevented; in a collapsed tent for 24 hours; eat only half ration of pemmican.
	7	10	8 A. M. to 3 P. M. Wind detestable; ice bad; life a torture; sky persistently obscured; no observations; pedometer out of order, only time to gauge our distance.
	8	12	2 A. M. to 10. Weather bad; windy, S. W.; some drift; heavy going.
	9	13	1 to 8 A. M. (Weather) thick; wind easier; ice in big fields; snow a little harder, snowshoes steady.
	10	13	11 P. M. of the 9th to 6 A. M. Heavy going but little friction on sled; some drift; see more hummocks.
	11	0	May 11. In camp. Strong wind; heavy drift; encircle tent with snow blocks.
	12	11	12.30 to 8.30 A. M. Wind still strong; cestrugi troublesome, but temperature moderate; sled loads getting light.
	13	12	11 P. M. of 12th, to 7.30 A. M. of 13th. Wind easier, S. S. W.; snow harder; ice very thick and very large fields; fog.
	14	9	3 A. M. to 9 A. M. No sky; strong wind compelled to camp early.
	15	13	1 A. M. to 10. Fog; ice much crevassed; passed over several cracks—some opening.
	16	14	May 16. 11 P. M. of the 15th to 6 A. M. Cl. 10; wind again troublesome; light diffused, making it difficult to find footing.
	17	11	2 A. M. to 10. Thick; ice more and more broken; smaller and more cracked—cracks give much trouble.
	18	11	1 A. M. to 9.30. Wind more southerly and strong; ice separating; some open water in leads.
	19	12	11 P. M. to 7.30. Wind veering east; fog thicker; ice very much broken, but snow surface good.

	Date.	Miles Covered.	OBSERVATIONS, ETC. (Exact copy from original Field Papers)
May 1908.	20	6	Midnight to 9 A. M. Open water; active pa almost impossible.
	21	8	11 P. M. to 9. Conditions the same; our return see almost hopeless; no observations—cannot even guess the drift.
	22	0	In camp. Gale N. E.; temp. high; air wet; ice break and grinding; worried about the ultimate return; f low.
	23	5	3 A. M. to 7 A. M. Still squally, but forced a sh march.
	24	12	12 noon to 8 A. M. Short clearing at noon; the first cl mid-day sky for a long time; west still in haze. Wa sky W. and S. W.; no land in sight—though the b saw the land later when I was asleep; ice much brok 84° 02′—97° 03′.
	25	14	10 P. M. to 6 A. M. Ice better; no wind; thick f snow hard. Temp., —10°.
	26	12	11 P. M. to 7.45 A. M. Ice in fields of about 1 somewhat hummocky; crossings hard; no wind.
	27	11	11.30 P. M. to 9.30 A. M. Ice same; thick fog.
	28	13	12 m. night to 10 A. M. Ice still same; fog; wind shifting E. S. E. and S. W.
	29	11	11.30 P. M. to 9.30 A. M. As we came here the wa sky in the southwest to which we had aimed, gradu working west, led to a wide open lead, extending fr north to south, and almost before knowing it, in general plan of the ice arrangement, we found ourse to the east of this lead. Temp. rose to zero. Ice m broken; air thick; light vague; impossible to see irre larities. Food ¾ rations; and straight course for N sen Sound.
	30	10	12 to 11 A. M. Ice in heaps; open water; brash worst trouble; little fog.
	31	11	11.15 P. M. to 9 A. M. Ice little better; snow ha sleds go easy; much helping required (over press lines).
June 1908.	1	12	10.45 to 8. Ice in large fields; many hummocks; heavy fields.

	Date.	Miles Covered.	OBSERVATIONS, ETC. (Exact copy from original Field Papers)
ıne 08.	2	12	10 P. M. to 9 A. M. Ice steadily improving.
	3	11	10 P. M. to 8 A. M. Ice begins to show action of sun. Temperature occasionally above freezing.
	4	10	9.30 P. M. to 7.30 A. M. Fog; ice offering much trouble, but friction little and load light.
	5	11	9.45 P. M. to 7 A. M. Hummocks exposed to sun have icicles.
	6	0	In camp. Strong N. W. gale.
	7	0	In camp. Gale continues, with much snow; the ice about breaks up; anxious about map. (Not knowing either drift or position, were puzzled as to proper course to set.)
	8	14	1 A. M. to noon. Ice bad, but snow hard, and after rest progress good; wind still blowing west.
	9	10	11 P. M. to 9 A. M. With thick ice and this kind of traveling it is hard to guess at distances.
	10	0	10.30 P. M. to 8. Bad ice; open leads; still no sun.
	11	14	10 P. M. to 8 A. M. Large smooth ice; little snow; wind S. W., 1; no fog, but sky still of lead.
	12	15	10.30 to 5. Small fields but good going; sky black to the east.
	13	14	10 to 8 A. M. Fog cleared first time since last observation. Land in sight south and east. Heiberg and Ringnes Land; water sky; small ice; brash and drift eastward. We have been carried adrift far to the south and west, and examination of ice eastward proves that all is small ice and open water. Heiberg Island is impossible to us. What is our fate? Food and fuel is about exhausted, though we still have 10 bony dogs. Upon these and our little pemmican we can possibly survive for 20 days. In the meantime we must go somewhere. To the south is our only hope.

NOTE.—*June* 14 and thereafter to *September* 1, all notes were briefly tted down in another diary, a collection of loose leaves in which the servations of the return were made. This diary was left with the instruents at Etah with Mr. Whitney. The data, however, had been re-written Cape Sparbo, so that the notes had served their purpose and were of further value when no pretentious publication was anticipated.

Other notes were made on loose sheets of paper or on leaves of the te books. Many of these were destroyed, others were rubbed out to ke room for recording what was regarded as more important data, and few were retained quite by accident.

QUESTIONS THAT ENTER CALCULATIONS FO POSITION OF THE NORTH POLE.

By Frederick A. Cook.

Much abstruse, semi-scientific and academic material h been forced into the polar discussions about proofs by observ tion. The problem presented is full of interesting points, a to elucidate these I will ask the reader to go back with me that elusive imaginary spot, the North Pole. Here we fi no pole—and absolutely nothing to mark the spot for hundre of miles. We are in the center of a great moving sea of ice a for 500 miles in every direction it is the same hopeless desert floating, shifting crystal. I believed then that we had reach the Pole, and it never occurred to me that there would be a c for absolute proof. Such a demand had never been present before. The usual data of the personal narrative of the e plorers had always been received with good faith. But let reopen the question and examine the whole problem.

Is there any positive proof for a problem of this kin Is there any one sure shoulder upon which we can hang t mantle of polar conquest? We are deprived of the usual lan marks of terrestrially fixed points. The effort to furnish pro is like trying to fix a point in Mid-Atlantic. But here y have the tremendous advantage of known compass variati sure time, reasonably accurate corrections. Not only by ca ful observation at sea of fixed stars and other astronomi data, but by an easy and quick access to and from each sho and by reliable tables for reductions gathered during scores years of experience.

All this is denied in the mid-polar basins at the time wh it is possible to arrive there. There is no night, there are stars, and the sun, the only fixed object by which a positi can be calculated, is not absolutely fixable. It is low on t horizon. Its rays are bent in getting to the recording inst ments while passing through the thick maze of floating ice mi This mist always rests on the pack even in clear days. T very low temperature of the atmosphere and the distorti

twisting mirage effect of different strata of air, with radically different temperatures, wherein each stratum has a different density, carry different quantities of frosted humidity.

All of this gives to the sunbeam, upon which the calculation for latitude and longitude is based, the deceptive appearance of a paddle thrust into clear water. The paddle in such case seems bent. The sunbeam is bent in a like manner, since it passes through an unknown depth of refractory air for the correction of which no law can be devised until modern aerial navigation brings to a science that very complex problem of the geography of the atmosphere. For this reason, and for others which we will presently show, this whole idea of proof by figures as devised by Mr. Peary and the armchair geographers, falls to pieces.

Let us take the noon observation—a fairly certain method to determine latitude in most zones of the earth where for hundreds of years we have learned to make certain corrections, which by use have been incorporated as laws in the art of navigation. About five minutes before local noon the sea captain goes to the bridge with sextant in hand. His time is certain, but even if it were not, the sun rises and sets and therefore changes its altitude quickly. The captain screws the sun down to a fixed angle on his sextant; he puts the instrument aside; then takes it up again, brings the sun to the horizon, examines his instrument. The sun has risen a little further; it is not yet noon. This is repeated again and again, and at last the sun begins to descend. It is now local noon. This gives a rough check for his time. There is a certain sure moment for his observation at just the second when it is accurate,—when the sun's highest ascent has been reached. Such advantages are impossible when nearing the Pole. The chronometers have been shooting the shoots of the pack for weeks. The sudden changes of temperature also disturb the mechanism, and therefore time, that very important factor upon which all astronomical data rest, is at best only a rough guess. For this reason alone, if for no other, such as unknown refraction and other optical illusions, the determination of longitude when nearing the Pole becomes difficult and unreliable. All concede this, but latitude, we are told by the armchair observer, is easy and sure. Let us see.

The time nears to get a peep of the sun at noon, but what

is local noon? The chronometers may be, and probably ar far off. And there is no way to correct even approximatel I do not mean on hours, but there may be unknowable diffe ences of minutes, and each minute represents a mile. Let see how this affects our noon observation. Five or ten minut before local noon the observer levels his artificial horizon ar with sextant in hand lies down on the snow. A little drift ar nose bleaching wind complicate matters. The fingers are col the instrument must be handled with mittens; the cold is su that at best a shiver runs up the spine, the eye blinks wi snow glitter and frost. The arms, hands and legs become sti from cold and from inaction. He tries exactly what the s captain does in comfort on the bridge, but his time is a gues he watches the sun, he tries to catch it when it is highes but this is about as difficult as it is to catch a girl in the act winking when her back is turned.

The sun does not rise and set as it does in tempera climes—it circles the horizon day and night in a spiral ascer so nearly parallel to the line of the horizon that it is a practic impossibility to determine by any possible means at hand wh it is highest. One may lie on that snow for an hour, ar though steadied with the patience of Job, the absolute dete mination of the highest point of the sun's altitude or the loc noon is almost a physical impossibility.

This observation is not accurate and gives only results use in connection with other calculations. These results best are also subject to that unknown allowance for reall great atmospheric refraction. The geographic student will, am sure, agree that against this the magnetic needle will off some check, for if you can be certain that when the need points to a positive direction, then it is a simple matter to g approximate time with it and the highest noon altitude; b since the correction for the needle, like that of latitude ar longitude, is based on accurate time, and since it is furth influenced by other local and general unknown conditions- therefore even the compass, that sheet anchor of the navigato is as uncertain as other aids to fixing a position in the pol basin.

In making such observations an artificial horizon must used. This offers an uncontrollable element of inaccuracy in a Arctic observations when the sun is low.

My observations were made with the sun about 12° above the horizon. At this angle the image of the sun is dragged over the glass or mercury with no sharp outlines, a mere streak of light, and not a perfect, sharp-cut image of the sun which an important observation demands.

Mr. Peary's altitudes were all less than 7°. I challenge any one to produce a clear cut image of the sun on an artificial horizon with the sun at that angle. All such observations therefore are unreliable because of imperfect contact, for which there can be no correction.

The question of error by refraction is one of very great importance. In the known zones the accumulated lesson of ages has given us certain tables for correction, but even with these advantages few navigators would take an observation when the sun is but 7° above the horizon and count it of any value whatever.

In the Arctic the problem of refraction presents probable inaccuracies, not of seconds or minutes, but possibly of degrees. Every Arctic traveler has seen in certain atmospheric conditions a dog enlarged to the image of a bear. A raven frequently looks like a man, and a hummock, but 25 feet high, a short distance away, will at times rise to the proportions of a mountain. Mirages turn things topsy-turvy, and the whole polar topography is distorted by optical illusions. Many explorers have seen the returning sun over a sea horizon after the long night one or two days before the correct time for its reappearance. This gives you an error in observations which can be a matter of 60 miles.

Here is a tangle in optics, which cannot under the present knowledge of conditions be elucidated, and yet with all these disadvantages, the group of armchair geographers of the National Geographic Society pronounces a series of sun altitudes less than 7° above the horizon as proof positive of the attainment of the Pole. Furthermore these men are personal friends of Mr. Peary, and the society for whom they act is financially interested in the venture which they indorsed.

Is this verdict based upon either science or justice, or honor?

In response to a public clamor for a peep at these papers, more detestable unfairness was forced on the public. The venerable director of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, who was

one of Mr. Peary's jurors, instead of showing his hand, an thus freeing himself from a dishonest entanglement, asked hi underlings, H. C. Mitchell and C. R. Duval, to stoop to dishonor to veil the humbug previously perpetrated. Unde the instruction of their chief, the first figures of Mr. Peary' sextant readings have been taken, and by manipulating thes they have helped Mr. Peary by saying that their calculatio placed Mr. Peary within two miles of the Pole.

Perhaps Mr. Peary was at the pin-point of the Pole, bu when he allows his friends to use questionable methods to give false security to his claim, then his claim is insecure indeed.

Mitchell and Duval took the sextant readings at face valu If Mr. Peary or his computers had frankly admitted the uncer tainty of the grounds upon which these sextant readings reste then one would be inclined to grant the benefit of doubt; bu as was the case regarding the verdict of the National Geo graphic Society, the public was carefully excluded from knowledge of the shaky grounds upon which these calculation are based. The impossibility of correct time and adequat allowance for refraction render such figures useless as proof o a position. But what about the image of the sun upon th artificial horizon?

An important observation demands that this should b sharp and clear, otherwise the observation is worthless. Mitche and Duval have surely thought of this. Perhaps they hav tried an experiment. As real scientific students they shoul have experimented with the figures with which they played. I the experiment has not been made they are incompetent. I either case a trick has been used to bolster up the deceptiv verdict of the National Geographic Society.

A dish of molasses, a bull's eye lantern and a dark room ar all that is necessary to prove how the public has been deceive by men in the Government pay as scientific computers. Wit the bull's eye as the sun, the molasses or any other reflectin surface as a horizon, with the light striking the surface at les than 7 degrees, as Mr. Peary's sun did, it will be found that th sun's image is an oblong streak of light with ill-defined edge Such an image cannot be recorded on a sextant with sufficien accuracy to make it of any use as an observation. Mitchell an Duval must know this. If so, they are dishonest, for they di not tell the public about it. If they did not know it they ar

ncompetent and should be dismissed from the Government ervice.

With all of these uncertainties a course which gives a vorkable plan of action can be laid over the blank charts, but here always remains the feebly guarded mystery of the ice drift. When the course is set, the daily run of distance can be hecked by estimating speed and hourly progress with the vatches. Against this there is the check of the pedometer or ome other automatic measure for distance covered. The short- ning night shadows and the gradual coming to a place where he night and day shadows are of about equal length is a ositive conviction to him who is open to self-conviction, as a olar aspirant is likely to be. But frankly and candidly, when now review one and all of these methods of fixing the North ole, or the position of a traveler en route to it, I am bound o admit that all attempt at proof represented by figures is uilt on a foundation of possible and unknowable inaccuracy. igures may convince an armchair geographer who has a pre- onceived opinion, but to the true scientist with the many hances for mistakes above indicated there is no real proof. he verdict on such data must always be "not proven" if the vidence rests on a true scientific examination of material which t best and in the very nature of things is not checked by the recision which science demands. The real proof—if proof is ossible—is the continuity of the final printed book that gives ll the data with the consequent variations.

ROM A CRITICAL REVIEW OF THE POLAR CLAIMS IN A FORTHCOMING BOOK

By Captain Thomas F. Hall of Omaha, Neb.

DR. COOK'S VALID CLAIM.

Cook's narrative has been before the public nearly two years. It has een subject to the most minute scrutiny that invention, talent and money ould give. It is to-day absolutely unscathed. Not one item in it from eginning to end has been truthfully discredited. It stands unimpeached. Iud enough has been thrown. Bribery and conspiracy have done their orst. A campaign of infamy has been waged, and spent its force; but ot one solitary sentence has been proven wrong. Musk-ox fakes, starved ogs, fictitious astronomical or other calculations may have some effect on opular opinion; but they have none on the actual facts. They do not udge the truth a hair's breadth and they do not make history.

Cook's claim to the Discovery of the North Pole is as sound and as alid as the other claims of discovery, or the achievement of any one receding him in the Arctic or the Antarctic.

VERDICT OF GEN. A. W. GREELY, REAR ADMIRAL W. S. SCHLEY AND OTHER ARCTIC EXPERTS

Dr. Cook is the discoverer of the North Pole.—General A. W. Greely

No one familiar with the Polar problem doubts Dr. Cook's success. Pea never tried to get to the Pole. He copied Cook's data and then, by official intrig tried to "put it over." A study of Peary's deception on compass variation v prove that.—Clark Brown.

You can prove the discovery of Northermost Land. The Eskimo talk nonsense. The Polar discussion should be settled by an International Comm sion—Prof. Otto Nordenskjold.

Dr. Cook was the first and only man to reach the North Pole—Chas. Rilliet.

I have gone over all of Dr. Cook's data, and, in spite of the statements the contrary, I believe he reached the Pole.—Maurice Connell.

It has always been my pleasure to support Dr. Cook. I can see no reas for doubting his success. Who are his accusers, surely not Arctic Explorers? Captain Otto Sverdrup.

I am convinced that if anyone reached the Pole, Dr. Cook got there. Andrew J. Stone.

From first to last I have championed Dr. Cook's cause, and after goi over the printed records of both claimants I am doubly convinced that he reach the Pole.—Captain Edward A. Haven.

Dr. Cook reached the Pole, I doubt Peary, his observations bear the sta of inexcusable inaccuracy and bunglesome carelessness. One cannot read Pear book and believe in him.—Captain John Menander.

Washington, D. C.,
Jan. 7th, 1911

Dear Dr. Cook:

. . . . . I would assure y that I have never varied in the belief that you reached the Pole. After readi the published accounts, daily and critically, of both claimants, I was forced the conclusion from their striking similarity that each of you was the eye witn of the other's success.

Without collusion it would have been impossible to have written accou so similar, and yet in view of the ungracious controversy that has occurred si that view (collusion) would be impossible to imagine.

While I have never believed that either of you got within a pin-point of Pole, I have steadfastly held that both got as near the goal as was possible ascertain considering the imperfections of the instruments used and the perso errors of individuals under circumstances as adverse to absolute accuracy.

Again I have been broad enough in my views to believe that there v room enough at the Pole for two; and never narrow enough to believe that o one man got there.

I believe that both are entitled to the honor of the achievement.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) W. S. Schley

POSITIVE PROOF OF DR. COOK'S ATTAINMENT OF THE POLE

By CAPTAIN EVELYN BRIGGS BALDWIN

METEOROLOGIST PEARY EXPEDITION, 1893-4, SECOND-IN-COMMAND WELLMAN EXPEDITION 1898-9, AND ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE BALDWIN-ZIEGLER POLAR EXPEDITION, 1901-2, ETC.

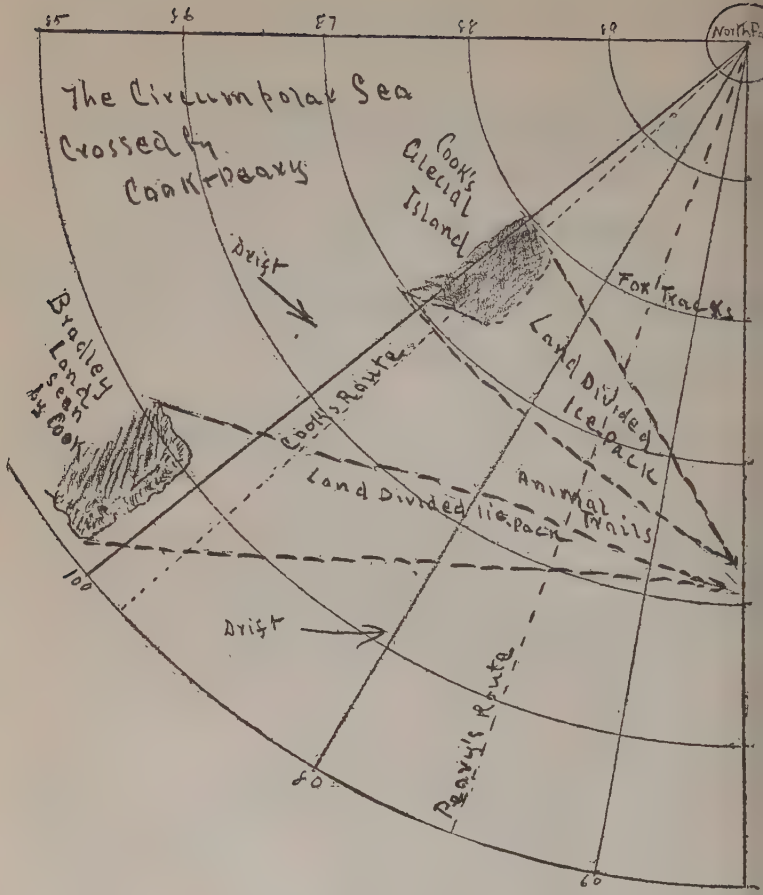
I can prove the truth of Dr. Cook's statements in regard to his discovery of the North Pole from Peary's own official record of his last dash to the Northward.

So far as I can learn, Dr. Cook has never made a "confession" in regard to his trip to the Pole in the sense that he denied his first statements. He has merely said that, in view of the great difficulty in determining the exact location of the Pole, he may not have been exactly upon the northernmost mean-point of the world. Peary, under pressure at the Congressional investigation, was forced to admit the same.

For three hundred years there has been a rivalry among civilized men to be the first to reach the North Pole. I believe that the honor of having succeeded in the attempt should go—not to Peary—but to the man who reached the Pole a year before Peary claims to have been there.

Dr. Cook is now in New York City, and I have talked with him several times recently. With the information that I myself have gathered, I believe that he really did reach the Pole, or came so close to that point that he is entitled to the credit of the Pole's discovery.

Bradley Land is located between latitude 84 and 85. It was discovered by Cook in his Poleward march. The land ice, or glacial ice, which Cook also discovered, is located be-



THE LAND-DIVIDED ICE-PACK REPORTED BY PEARY PROVES COOK'S ATTAINMENT OF THE POLE

een latitude 87 and latitude 88. Cook's line of march car-d him thirty or forty miles to the east of Bradley Land and en upon the glacial ice. The proximity to the new land ve Cook a favorable land-protected surface upon which to vel, and also afforded him protection from gales and from e consequent movements of the pack-ice westward of the new nds. Cook traveled in the lee of the groups of islands and er ice floes more stationary than the ice farther to the east, er which Peary traveled.

Evidence of Cook's Travels

A critical examination of Peary's book not only reveals remarkable corroboration of Cook's discovery of Bradley nd and the glacial island north of it, but also seems to indi-e the existence of islands farther west between the same rallels of latitude.

Referring to page 250, when beyond the 86th parallel, ary says: "In this march there was some pretty heavy going. rt of the way was over some old floes, which had been broken by many seasons of unceasing conflict with the winds and es. Enclosing these more or less level floes were heavy pres-e ridges over which we and the dogs were obliged to climb." other words, the floes which Peary describes in this part of journey clearly indicate that they were just such floes as would expect to find after having passed through a group islands, and, therefore, contrasting naturally with the im-nse size of the floes which both Cook and Peary traversed th of the 88th parallel.

Beginning with page 258, we have a most instructive de-iption by Peary of the ice between the parallels wherein ok locates the glacial ice and upon which he traveled for two rs. It is such ice as one would expect to find after having sed around the north and south ends of an island from forty ixty miles to the westward. This particular area Peary des-ates as a veritable "Arctic Phlegethon," and it is inconceiv-e to believe in this Phlegethon without also believing in the

existence of the glacial ice, as located and described by Cook. Let us, therefore, examine Peary's narrative minutely. says, on page 259, "When I awoke the following day, Ma 28, the sky was apparently clear; but, ahead of us, was a th smoky, ominous haze drifting low over the ice, and a bi northeast wind, which, in the orthography of the Arctic, pla spelled 'Open Water'. . . ."

Also, on the same page: "After traveling at a good r for six hours along Bartlett's trail, we came upon his camp side a wide lead, with a dense black, watery sky to the no west, north and northeast."

Again, on page 260: ". . . The break in the ice occurred within a foot of the fastening of one of my dog tea . . . Bartlett's igloo was moving east on the ice raft, wh had broken, and beyond it, as far as the belching fog from lead would let us see, there was nothing but black water."

Finally, on page 262, Peary says: "This last march put us well beyond my record of three years before, proba 87° 12′. The following day, March 29, was not a ha one for us. Though we were all tired enough to rest, did not enjoy picnicing beside this Arctic Phlegethon wh hour after hour, to the north, northeast and northwest, see to belch black smoke like a prairie fire. . . . Bart made a sounding of one thousand two hundred and si fathoms, but found no bottom."

In the foregoing we have positive proof that this alm open water area was not caused by shoals at that immed point.

Peary's concern as regards this big hole in the ice-pac set forth further on page 265, as follows: "The entire reg through which we had come during the last four marches full of unpleasant possibilities for the future. Only too we knew that violent winds, for only a few hours, would s the ice all abroad in every direction. Crossing such a zone a journey north is only half the problem, for there is alw the return to be figured on. Though the motto of the Ar must be 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,' we arde

ped there might not be violent winds until we were south of is zone again on the return."

From this it is apparent that Peary realized fully the permanent character of this Phlegethon over which he was traveling. With astonishing persistency, he refers again and again this particular locality. Quoting from page 303, when on return march, he says: "There was one region just above e 87th parallel, a region about fifty-seven miles wide, which ve me a great deal of concern until we had passed it. Twelve urs of strong wind blowing from any quarter excepting the rth would have turned that region into an open sea. I eathed a sigh of relief when we left the 87th parallel behind."

And, as though the Phlegethon had not already been sufiently described, on page 307 we find recorded: "Inspired by r good fortune we pressed on again completing two marches, d when we camped we were very near the 87th parallel. The ry that I made in my diary that night is perhaps worth quotg: "'Hope to reach the Marvin Igloo (86° 38′) torrow. I shall be glad when we get there on to the big ice ain. This region here was open water during February and e early part of March and is now covered with young ice ich is thoroughly unreliable as a means of return. A few urs of a brisk wind east, west, or south, would make this ene region open water for some fifty to sixty miles north and uth, and an unknown extent east and west. Only calm ather or a northerly wind keeps it practicable.'"

Absolute Proof of Cook's Claim

From the foregoing it is self-evident that Peary's observans by sextant could not be more corroborative of Cook's itude than that the Phlegethon is proof of the existence of lacial island between the same two parallels traversed by both plorers. Cook had discovered the *cause*, and Peary followed discover the *effect* of that cause. To one familiar with the ditions of ice-floes in the vicinity of islands in the Arctic reasons for this are as clear as it would be to the lay mind

should it be suddenly announced that on a certain
an astronomer had discovered the head of a comet, w
being doubted by rival investigators, might lead to the
happy discrediting of the original discoverer; but should i
as suddenly announced that a rival astronomer had obse
the tail of a comet in the same locality there would quite
tainly follow a reversal of public sentiment.

Evidence of His Travels

Of first importance also in proving the existence of
lands discovered by Cook is the evidence derived from the
istence of animal life, since Arctic game clings close to
shore line in its search for food. Birds must find their nes
places on lands. Foxes live upon birds and the refuse lef
the trails of polar bears and seals. Seals feed upon shri
and find the chief source of food in waters close to the l
Polar bears in turn feed upon seals, and necessarily are fo
more numerously about lands or islands.

For this reason we will examine Peary's official narra
of his journey north for evidence of Dr. Cook's discover
land to within 2° of the North Pole. Having n
Dr. Cook's statement relative to the blow hole of a seal
Bradley Island, we will follow in Peary's trail for corrob
tion of Cook's journey eleven months previous, and a c
paratively short distance westward of Peary's line of ma
Referring to Peary's "North Pole" on page 249, while in
tude 85° 48′ he records:

"While we were engaged in this business we saw a
disporting himself in the open water of the lead."

Still farther along, when in latitude 86° 13′, P
states, on page 252: "Along the course of one of those l
we saw the fresh tracks of a polar bear going west."

Animal Trails Verify Cook's Report

Arctic travelers will well appreciate the force of this st
ment relative to the polar bear, who, scenting the land a

iles to the westward, was in search of seals. The freshness of ıe bear's tracks is proof that it had not drifted on some ice floe ·om remote parts of the Arctic basin.

Again, referring to page 257, we find that Peary while ·aveling through deep snow March 28, records: "During the ıy we saw the tracks of two foxes in this remote and icy wil-·rness, nearly two hundred and forty nautical miles beyond ıe northern coast of Grant Land."

It is worthy of note that Peary does not state just how r from the glacial or land ice upon the submerged island over hich Cook traveled the fox tracks were. But it is evident ıat the foxes were less than two sleeps from land, since Peary ates that Marvin's observation placed them in about latitude ;° 38′, the very latitude in which Cook traveled upon the sta-ɔnary land ice.

Still again, page 307, while on his return march and near e 88th parallel Peary observes: "Here we noticed some fox acks that had just been made. The animal was probably sturbed by our approach. These are the most northerly ·imal tracks ever seen."

Certainly. Why not? Since they were so near the north-n termination of the land ice discovered by Dr. Cook. In is connection it is also important to remark that between titude 88 and his approximate approach to the Pole, Dr. ɔok makes no mention of animal life, and this is corroborated Peary's own statement that he observed no tracks of animals yond the 88th parallel. Thus Peary corroborated Cook by e very absence of animal life in the very region where Cook ates he saw no land.

Peary's Statements Prove Cook's

On Peary's return journey he states that as they ap-oached Grant Land the fresh tracks of foxes and other evi-nces of animal life were very numerous. And if the nearness land was evidenced in this case it is also clear that the tracks d appearance of animals on his journey in the high latitudes

should be given equal weight as evidence of the lands discovere by Cook.

The line of deep sea soundings taken by Peary from Ca Columbia northward indicates a steady increase in depth t latitude 84° 24′, where the lead touched bottom at eight hu dred and twenty-five fathoms, until, in latitude 85° 23′, t sounding showed a depth of but three hundred and ten fathom Referring to this, we find that Peary says, on page 338 of h narrative: "This diminution in depth is a fact of considerab interest in reference to the possible existence of land to t westward."

It seems to me that it is not impertinent to remark that th land to the westward was scarcely two sleeps distant, as D Cook has steadfastly maintained. Finally, on page 346, Pea says: "Taking various facts into consideration it would see that an obstruction (lands, islands or shoals) containing near half a million square statute miles probably exists, and anoth at or near Crocker Land."

More Accurate Observations by Cook Than by Peary

And this is all that Dr. Cook claims in his location of la to the northward of the very Crocker Land to which Pea alludes.

As to Dr. Cook's and Peary's observations when in t immediate vicinity of the Pole, I would call attention to t following facts: Cook's determination by the sextant of t sun's altitude was made April 21, 1908; Peary's final observ tions were taken April 7 of the following year. The sun bei thus two weeks higher at the time Cook made his observatio he was able to secure a more accurate series of altitudes, a this will have an important bearing in substantiation of h claims.

Considering the difficulty which Peary has had in provi whether he was at 1.6 miles from the Pole on the Grant La side or the Bering Strait side, and whether he was ten or fifte miles away, I think Dr. Cook was justified in saying that,

hough he believed he was at the North Pole, he is not claiming hat he had been exactly at the pin-point of the North Pole. t any rate, it places Dr. Cook in the position of endeavoring o tell the truth.

In this connection I feel like replying to a criticism which Ir. Grosvenor, editor of the National Geographic Magazine, ublished over his own signature immediately following Dr. ook's return from the Pole. "Cook's story reads like that of a an who had filled his head with the contents of a few books on olar expeditions and especially the writings of Sverdrup."

Armchair Criticisms Unfair

Now, since Sverdrup is a real navigator, having accom-anied Nansen during his three years' drift on the Fram, and, llowing this, having himself organized and led an expedition uring three years to the westward of Grinnell Land, in the ourse of which he discovered and charted, in 1902, Heiberg and and contiguous islands (which, however, Peary charted ur years later and named Jessup Land), I do not consider Ir. Grosvenor's armchair criticism of the writings of Capt. verdrup and of Dr. Cook quite in keeping with the principles a square deal and fair play.

Among the reasons which Peary assigns for doubting r. Cook is one pertaining to the original records which Dr. ook unwillingly left at Etah. The leaving behind of these apers, according to Peary, was merely a scheme on Cook's art, so that he might claim they had been lost or destroyed nd thus escape being forced to produce them in substantiation his claim. Recently, when I asked Dr. Cook about this, his ply was: "This does not sound very manly. If this was in Peary's belief, why did he not bring them back? Here as absolute proof in his own hands. Why did he bury it?"

Armchair geographers and renegades may endeavor to scredit Dr. Cook, but the seals and polar bears and little foxes ll bear testimony of unimpeachable character to substantiate s claims as the discoverer of the North Pole. The reading

public will not forget that when Paul Du Chaillu, returning from his expedition to Africa, reported the discovery of the pigmies, he was denounced as a faker and a liar. For three years Du Chaillu, as he has told me himself, sought in vain to re establish his credibility, and when at the end of that time he succeeded in bringing some of the pigmies and exhibiting them before the scientific bodies of the world, then the "doubting Thomases" were obliged to give him credit as the discoverer of the African dwarfs. The yellow press and sensation mongers will decry Dr. Cook as they did Du Chaillu, for some years to come, but Arctic explorers endorse him to-day.

Rear Admiral W. S. Schley, General A. W. Greely, Captain Otto Sverdrup, Captain Roald Amundsen, and all the world's greatest explorers have indorsed Dr. Cook.

I have seen Dr. Cook's original field notes, his observations, and the important chapters of his book, wherein his claim is presented in such a way that the scientific world must accept it as the record and the proof of the greatest geographic accomplishment of modern times.

Putting aside the academic and idle argument of pin-point accuracy—the North Pole has been honestly reached by Dr. Cook 350 days before anyone else claimed to have been there.

(Signed) Evelyn Briggs Baldwin.

DICT OF THE GEOGRAPHIC HISTORIAN

DR. COOK'S RECORD IS ACCURATE IT IS CERTIFIED—IT IS CORROBORATED

HE IS THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH POLE

By Edwin Swift Balch

(From the N. Y. Tribune, April 14, 1913)

Which was it: Cook or Peary? Who discovered the North Everybody thought the question had been settled long but now comes an eminent geographer and explorer, who over his name, that both got to the "Big Nail," and that it he Brooklyn doctor who did it first. And in defense of his he cites chapter and verse, and uses Peary's own story ve that his hated rival it was who first stood at the top earth, "where every one of the cardinal points is South."

The intrepid defender of Cook is Edwin Swift Balch, fellow Association for the Advancement of Science, member of Wyoming Historical and Geological Society, the Franklin ute, American Philosophical, American Geographical and Geographical Societies, writer on arctic, antarctic geograph- nd ethnological topics for the learned societies of the Dr. Balch lives at No. 1412 Spruce street, Philadelphia, he title of his book, just published by Campion & Co., of elphia, is "The North Pole and Bradley Land."

"All Travellers Called Liars"

From time immemorial travellers have been called liars," Mr. Balch in a chapter devoted to "travellers who were oubted and afterward vindicated," and it is on this general otion of their Munchausen-like proclivities that much of

the weight of argument depends. But most of all the trut
ness of the doctor's assertion that on April 21, 1908, he an
two Eskimo boys, E-tuk-i-shook and Ah-we-lah, reached
goal and "were the only pulsating creatures in a dead wor
ice," is shown by the fact that conditions reported by Coo
existing there were corroborated by Peary.

"The man who breaks into the unknown may say
he chooses and present such astronomical observations a
sees fit, says Mr. Balch, "but his proof rests on his word.
if the next traveller corroborated the discoverer, instantly
first man's statements are immeasurably strengthened.

"To solve such a problem as that of who discovered
North Pole, this comparative method seems to the writer
only one available. It is not a matter of belief, it is a m
of comparison and reasoning. It is not the evidence which
produces *which in itself alone could prove Cook's claims.*
the geographical evidence offered by both Cook and P
which, when carefully compared, affords, in the writer's
ment, the only means of arriving at a conclusion. It is Pe
statements and observations which prove, as far as can be pr
at present, Cook's statements."

All Discoverers First Doubted

The writer then mentions a score of the great discov
and explorers of history who have been defamed and be
by their contemporaries, yet whose achievements have in
proved them to be truth tellers. Marco Polo, "greatest of
aeval travellers, was generally discredited." Amerigo Ves
"to this day remains under a cloud for things he did not
Fernao Mendes Pinto, Nathaniel B. Palmer, Robert Joh
James Weddell, von Drygalski, Nordenskjold, Bruce, Cha
Dr. Krapf, Dr. Robmann, Du Chaillu, Stanley, Livings
Colter, all have been reviled as fabricators, yet all have
honored by those who came later, he says.

"There are three records of Dr. Cook's journey of 1
says the writer. "Cook's first announcement was a long

ram sent from Lerwick, Shetland Islands, and published in the New York Herald' of September 2, 1909. The full original arrative was sent immediately after this and published in the New York Herald' between September 15 and October 7, 1909, ith the title 'The Conquest of the Pole.'

"Both of these were written and sent before Cook could, by ny possibility, have seen or heard of any of the results of Peary's ist expedition.

The third record is Cook's book "My Attainment of the ole," which is simply an enlargement on the earlier story.

Cook Must Have Been First

The point here emphasized is that Cook could not have ad anything on which to base his description of conditions orth of 83:20 north latitude, and as his description agreed with iat later given by Peary, there could be no doubt that Cook as there first.

"The reason for this is that these statements can be based n nothing but Cook's own observations," says Mr. Balch, "for ook started for Denmark from South Greenland before Peary tarted for Labrador from North Greenland, and therefore every- ing Cook stated or wrote or published immediately after his rrival in Europe must be based on what Cook observed or xperienced himself.

"Cook's original narrative stands on its own merits; it is the rst and most vital proof of Cook's veracity, and yet it has passed lmost unnoticed.

The points on which the two accounts, Cook's and Peary's, f conditions at 90 degrees north agree most fundamentally, and ence most definitely establish the truthfulness of Cook, are rst the "account of the land sighted in 84:20 north to 85:11 orth (Bradley Land). The second is the glacial land ice in 7-88 degrees north. The third is the account of the discovery f the North Pole and the description of the ice at the North ole."

Cook's Three Achievements

Cook's first great discovery, the writer holds, was Bradley Land, named after his friend and backer. This land, Cook declared, had a great crevasse in it, making it appear like two islands, the southerly one starting at 84:20 north. Peary made no mention of land north of 83:20 north.

"Whether there is land or water in the intervening sixty geographical miles is a problem," says the writer, "but in order to be perfectly fair to both explorers and to allow for errors in observation one might split the difference at 83:50 north and consider that latitude as a dividing line between the lands discovered respectively by Cook and Peary."

"The second important discovery of Cook's is the glacial land ice in 87 north to 87 north-88 north," says the writer. "A closely similar occurrence was observed by Peary on his 1906 trip in about 86 north, 60 west."

But the most important particular in which the two men agree, in the mind of Mr. Balch, is in their description of the ice at the pole. Cook reported that it was "a smooth sheet of level ice." The writer adds: "if that description of the North Pole is accurate, the writing of it by Cook, first of all men, on the face of it is proof that Cook is the discoverer of the North Pole."

The Snow Was Purple

But not only was the ice at the pole smooth and level, but the snow there was "purple" in the story of Cook, a detail in which he is again borne out by Peary.

"Purple snow," says the writer, "is a linguistic expression an attempt to suggest with words what Frank Wilbert Stokes has done with paints in his superb pictures of the polar regions. Hence," he says, "the use of the word 'purple' by Dr. Cook who is not a trained artist, proves that he has the eye of an impressionist painter and that he is an extremely accurate observer of his surroundings. . . . .

That Cook's description is accurate is in the next place
ified to by Peary. Peary corroborates Cook absolutely
ıt conditions enroute to the North Pole; and Cook is cor-
rated by Peary, not only by what Peary saw, but by what
ry did. If there was anything in the Western Arctic between
North Pole and 87:47 north but 'an endless field of purple
vs,' smooth and slippery, Peary could not have covered the
rvening 133 geographical miles in two days and a few hours.
ry, therefore, from observation and from actual physical
ormance proves that Cook's most important statement is
."

The evidence is thus examined, step by step. The state-
ts of the two men are compared, word by word, and this is
conclusion reached:

"In view of all these facts it becomes certain that Cook
t have written his description of the North Pole from his
observations, for until Cook actually traversed the Western
ic between 88 degrees north and the North Pole, and told
world the facts, no one could have said whether in that area
e was land or sea, nor have stated anything of the conditions
s ice, with its unusual, perhaps unique, flat surface.

"But Cook, in his first cable dispatch, stated definitely and
ively and finally that at the North Pole there was no land,
sea, frozen over into smooth ice, and Peary confirmed Cook's
ements.

"Cook was accurate, and the only possible inference is that
k was accurate because Cook knew; and the further inevitable
lusion is that since Cook knew, Cook had been at the North
"

(*Ed.*) In personal letters Balch further says, "I have tried
ok at it as if this were the year 2013, and all of us in heaven.
. . . It is only a question of time till Dr. Cook is recog-
l as the discoverer of the North Pole."

FOR A NATIONAL INVESTIGATION

A REQUEST

By Dr. Frederick A. Cook

For three years I have sought in various ways to bring ab
a National investigation of the relative merits of the Polar Att
ment and the unjust propaganda of distrust which follov
Such an investigation would do no harm if the original work
the later criticism has been done in good faith. Why ha
been refused? To take the ground that it is a private ma
and that the Government has taken no official part in the P
race is to assume a false position. The injustice of this eva
policy is brought out in my telegram to former President Ta
and again in my letter to President Wilson. To compel s
an investigation and to appoint Arctic explorers as Nati
experts has been my main mission on the platform. M
against my will I have been forced to adopt the usual polit
tactics of getting to the voters to force action by Congress
the official circles of Washington.

When in 1911 the bill was introduced in Congress to re
Peary as a Rear Admiral with a pension, I supposed that
would automatically bring about a thorough scientific exam
tion of the merits of the rival Polar claims. And such an inv
gation I then believed would surely bring about the only rew
I have ever claimed—The appreciation of my fellow countryn
It was however, as I learned later, a bold Pro-Peary moven
fostered by lobbyists whose conscience was eased by dripp
from the Hubbard-Bridgeman Arctic Trust, but I still belie
that the dictates of National prestige were such that the u
white-washing and rail-roading process could not be adop
in a question of such International importance. I did

grudge Mr. Peary a pension if honest methods were pursued adjust the bitterly fought contention in the eyes of the world. friends made no protest in Congress. As matters progressed, vever, I saw that such men as Prof. Willis Moore and others is kind—men I had previously trusted as honest, really proved mselves, double-faced, political back-scratchers. Then I nged my tactics. When one's honor is bartered by thieves der the guise of friends—and when these thieves are part of a ernment from which justice is expected—Then one is bound uncover the leprous spots of one's accusers. I am glad to e that Prof. Moore, the President of the National Geographic iety, has since been exposed as being too crooked to fit into erth of the present administration. There are others whose g fingers have been in the Polar-pie who will also meet their e as time exposes their flat-heads.

To call a halt on this National Humbug where only official ir-warmers and political crooks served as experts, I sent following telegram to former President Taft:

COPY OF TELEGRAM SENT TO FORMER PRESIDENT TAFT

Omaha, Neb., March 4, 1911

President—The White House,
Washington, D. C.

When you sign the Peary bill you are honoring a man with sin-soiled hands has taken money from our innocent school children. A part of this money lieve was used to make Arctic concubines comfortable. I am ready to pro- others of the same opinion. Thus for twenty years while in the pay of the , supplied with luxuries from the public purse, Peary has enjoyed, apparently National consent, the privilege denied the Mormons.

There are at least two children now in the cheerless north crying for bread milk and a father. These are growing witnesses of Peary's leprous character. you endorse it?

By endorsing Peary you are upholding the cowardly verdict of Chester, nan and Gannett, who bartered their souls to Peary's interests by suppressing worthlessness of the material upon which they passed. These men on the rnment pay-roll have stooped to a dishonor that should make all fair-minded le blush with shame. This underhanded performance calls for an investi- n. Will you close these dark chamber doings to the light of justice?

In this bill you are honoring one, who in seeking funds for legitimate ration, has passed the hat along the line of easy money for twenty years. Much is money was in my judgment used to promote a lucrative fur and ivory , while the real effort of getting to the pole was delayed seemingly for com- al gain. Thus engaged in a propaganda of hypocrisy he stooped to immor-

ality and dishonor and ultimately when his game of fleecing the public was th
ened, he tried to kill a brother explorer. The stain of at least two other li
on this man. This bill covers a page in history against which the spirits of
dered men cry for redress.

Peary is covered with the scabs of unmentionable indecency, and fo
your hand is about to put the seal of clean approval upon the dirtiest carn
of bribery, conspiracy and black-dishonor that the world has ever known.

If you can close your eyes to this, sign the Peary bill.

(Signed) FREDERICK A. COOK

The telegram was received but not acknowledged—
Peary bill was signed. But the false assumption of Pea
"Discovery of the Pole" was eliminated from the bill. The
therefore no National endorsement of Peary; though he was g
an evasive Old Age Pension which the newspapers quoted in
rectly as an official recognition of Peary's claim to polar prio

I now appeal to President Wilson and the present adm
tration to make some official endeavor to clear our Nati
emblem of the stain of the envious Polar contention. To
end I have written the following letter:

AN APPEAL TO PRESIDENT WILSON

(COPY OF A LETTER)

Chicago, May 1, 1913

Honored Sir:

I appeal to you to forward a movement which will adjust in the e
the world the contention regarding the rival Polar claims. The American
has spread its wings of glory over the world's top. It would seem to be a Na
duty to determine officially whether there is room for one or two under
wings.

The graves of our worthy ancestors are marks in the ascent of the
of latitudes. Hundreds of lives, millions of dollars, have been sacrificed
quest of the Pole. The success at last attained has lifted the United Sta
the first ranks as a Nation of Scientific Pioneers. Every true America
quivered with an extra thrill of pride with the knowledge that the unknown
center has been pierced and that the stars and stripes have been put to the
breezes of the North Pole. The unjustified and ungracious controversy
followed has wounded our National honor; it has left a stain upon our flag.
not, therefore, our duty as a Nation to dispel the cloud of contention restin
the glory of Polar attainment?

I have given twenty years to the life-sapping task of Polar explora
all without pay—all for the benefit of future man. Returning—asking for no
expecting only brotherly appreciation of my fellow countrymen, I am com
to face an unjust battle of political intrigues by men in the pay of the Govern
My effort now is not for money nor for a pension, but to defend my hono
that of my family. The future of my children demands an exposition
unfair methods of the arm-chair geographers in Washington. However,
not ask the administration to defend me or my posterity, but do ask th

en who draw a salary from the National treasury be made answerable for a
opaganda of character assassination, among these is Prof. Willis Moore and
hers of the so-called National Geographic Society.

The National Geographic Society with Prof. Moore as President is respon-
ble for the false interpretation of the rival Polar claims. This society is a private
ganization used mostly for political purposes; for two dollars per year a college
ofessor or a street-sweeper becomes with equal facility a "national geographer."
is, therefore, not "national" nor "geographic," and when this society poses as
scientific body, it is an imposition upon American intelligence, and yet it is this
ciety, with the well-known political trickery of Prof. Moore, which has attempted
decide for the world the merits of Polar attainment. An investigation of the
rong doings of this society will quickly bring to light the injustice of the Polar
ntroversy.

A commission of Polar explorers appointed by National authority will
d for all times the problem of the rival Polar claims. There is an abundance
material on both sides by which such a commission could come to a reasonable
nclusion. The general impression that the Polar contention has been scien-
fically determined is not true. There has been no real investigation into either
aim. Such an investigation could only be made by Arctic explorers, and to
ring about this end I would suggest the appointment of an International Com-
ission of such men as General A. W. Greely, U. S. A., Captain Otto Sverdrup
Norway and Professor Georges Lecointe of Belgium. Their decision would
e accepted everywhere. Greely and Sverdrup have each spent four years in
e very region under discussion, and Lecointe is the Secretary of the International
ureau for Polar Research and also director of the Royal Observatory of Belgium.
uch men will render a decision free from personal bias, free from National preju-
ce and their verdict will be accepted by the Nations of the world.

Though I am an interested party I insist that my appeal is not altogether
personal one. In the interest of that deep-seated American sense of fair play,
the interest of National honor, in the interest of the glory of our flag, it would
em to be a National duty to have the distrust of the Polar attainment cleared
an International commission.

Respectfully submitted,
(Signed) FREDERICK A. COOK

o the President,
The White House,
Washington, D. C.

Thousands of requests similar to those reproduced below ave gone to various officials in Washington. Such appeals emand action.

Chicago, May 7, 1913

r. Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy,
Washington, D. C.

ear Sir:

Rear Admiral Peary wears the stripes of the Navy, he is drawing a pension $6,000.00 per year from the tax-payers—The National dictates of honor compel ch a man to be clean morally—honest and upright officially. Dr. Cook has ublicly made charges against Peary which relegate this Naval Officer to the rank a common thief and degenerate. In his book, "My Attainment of the Pole," Mitchell-Kennedy, N. Y.) there are specific charges made which call for an vestigation. These charges have remained unanswered for three years—**Why?**

In the Polar controversy the flag has been dragged through muck, and this shonor seems to rest upon a man for whose actions you are responsible.

The American people have a right to demand an investigation into t intrigue of the Peary Polar Propaganda, and as one believing in justice at t bar of public opinion, I ask that you take steps to clear this cloud in the eyes the world.

Respectfully,

FRED HIGH
Editor of *The Platform*,
The Lyceum and Chautauqua Magazine,
Steinway Hall, Chicago.

Chicago, May 22, 1913.

To Congressman James R. Mann,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

The conquest of the North Pole has lifted the United States to a fi position as a Nation of scientific pioneers. The controversy which followed is blot on our flag and it is a slur at our National honor. From the Governme purse and from private resources we have spent millions to reach the top of t earth; it would appear therefore to be our duty as a Nation to adjust the Poi contention in the eyes of the world.

If Dr. Cook has reached the Pole, a year earlier than Peary, as most Arc explorers believe, then the seeming endorsement and the pension of the Nav officer is an injustice to Dr. Cook and an imposition on the public; if both ha reached the Pole then there should be a suitable recognition and reward extend to each. As one of thousands of American citizens, I beg of you to forward movement which will bring about a National investigation into this proble with a suitable provision for a proper recognition.

Respectfully,

CHARLES W. FERGUSON,
Pres.,
The Chautauqua Managers Association,
Orchestra Bldg., Chicago.

CAN THE GOVERNMENT ESCAPE THE RESPONSIBILITY?

By Fred High

While the Danes were royally entertaining Dr. Cook on ptember 4th, 1909, telegrams were being showered upon him all the world. The King of Sweden sent this message:

BRILLIANT DEED, OF WHICH THE AMERICAN PEOPLE MAY RIGHTLY BE PROUD."

The American minister to Denmark made Dr. Cook's visit ate business and joined in the effort to share Cook's honors. r. Cook paused in the midst of all this splendor to cable the following message to our President:

Copenhagen, Sept. 4, 1909.

esident,
The White House, Washington.

I have the honor to report to the chief magistrate of the United States t I have returned, having reached the North Pole."

To which President Taft cabled the following reply:

Beverly, Mass., Sept. 4, 1909.

derick A. Cook,
Copenhagen, Denmark.

Your dispatch received. Your report that you have reached the North le calls for my heartiest congratulations, and stirs the pride of all Americans t this feat which has so long baffled the world has been accomplished by the lligent energy and wonderful endurance of a fellow countryman."

William H. Taft.

Was President Taft speaking for the American people when called Dr. Cook's achievement the pride of all Americans? ere we ready to share Cook's joys? Share his honors? If so, en in all fairness, should we not share in his trials and tribulans? Are we like the crazy base ball fan who cheers a pitching ro when he wins and insults him with all kinds of vile epithets en he loses?

For one I shared in that thrill of pride and was glad to know at I had had dealings with Dr. Cook before he went in search the Pole, consequently, I felt in honor bound to withhold any sty criticisms that I might feel tempted to hurl at Dr. Cook. who joined in his praises should insist upon it that he be given hance to disprove every charge that has been brought against n, that he be given a chance to explain his every act before

we join in the cry to crucify him. "Crucify him, or give us
most contemptible coward, moral leper and political crook t
has lived in our time," if Dr. Cook's charges are true.

Believing that this is a matter that ought to be fairly set
by competent and orderly methods, I have written to sev
congressmen and senators, and the following correspond
speaks for itself:

Hon. Wooda N. Carr, Chicago, Illinois, May 7, 1913.
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

I wish to ask a personal favor of you, one that I think the public is i
ested in and one that I think the world ought to know more about. It is
Cook-Peary controversy. I have given this considerable thought and st
I have heard Dr. Cook lecture a number of times and have talked to him pe
ally and tried to find out from every angle the facts as to whether or not his s
is true. So far I have been unable to find a flaw in any of his statements, and
Peary by his actions has given every evidence that Dr. Cook is telling the t
Therefore, as a citizen who is interested in the larger affairs of this country,
as the editor of The Platform, which is devoted to the Lyceum and Chautau
movement, I am asking whether or not it would be compatible with fair play
our sense of justice and real national dignity to take this controversy out o
hands of individuals and settle it by an official tribunal, or by a commissio
arctic explorers.

I shall be very glad, indeed, if you will inform me of what steps could
be taken to bring about the settlement of this controversy. If there are
authoritative facts developed along this line, I will be glad to know whe
locate them as my sole object is to learn the truth.

Under separate cover I am sending you copy of The Platform which
tains Doctor Cook's letter to President Wilson, which I hope you will read.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) Fred High.

House of Representatives, U. S.
Mr. Fred High, Washington, D. C., May 13,
602 Steinway Hall,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:

Your letter of the 7th inst., regarding the Cook-Peary controversy
ceived. I do not think it would be possible to get Congress to interfere in
matter. It is a question of little concern to many who discovered the Pol
whether it was discovered at all. It seems to be a personal matter, the se
ment of which should be determined by the persons interested.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) Wooda N. Ca

Is it a matter of no concern whether or not the North
has been discovered? Is it a matter of no concern whether a
can fake a story about having discovered the North Pole, rec
the homage of the world, fleece the American public out of th
ands of dollars for fees to hear his lecture and go unpunish
If Dr. Cook has hoaxed the world as so many have charged
with having done, this is more than a private matter.

If Dr. Cook has discovered the North Pole, are we acting the part of fellow countrymen by shirking our duty? Shall Congress say that the clique at Washington either make good its charges against Dr. Cook, or be made to retract and stand disgraced in the eyes of the world? We shared Cook's honors. Will we shirk when he calls upon his countrymen for a square deal?

The following letter was received from Senator Miles Poindexter and should be carefully studied:

United States Senate, Committee on Expenditures in the War Department.

Washington, D. C. May 9, 1913.

Mr. Fred High, Editor,
The Platform, 602 Steinway Hall,
64 E. Van Buren St.,
Chicago, Illinois.

My dear Mr. High:

I have yours of 7th inst., and was very much pleased to know that you are interested in securing a fair examination, officially if possible, into Dr. Cook's claims of discovery.

Ever since the Cook-Peary controversy began, I have paid more or less close attention to the questions involved therein. I have talked with a number of residents around the neighborhood of Mt. McKinley, Alaska, some of whom are friendly and some unfriendly to Dr. Cook; have read with great care Dr. Cook's book describing his polar expedition; and have followed through the newspapers and otherwise the various phases of the controversy and happenings in connection therewith. As a lawyer, I have always been especially interested in the study of the credibility of witnesses, the weight of evidence; and in deducing logical conclusions therefrom. From the careful consideration of the comparative character of the witnesses for and against Dr. Cook, their motives, and the attitude and hearing throughout the controversy of Cook and Peary themselves, I have a very fixed and firm conviction that Dr. Cook's story is true. I believe the majority of the people of the country who are interested in the subject are of the same opinion.

From my observation of the miserable petty cliques and factional squabbles in official circles of the Government, such for instance as the Sampson-Schley controversy and innumerable smaller disputes, I have long ago ceased to accept, as necessarily correct, official evidence merely because it is official.

I have not yet seen a copy of The Platform containing Dr. Cook's letter to President Wilson which you say you are forwarding me under separate cover, and when received will read it with much interest. Not having read it, I do not know just what plan Dr. Cook proposes for an official investigation. I will be glad however, to learn the basis upon which it is proposed to make the test an official investigation. It occurs to me that it is entirely a private matter and that the Government officially has nothing to do with it. Every man has as much right as any other man to form a conclusion in the case; public opinion, if the facts can be presented to the public, is the best judgment. I would be apprehensive of submitting the absolute determination of the question to an official tribunal for the reasons, among others, which I have mentioned above. However, will be glad to learn further as stated of the proposal.

With kind regards.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) MILES POINDEXTER.

Senator Poindexter's letter is a stricture on official Was
ington that ought to cause every true patriot to blush with sham
Are we at the point where even an impartial investigation ca
not be had into the controversy as to who discovered the Nort
Pole?

There are thousands who believe this is a question tha
touches our national honor and therefore is a rightful subject f
a Congressional Investigation. Those who believe this, oug
to write to their representatives at Washington and urge suc
action as will lay the facts before the world.

The following letter from Hon. Champ Clark is worthy
much consideration as it reveals the real status of this contr
versy as it exists in official circles.

Dr. Cook is a private citizen with no Cook Arctic club
back him and share his gains. No National Geographical Socie
helped to finance his venture with the hope of managing h
lectures as a sort of bureau graft. He is a private citizen.

Speaker Clark's letter furnishes us with the reason f
asking Congress to take a hand in this affair for it shows ho
ready our statesmen are to give ear when the people speak:

THE SPEAKER'S ROOM
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

WASHINGTON, D. C.

May 10, 1913.

Mr. Fred High,
Editor of The Platform,
Chicago, Illinois.

My dear Mr. High:

I have your letter touching the Cook-Peary controversy. I note wh
you say. I do not see clearly what it is that you are suggesting. That is, wheth
you want Congress to formulate some plan to determine the matter by appointi
a commission of Arctic explorers, or exactly what it is that you do want.

Of course, I do not know very much about Arctic explorations and do n
set a very high store on them as I never could understand what sort of good wou
come of locating the North Pole. I am a good deal of a utilitarian, and am
disciple of the Baconian philosophy rather than of the philosophy of Aristo
and the Greek school. To tell the truth, I have always had a hazy sort of
idea that both Cook and Peary discovered the North Pole. I have not valu
my opinion highly enough to undertake to exploit it or to induce anybody el
to believe it as I have enough other matters on hand to employ the time a
attention of one man.

Wishing you success, I am

Your friend,
(Signed) CHAMP CLARK

The following opinion of the men on the Chautauqua platform is attributed to our good friend from Missouri:

> "The Chautauqua has been a powerful force in directing the political thought of the country, which is largely sociological in these latter days. I approve the Chautauqua lecturers, with whom I have been associated, because they constitute as fine a group of men and women as can be found among the splendid citizenship of America. I have a deep and abiding interest in them, and bid them a hearty godspeed in their work."

Dr. Cook is perhaps the leading Chautauqua lecturer of the present season. He is now booked to appear at seventy Chautauquas this Summer and it is certain that even the genial Speaker of the House wouldn't want to associate with a man who would hoax the world for gain. Certainly he wouldn't want "The greatest liar of the Century to be one of the powerful forces directing the political thoughts of the Century. If Dr. Cook discovered the North Pole he should be given the credit for that great achievement.

We certainly have a right to see to it that neither Dr. Cook nor Mr. Peary are treated as though they were the scum of the earth. Dr. Cook has brought charges against Mr. Peary as a Naval officer. He still brings these charges, and he should be made to prove them. Peary, an officer of the Navy, has brought charges against Cook and he should be made to prove them.

Mr. Peary is an officer of our navy, drawing an old age pension. His position is such that he cannot ignore Dr. Cook's open charges. He is honor bound to protect the good name of this great country by asking an investigation of these charges. To remain silent, is to stand to be branded as the arch-degenerate of our day. Don't forget it was he who opened up the mud batteries and caused this undignified controversy.

No honorable man can allow such open charges of gross immorality as Dr. Cook preferred against Mr. Peary in his telegram to President Taft. These have been printed in magazines and newspapers as well as appearing in Dr. Cook's books, now in the sixtieth thousand edition.

Here in Illinois press stories of improper conduct implicating Lieutenant-Governor Barrett O'Hara were circulated and he immediately asked the state legislature to investigate them. The legislature appointed a committee that took testimony and reported these stories were groundless and false.

Is a retired Admiral less important in the eyes of the world than the Lieutenant-Governor of Illinois, or has the "old tar" taken an immunity bath?

Are we any farther along than were those who put Columbus in chains and stoned the Prophets and nailed the Christ to the Cross? Are we so engrossed in the material things that all questions of honor are of no concern to us?

It is true that the bar of public opinion is the court of last resort in a real democracy, but it is equally true that it is essential to see that the source of public opinion be not polluted. Should our school children be taught that Peary discovered the Pole if Dr. Cook was there first?

Senator Robert M. LaFollette says: "You can't buy, you can't subsidize the Lyceum. At least, it never has been done. The Press has been subsidized. Papers and magazines which were printing the bad records of public officials and political parties have, in many instances, been forced out of the field or silenced. Special privilege organized as a System has its own press.

But the Lyceum platform is free. Really, I sometimes think that, from the days of Wendell Phillips to now, the Lyceum has pretty nearly been the salvation of the country."

The Lyceum and the Chautauqua have given Dr. Cook a fair hearing, and it is now a matter of National pride that when the press was silent or hostile, Congress indifferent, the Chautauqua, the one distinctively American institution, gave him an honest, impartial hearing.

I write as I do because, being the editor of The Lyceum and Chautauqua Magazine, I have tried to give Dr. Cook the same opportunity to present his case as I would expect him to do by me were I in his place and he in mine.

AFTER YOU HAVE READ THIS BOOK KINDLY WRITE YOUR CONGRESSMAN CALLING FOR AN INVESTIGATION.

INDEX

pohon, Trail Along, 183; "The Land of Guillemots," 191

onie Island, 50

ms, Captain, 458; Peary Suppressed Letter Presented by, 459, 487, 489

ance Bay, 106

tah, Turns Away Ma-nee, 58

we-lah, Told Bartlett That Observations Were Made, 13, 189; Chosen for Dash to Pole, 196; Sure of Nearness of Land, 225, 230, 269, 270, 284, 293, 307, 327, 335; Prevents Boat From Sinking, 366, 385, 399; Recounts Remarkable Journey to the Pole, 452

vynet, 96

skan Wilds, 29

xander, Cape, 65, 117, 122, 152

eek-ah, 95

erican Legation, 469

und Ringnes Land, 329

lerson, Mr., 460

oatok, 25; Supplies Stored at, 30; Started for, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71; First Day at, 75; Erected a House of Packing Boxes at, 76, 79, 83, 84, 85, 104, 110, 117, 152, 157, 194, 195, 226, 312, 336, 379, 437, 442, 443, 447, 451, 456

arctic Exploration, 28

tic, Bradley, Expedition, 24, 27

tic Circle Crossed, 34

hbruster, Professor W. F., Defense of Dr. Cook by, 490

hour of Chicago, Food Supplies by, 135

hur Land, 191

ton, J. M., 526, 530

rup, Eivind, Death of, 38, 511, 515, 560

oll, Cape, Sailed Around, 46

Auckland, Cape, 60

Auks, 62

Auroras, 112

Axel Heiberg Land, 193, 194, 201, 212, 246, 327, 329, 333

Bache Peninsula, Headed for, 158, 435

Baffin's Bay, 362

Baldwin, Captain Evelyn B., 135, 540, 564

Baldwin-Zeigler, Cache of Supplies Left by, 203

Bancroft Bay, 103

Bangor, 483

Barrill Affidavit, 13, 14, 522, 523, 524

Bartlett, Capt. Robt. A., Learns from Eskimos That Observations Were Made, 13; Assisted Peary in His Lies, 485, 558, 560, 562.

Bathurst Land, 337

Battle Harbor, Arrival at, 31; Questions Prepared by Peary at, 483, 489, 557

Bay, Baffin's, 362; Bancroft, 103; Braebugten, 358, 377; Buchanan, 77; Cannon, 162; Dallas, 103, 104; Flagler, 154, 161, 168; Melville, 38; Entered, 39, 42, 44, 45; North Star, 46; Anchored in, 50, 462; Olrick's, 59, 63; Pioneer, 314; Robertson, 63; Sontag, 451

Bay Fiord, Overland to, 162, 168

Bear Hunting, 177, 184, 189, 432

Belcher Point, Passed, 361, 362

Belgian Antarctic Expedition, 28, 497

Belle Isle, Straits of, Entering, 31

Bennett, James Gordon, Cable to, 464, 465; Selling Narrative Story to, 491, 942, 493

Bernier, Captain, 448, 516

Berri, Herbert, 502

Berry, Robert M., 478

"Big Lead," Peary's Eskimos Become Panic-Stricken at, 11; Dr. Cook Reaches the Shores of, 217; Crossing the, 221, 222, 224, 250
"Big Nail," 85, 243
Blethen, J., 527
Bonsall Island, 106
Booth Sound, 453
Borup, George, 485, 486
Bradley, John R., Compact Made for Expedition, 24; Expedition, 29; Join Party, 31; Called to Action, 51; Assumed Direction, 53; Shoots Duck, 54, 537
"Bradley, John R.," S. S., Sailed July 3, 1907, 23; Going Northward, 28; Aboard the, 30; Sailing Qualities of the, 31
Bradley Land, 246, 249; Positive Proof of, 251
Braebugten Bay, 358, 377
Breton, Cape, 30
Bridgeford, 527
Bridgman, Herbert L., Kitchen Explorer, 13, 77, 78, 502, 529, 557
Bridges, Thomas, Yahgan Dictionary, 497, 498
Brooklyn Dairy Business, 27
Brooke's Island, 106
Brown, Belmore, 524
Buchanan Bay, 77
Bushwick Club, 481

Cairn Point, Passed, 68
Camped for the Winter, 393
Cannon Bay, 162
Cannon Fiord, 203
Cape Alexander, Passed, 65, 117, 122, 152; Athol, Sailed Around, 46; Auckland, 60; Breton, 30; Clarence, 429; Faraday, 429, 430; Hatherton, 167; Inglefield, 68; Isabella, 428; Louis Napoleon, 435; Paget, 428; Parry, 59; Robertson, Proceeded to, 61, 62; Rutherford, 159; Sabine, Note Left at, 149, 150, 154, 157, 158, 161, 336, 426, 431; Tragedies of, 433, 434; Seiper, 103; Sheridan, 78; Sparbo, 344, 355, 357, 3
364, 377, 378, 413, 497; Tennys
427, 428, 429; "Thomas H
bard," 201; Veile, 154, 161; Ve
343, 352, 353; York, 44, 454, 4
Cardigan Strait, 350
Caribou Hunting, 109
Chester, Rear-Admiral, 502, 543,
Christiansaand, 476
Clarence, Cape, 429
Coast and Geodetic Survey, 488
Coburg Island, 428
Cold, Director, 477
Columbus, Christopher, 7
Conger, Fort, Party Left by Pe
to Die of Cold and Hunger
454
Congress, Investigation of, Admiss
of Peary Witnesses in, 15, 18,
Contracts, Book, 494
Controversy, Polar, 5
Cook, Mrs., 478
Copenhagen, 12, 15, 244, 465, 466,
479, 482, 494, 497, 538, 539,
549, 550, 551, 557, 563
Copenhagen, University of, 549, 5
Cornell University, 485
Crocker Land, 226, 490, 559
Crown Prince Gustav Sea, 329, 33
Crystal Palace Glacier, 451

Dahl, Charles, 456
Dallas Bay, 103, 104
Danes, Hospitality of the, 515
Danish Literary Expedition, 453,
Davis Straits, Entered, 31
Dedrick, Dr., Harshly Treated
Peary, 434, 454, 515
De Gerlache, 134
"Devil's Thumb," 456
Dial Shadow, at the Pole, 308
Disco, Island of, Sighted, 34
Dundas Island, 337
Dunkle, Faked Observations of,
535; Introduced to, 536, 537,
539, 540, 563

Dunkle-Loose Forgery, Explanation of, 355

Egan, Dr., 465, 469, 470, 494
Eggedesminde, 462; First Banquet in Honor of Discovery of the Pole at, 463, 466
Eidsbotn, Descended to, 343
Ellef Ringnes Land, 329
Ellesmere Land, 71; the Promised Land, 101, 191, 344
Elsinore, 466
Endor, 2
Equipment, Examination of, 149
Eric the Red, 33
"*Erik*," S. S., Peary Supply Ship, 443, 449, 451, 515
Eskimos, Delusions of, 11; Testimony of, 12, 34; Married Life Among the, 48; Tents, 49; Bargaining, 49; Study of Walrus Habits, 52; Customs Pertaining to Children, 54; Romance, 55; Have No Salutation, 61; Equality of Children and Dogs to the, 63; Prosperity Measured by the Number of Dogs, 68; Engaged in Request of Reserve Supplies, 85; Making Clothes, 90; Gloom When the the Long Night Begins, 92; Mourning for the Dead, 95; Dancing, 97; Joy in Killing a Bear, 108; Christmas Festivities, 137; Ice Cream, 137; the Coming of the Stork to the, 142; Love for Children, 145; Belief in Shadows, 180; Show Anxiety, 206; Questioned by Peary, 206; Comedies and Tragedies of the, 322; Weird Customs of the, 399; Describe Trip to Pole, 452; Hostility to Peary, 454; Put Through the Third Degree by Peary, 488; Put on Board Peary's Ship Against their Will, 514
Etah, 13; Steered for, 64; Landing Difficult at, 69, 70; Eskimos Return to, 206, 312, 448, 449, 451, 558
E-tuk-i-shook, 12; Told Bartlett That Observations Were Made, 13; Sights Bears, 183; Chosen for Dash to Pole, 196; 293; Sure of Nearness to Land, 225, 230, 270, 279, 284, 293, 307, 327, 335; Kills a Walrus, 373; 381; Secures a Hare, 384; An Adept With a Sling Shot, 399; Recounts Remarkable Journey to the Pole, 452.
Eureka Sound, Reached, 102, 183, 192
Explorers' Club, 529

Faraday, Cape, 429, 430
Faroe Islands, 464
Fenker, Governor, 36
Fiala, Anthony, 478, 536
Fiord Umanak, Reached, 38; Bay, Overland to, 162, 168; Snag's, 193; Cannon, 203; Musk Ox, 343; Talbot's, 429
Floundering in the Open Sea, 231
Flagler Bay, Advance Supplies Sent to, 154, 161, 168
Foulke Fiord, Entered, 66
Fox, Arctic, 398
Francke, Rudolph, 25; Selected as Companion to Dr. Cook, 72, 73, 79; Hunting, 89, 90; Meat Gathered and Dried in Strips by, 114; Prepared a Feast, 147, 148; Asked to Join Party, 153, 155; Remained in Charge of Supplies at Annoatok, 204; in Starving Condition Refused Bread and Coffee by Peary, 442; Compelled by Peary to Turn Over Furs and Ivory, 443, 517
Franklin Bay Expedition, Lady, 158
Fridtjof Nansen Sound, 315, 327

Game, Captured, 100
Gannett, Henry, 544
"Gates of Hades," 66
Gilder, Richard Watson, 112
Glacier, Crystal Palace, 451; Humboldt, 45, 100, 106, 109; Petowik, Sighted, 45
Gloucester, 23
"*Godthaab*," S. S., Supply Ship, 461
Godhaven, Sheltered in, 36, 37
Goggles, Amber-Colored, Used to Protect the Eyes, 226

"Gold Brick," Slurs, 39
Gore, Professor, 540, 563
Gramatan Inn, 535
Grand Republic, 479, 480
Grant Land, 191, 212, 214, 215, 226
Great Iron Stone, 513
Greely Expedition, Camp of, 158; Peary Throws Discredit Upon the, 433, 515
Greely, General A. W., 168, 544, 560
Greely River, 168
Greenland, Steered for, 31; Interior, 32, 37, 45, 62, 69, 79, 117, 364, 408, 433, 436, 489, 497
Grinnell Land, 191
Grinnell Peninsula, 337, 342
Grosvenor, Gilbert, 543, 544
Gulf, Inglefield, 46, 59; Crossing, 60, 453; of St. Lawrence, Sailed Over, 31
Gum Drop Story, Explanation of, 30

Hague Tribunal, The, 441
Hampton, Benjamin, 546, 553
Hampton's Magazine, 546, 552, 553
"Hans Egede," S. S., Sailed on, 464, 466, 467
Hansen, Dr. Norman, 462
Hares, Arctic, 67, 163
Harry, T. Everett, 552, 554
Hassel Sound, 329, 334
Hatherton, Cape, 67
Hayes, Dr., 66, 222
Hearst, W. R., Offer From, 491
Hell Gate, 348; Drifting Towards, 350, 353
Henson, Matthew, Statement of, 506, 559
Holland House, Compact Made at, 24
Holsteinborg, 32
"Hope," S. S., 513
Hovgaard, Commander, 468, 472
"Hubbard, Cape Thomas," 201, 489
Hubbard, General Thomas, 528, 558
Humboldt Glacier, 45, 100, 106, 109
Hunting, Caribou, 109; Bear, 177, 184, 189, 432; Hare, 67, 89, 163; Musk Ox, 171, 184, 378-392; Narwhal, 87; Walrus, 54, 64, 367-373; In the Moonlight, 114-129

Icarus, 43
Ice, Explosion of, 124
Iceberg, Adrift on an, 346
Iceland, 464
Igloo, Building an, 166
Ik-wa, the Cruelty of, 55, 56, 57
Inglefield, Cape, 68
Inglefield, Gulf, 46, 59; Crossing, 60, 453
Instruments, Carried on Journey to Pole, 198; Left With Whitney, 450; Buried, 499
Investigation of Peary's So-Called Proofs, 544, 545
Isabella Cape, 428
Island, Bonsall, 106; Brook's, 106; Coburg, 428; Disco, 34, 50; Littleton, Passing Inside of, 67; Dundas, 337; Faroe, 464; North Cornwall, 336; Saunders, 54; Schei, 185; Shannon, 203; Shelton, 478; Weyprecht, 159
Itiblu, Near, 59, 453

Jensen, Inspector Dougaard, 461, 463, 464, 497
Jesup, Mrs. Morris K., 514
Jones Sound, 324, 342, 383, 396, 406, 426

Kraul, Governor, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 497
Kane Basin, 66, 101
Kane, Dr., 66
Kanga, 59
Karnah, 60
Kennedy Channel, 66
King Christian Land, 336
"King's Guest House," Only Hotel in Greenland, 462
"Kite," S. S., 511

kaan, 63
-loo-ting-wah, Leading Man, 101, 105, 108, 109, 184; Took Instructions to Francke, 204; Paid by Peary to Abandon Supplies, 448
un-a, the Death of, 127

orador, 9, 31, 463, 484, 557
caster Sound, 192, 336, 342, 425
ds-Lokk, 195
vick, Sent First Cable to New York From, 464
sdale, 477, 494, 537
se, 15; Faked Observations, 535, 537, 538, 539, 540, 563
is Napoleon, Cape, 435
boat Cove, Searched for Relics Along, 67
oln Land, 191
oln Sea, 214
leton Island, Passing Inside of, 67

cDonald, J. A., Describes the Mt. McKinley Ascent, 531, 532, 533
aughlin, A. J., 563
nee, the Romance of, 55, 56, 57
n, Colonel, 13, 529
hal, Colonel, 527
vin, Ross, the Suspicious Death of, 485; Letters Suppressed, 488
n, Paris, offer $50,000, 494
illan, Makes False Statements, 484
chior," S. S., 476
ille, Admiral, 502
ille Bay, 38; Entered, 39, 42, 44, 45, 455
orite, "Star Stone," Stolen by Peary, 435, 454, 512
or, St. Louis, the Only Paper to Grant Space to Uncover the Unfair Methods of the Pro-Peary Conspiracy, 490, 491, 492
nell, Roscoe, 525, 527
ning," S. S., 458
ntain, Table, "Oomanaq," 46
Mt. McKinley, Affidavit, 13, 14; Scaled, 29, 522; Description of ascent, 531, 535, 541
Murchison Sound, 453
Museum of Natural History, 513
Musk Ox Fiord, 343
Musk Ox Hunting, 171, 184, 387
My-ah, Disposes of Wives to Gain Dogs, 48; Direct Hunting, 51
Mylius Erickson, 133, 453

Nansen, introduced the Kayak, 133, 495
Nansen Sound, Through, 164, 193, 195, 203
Nansen Straits, 77
Narwhal Hunt, Description of, 87
Naval Committee, 10
National Geographic Society, 10, 13, 540, 541, 542, 544, 549, 561, 564
Needles, Eskimo, How They are Made, 91
Newfoundland Boats, 31
New York *Globe,* 528
New York *Herald,* 465, 482, 493, 527, 538, 557
New York *Times,* Published Lying Document, 15; Peary's Questions Sent to, 483, 521, 540, 557, 561, 564
New York *World,* 506
New York, University of, Graduated From, 27
Nordenskjold, 495
Nordenskjold, Expedition, 468
Nordenskjold System Borrowed by Peary, 511
North Cornwall Island, 336
North Devon, 183, 342, 359, 396, 423
North Lincoln, 406
North Pole, 3, 4, 5, 8, 16, 18, 19, 20, 21, 24, 30, 74, 155, 284, 287, 310, 449, 452, 455, 557
North Star Bay, 44, 46; Anchored in, 50, 462
Norwegian Bay, 336
Nuerke, 447, 451, 453

Observations, 245, 257, 274, 292, 302
Olafsen, Professor, 472
Olrik's Bay, 59, 63
"Oomanaq," Table Mountain, 46
Oomanooi, Village of, Visited, 47, 453
Oscar II, S. S., Sailed on to New York, 475, 476, 477, 494, 495

Paget, Cape, 428
Palatine Hotel, 554
Parker, Professor Herschell, 13, 523, 524
Parry, Cape, 59
Peary, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 18, 19, 20, 27, 28, 38, 39, 77, 112, 131, 200, 212, 244, 253, 433, 438, 439, 440, 441, 443, 444, 447, 448, 451, 452, 454, 459, 463, 474, 477, 482, 483, 484, 485, 487, 490, 491, 492, 493, 496, 499, 500, 501, 502, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 516, 517, 518, 519, 527, 528, 529, 530, 540, 542, 543, 544, 545, 557, 558, 563, 565
Peary, Mrs., 63
Pennsylvania R. R. Station (Washington), Casual Examination of Peary's Instruments in, 10
Penny Strait, 337
Petowik Glacier, 45
Phoenix Hotel, Stayed at, 468
Pioneer Bay, 340, 341
Polar Ethics, Accused of Violating, 439
Poe, Edgar Allen, 140
"Polaris," S. S., Stranded in Sinking Condition, 67
Pole, Copy of Note Left in Tube at, 313
Pole Star, 136
Politiken, 465, 473
Pond's Inlet, 425
Portland, 560
Press, Injustice of the, 19
Printz, F., 525
Proofs, Peary's Demands for, 547, 548, 549

Quebec, 553

Rassmussen, Knud, Lived Amon Eskimos, 46; Heard Story Fro Eskimos of Finding the "Bi Nail," 462; Foretold Return o Peary and Prophesied Discor 463
Rensselaer Harbor, 101
Rice Strait, Through, 158
Roberts, Mr., 548
Robertson Bay, 63
Robertson, Cape, Proceed to, 61, 62
Robeson Channel, 218
"Robinson Crusoe" Life, 391
Rocky Mountains, 33
Rood, Henry, 485
Roosevelt, Stolen Tusk Presented t 443
"Roosevelt," S. S., 438; Piratical C reer of the, 444, 447, 451, 484, 5
Route to the Pole, 285
Royal Geographical Society, 472, 47 475
Rutherford, Cape, 159

Sabine, Cape, Notes Left at, 14 150, 154, 157, 158, 161, 33 Tragedies of, 426, 431, 433, 43 515
Saunders Island, 54
Schei Land, 185
Schley Land, 79, 164, 191
Schley, Rear-Admiral, 168, 544, 584
Schley River, 168
Schwartz, Dr. Henry, 490
Seattle *Times,* 527
Seiper, Cape, 103
Ser-wah-ding-wah, 122, 152
Shackleton's Journey to the Sou Pole, 458
Shadows at the Pole, 304, 306, 308
Shainwald, Ralph L., 469
Shakespeare, 140
Shelter Island, 478
Shannon Island, 203

heridan, Cape, 78
choubye, Captain Henning, 46, 515
ledges, Making of, 128
mith, Mrs., 514
mith Sound, Entered, 65, 66; Left, 71, 104, 122, 150
nag's Fiord, 193
ontag, Astronomer, Lost Life, 222
ontag Bay, 451
ound, Booth, 453; Eureka, 182, 183, 192; Fridtjof Nansen, 315, 327; Hassel, 329, 334, 365; Jones, 324, 342, 383, 396, 406, 426; Lancaster, 192, 336, 425; Murchison, 453; Nansen, Through, 164, 193, 195, 203; Smith, Entered, 65, 66; Left, 71, 104, 122, 150; Whale, Entered, 59; Wolstenholm, 46; Walrus Adventure in, 50, 433.
Sparbo, Cape, 344, 355, 357, 363, 364, 377, 378, 413, 497
Speed Limits, Criticized, 502; Peary's, 505
Spitzbergen, 289
Squint, Boreal, 275
Stanley, 7, 495
"Star Stone," 435, 454, 512
Stars and Stripes Pinned to the North Pole, 287
Stead, William T., 467, 468, 491
Steinsby, Professor, 461
St. Lawrence, Gulf of, 31
St. Louis, Lecture, 496
Stockwell, Professor, 503
Stokes, Frank Wilbert, 112
Straits, Davis, 31; Belle Isle, Entering, 31; Rice, Through, 158; Vaigat, Passed, 38; Cardigan, 350
Stromgren, Professor Elis, 472, 550
Stork, Visits at Christmas, 142
Supplies, 197; Taken for Journey to Pole, 198, 199; Seized by Peary, 444
Sydney, Harry Whitney, Arrives at, 12; Journey to, 236, 558, 561
Svarten Huk, 38
Svartevoeg, 180; Camped South of, 193, 194, 195, 201, 206, 247, 287, 363
Sverdrup, Captain Otto, Exploration of, 80, 191; Mapped Channels by, 192, 201, 342; Peary Stole the Honor of the Naming of Svartevoeg From, 489, 490, 516, 560

Table Mountain, "Oomanaq," 46
Tacoma, 528, 530
Talbot's Fiord, 429
Tassuasak, Arrived at, 456
Temperature of the Body, 324
Tennyson, Cape, 427, 428, 429
"Tent, The," Meteorite, 513
Tents, Eskimo, 49
Thompsen, Professor, 461
"Thumb, The Devil's," 39
Tittman, O. H., 544
Torp, Professor, 472, 549, 560
Townsend, Director, of the New York Aquarium, Falsely Accused Dr. Cook of Stealing a Dictionary Compiled by Thomas Bridges of Indian Words, 497, 498
To-ti-o, 107; Joy in Killing of Bear, 108
Troy, 553
Tung-wing-wah, 95

Umanak, 449, 461, 462
Umanak Fiord, 38
United Steamship Company, 477
Upernavik, Island, Appeared, 38, 206, 448, 449, 457, 459, 461

Vaigat Straits, Passed, 38
Veile, Cape, 154, 161
Vera, Cape, 343, 352, 353
Verhoeff, John M., the Death of, 63, 511, 515
Vespucci, Amerigo, 7

Wack, H. Wellington, 527
Waldorf-Astoria, Arrived at, 481; Dinner Given at, 504, 535

Wallace, Dillon, 536
Walrus Hunting, 15, 50, 122, 123, 367-373; In the Moonlight, 114-129
Whale Sound, Entered, 59
Whitney, Harry, 12; Instruments left with, 244, 437; Ill Treated by Peary's Boatswain Murphy, 445, 449, 451; Peary Refused Permission to Bring From the North Instruments and Data Left in His Hands, 497; Forced to Bury Instruments, 499, 558
Weapons, Making, 381
Weche, Handelschef, 461
Weed, General, 527
Wellington, Channel, 336, 340
Weyprecht Island, 159
Wolstenholm Sound, 46, 50, 453
"Worm Diggers' Union," 529
Wyckoff, E. G., 471

York, Cape, 44, 454, 455

INDEX OF NEW MATERIAL

Arctic Club of America (b)
Balch, Edwin Swift, Article by, 595-599 (b)
Bates, R. C., Credits Mt. McKinley ascent, 534 (b)
Bradley Land, 597-598
Chautauqua Managers Association, Article by (a, b, c)
Caines, Ralph H., Credits Mt. McKinley ascent, 534 (b)
Cook-Peary Controversy, 606, 607, 608
Cook Must Have Been First, 597
Cook's Three Achievements, 598
Carr, Wooda N. Letter to and from, 606
Can Government Escape Responsibility, 605
Clark, Champ, Letter from, 608
Danish Geographical Society (b)
"Discoverer of the Pole," Peary denied title (a)
Daniels, Josephus, Card to, 603
Discoverers Doubted, 596
Explorers, Verdicts of, 584
Geographic Societies, European, Forced to Honor Peary (a)
Greely, Gen. A. W., 603 (b)
Glacial Land, Discovery of, 598
Hubbard-Bridgeman, Arctic Trust, 600
Hoax the World, 606
High, Fred, Editor of Platform, Article by, 604, 605, 610
King of Belgium (b)
Kill Brother Explorer, Tried to, 602
Lecointe, Prof. Georges, 603
Lyceum and Chautauqua Magazine, 6 610
Mann, Congressman James R., Card 604
Mt. McKinley Expedition, 534
Moore, Prof. Willis, 601, 603
North Pole, 595, 604, 606
National Investigation, Desired by Co 600
National Geographical Society, 601, 6 (a)
Overland Magazine, Article by R. Caines, 534
Official Evidence not Necessarily Corre 607
O'Hara, Barrett, 609
Pension Peary, Old Age, 602, 603
Purple Snow, 598, 599
Peary's Data proves Cook's, 596, 597,
Poindexter, Miles, Letter from, 607
Petty Cliques in Washington, 607
Peary-Parker-Brown Humbug up to da 534
Parker-Brown Mt. McKinley Expediti 534
Schley, Rear Admiral W. S. (b)
Sverdrup, Capt. Otto, 603 (b)
Sampson-Schley Controversy, 607
Scientific Pioneers, U. S. first rank,
Tribune, N. Y., Article from, 595
Travelers Called Liars, 595
Taft, Wm. H., Telegram to, 606
University of Copenhagen, Confer Degree, Ph. D. (a, b)
Wilson, Woodrow, Letter to, 602

OTHER BOOKS BY DR. COOK

You have read Dr. Cook's narrative of his expedition to the North Pole. His other books are of equal interest.

Through the First Antarctic Night

A narrative of the Belgian South Pole Expedition of 1897, in charge of Commander de Gerlache, with Dr. Cook as surgeon.

This expedition came near sharing the fate of Captain Scott of the English expedition. Captain Roald Amundsen, discoverer of the South Pole, in speaking to the Press of the hardships which the members of the Belgica expedition withstood says: "During the winter scurvy broke out and at the same time several of the party showed signs of mental trouble. Dr. Cook proved himself a surgeon equal to the situation. All of his patients recovered. Here I learned to know Dr. Cook and to appreciate him as one of the ablest, most honest, most reliable men I have ever met. Members of the Belgica expedition owe their lives to Dr. Cook, as it was through his ingenious plan of sawing the channel through the pack-ice to open water, thus releasing the ice locked ship, that saved the entire party from death."

The above is covered in detail in similar words on pages 19, 20 23 Volume One of "The South Pole" a late book by Captain Amundsen. On page 24 of the same volume he says:

"Upright, honorable, capable and consciencious in the extreme; such is the memory we retain of Dr. Frederick A. Cook."

To the Top of the Continent

Exploration in Sub-Artic Alaska. A thrilling account of the first ascent of America's highest mountain—Mount McKinley.

Dr. Cook has been engaged in exploration for twenty years—the best part of his life—all without pay. He has furnished his own money for most of his expeditions. He is a quiet, unassuming man and has done all of his work with little thought of personal gain or honorary publicity." Quietly he came forward and told us that one of the greatest exploits ever made in mountain climbing was now accomplished. It did not occur to him to beat a drum or blow a trumpet to make this known to the world. The work was accomplished; this was sufficient for him. Little was known of the Mt. McKinley trip until Peary brought it up as a side issue to throw doubt on Dr. Cook's Polar Claim; see page 534 of this book.

My Attainment of the Pole

Edition de Luxe

Captain Amundsen in speaking of Dr. Cook's Polar trip says: "It was a pity that Peary should besmirch his beautiful work by circulating outrageous accusations against a competitor who had WON THE BATTLE in open field. If Peary is to prove the accusation by the evidence of Cook's two followers, I must confess it is avery weak foundation."

The above books by Dr. Frederick A. Cook have been printed in edition de Luxe, especially for subscription purposes. The regular price is $5.00 each, but to accommodate those further interested in exploration, we have arranged to make a special reduced price; see next page.

.....

.....

The Polar Publishing Co.,
601 Steinway Hall,
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed find three dollars ($3.00) for which please send me postpaid, one copy of "Through the First Antarctic Night," by Dr. Frederick A. Cook, and oblige

Yours truly,

.....

.....

.....

.....

The Polar Publishing Co.
601 Steinway Hall,
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed find three dollars ($3.00) for which please send me postpaid, one copy of "To the Top of the Continent," by Dr. Frederick A. Cook, and oblige

Yours truly,

.....

.....

6912

.....

.....

The Polar Publishing Co.,
601 Steinway Hall,
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed find three dollars ($3.00) for which please send me postpaid, one copy of "My Attainment of the Pole," Edition de Luxe, by Dr. Frederick A. Cook, and oblige

Yours truly,

.....

.....

Remove this sheet, clip and fill out any or all of the above coupons and mail to this office and we will forward the books at once.